



SCREWBALLS IN SKIRTS!



SEPT.-
OCT.

10¢

DOGGY DANCES

DOG
SHOW

YOU MEAN
THIS ISN'T WHERE
THEY PICK MISS
AMERICA?



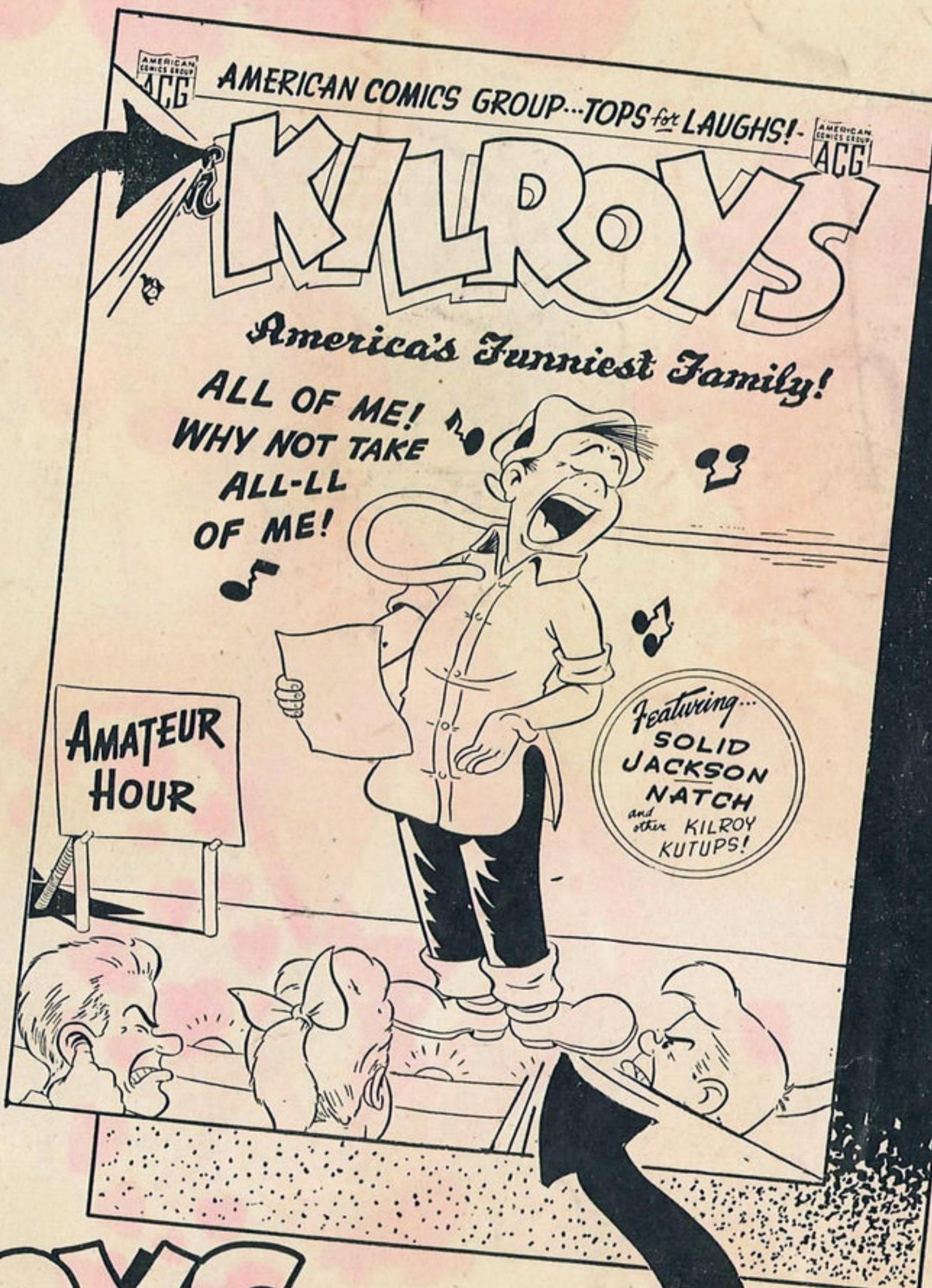
KILROY IS HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-TURVY!

The KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO "NATCH", THE TERRIFIC TEEN-AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE LOVIN' OVEN "JACKSON", THE DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB... AND MOM AND POP KILROY, IN PERSON!

THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT TO SAY **KILROY WAS HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



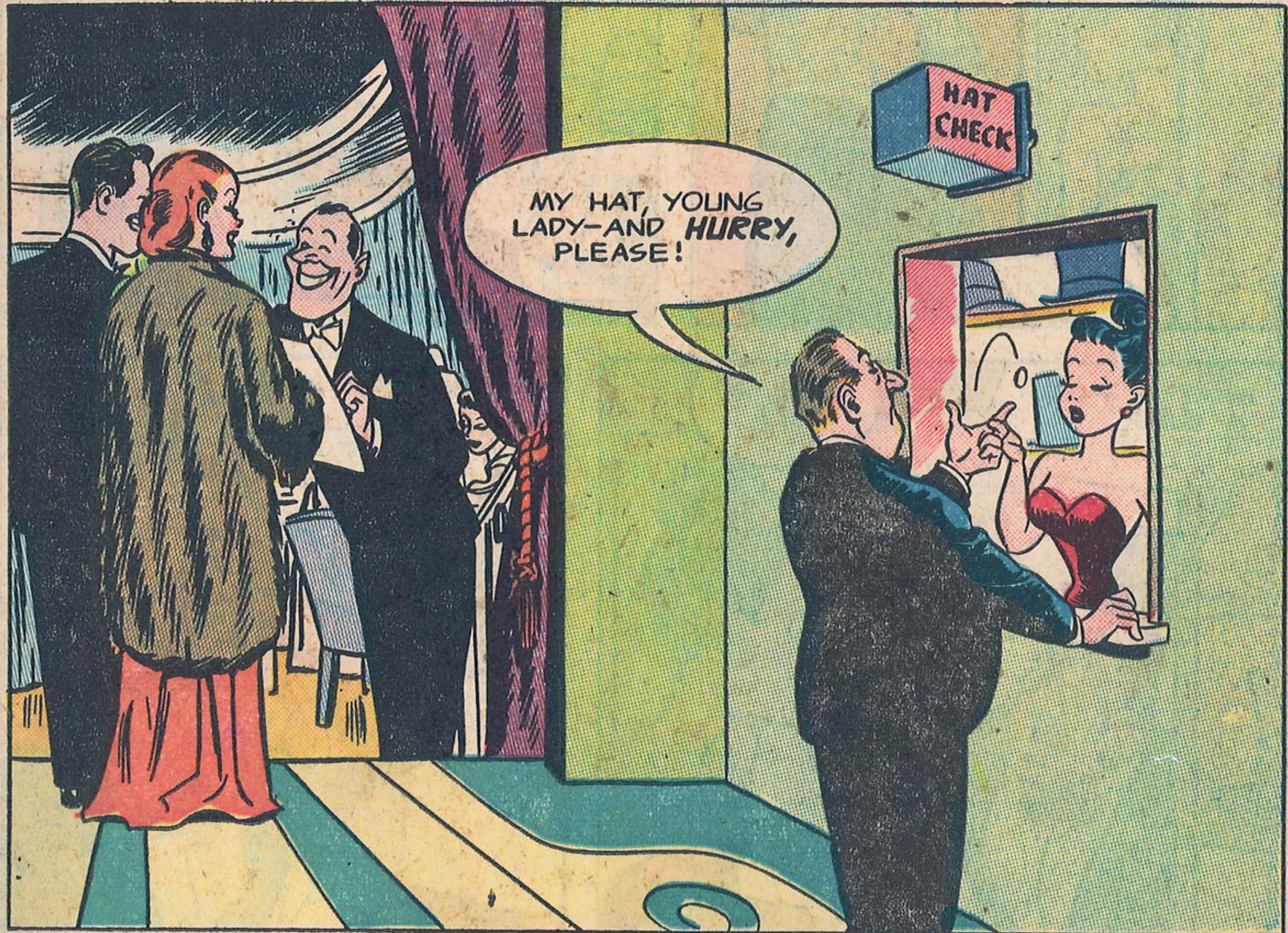
Read
The KILROYS
America's Funniest Family!

10¢

ON ALL STANDS and

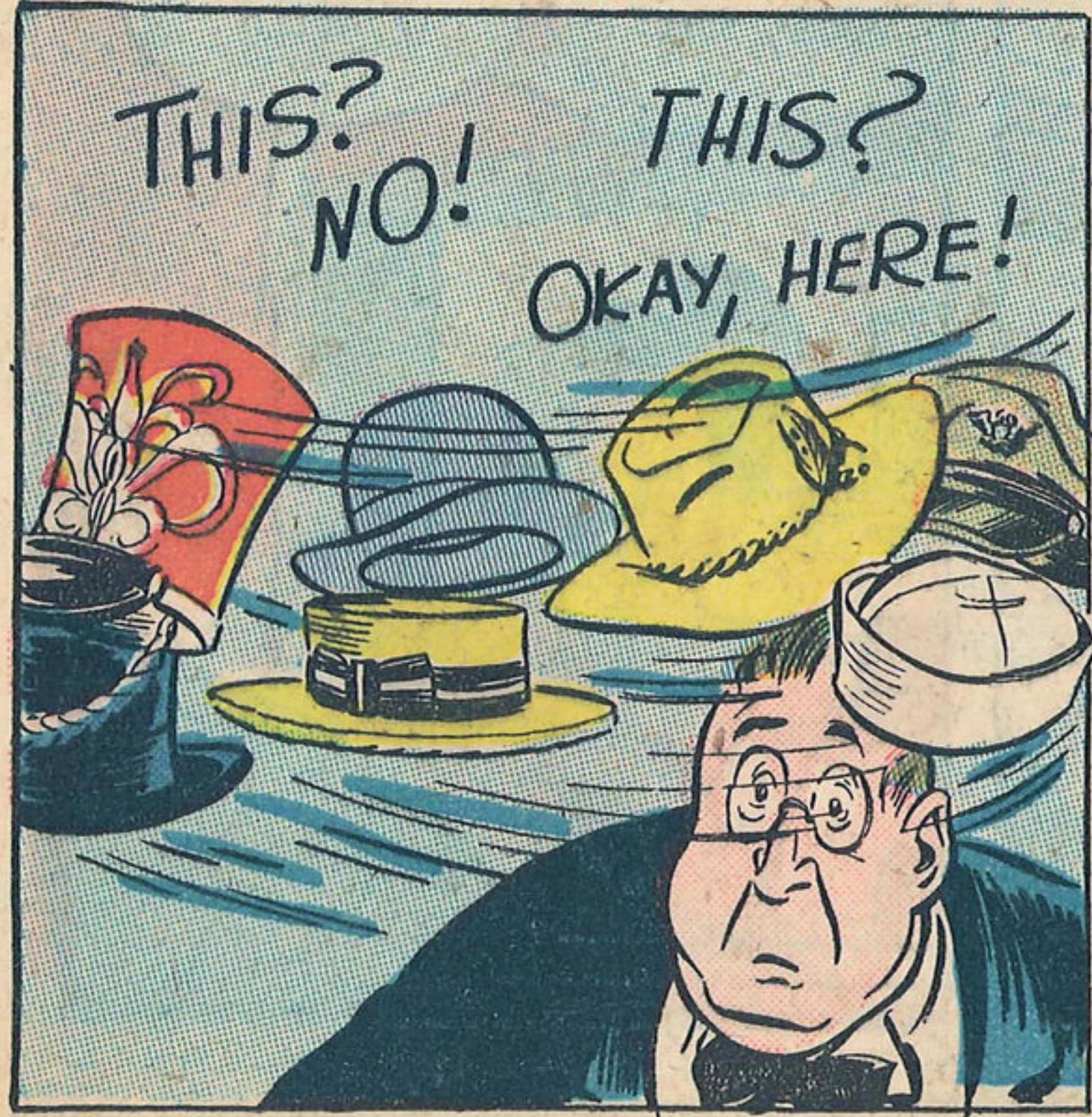
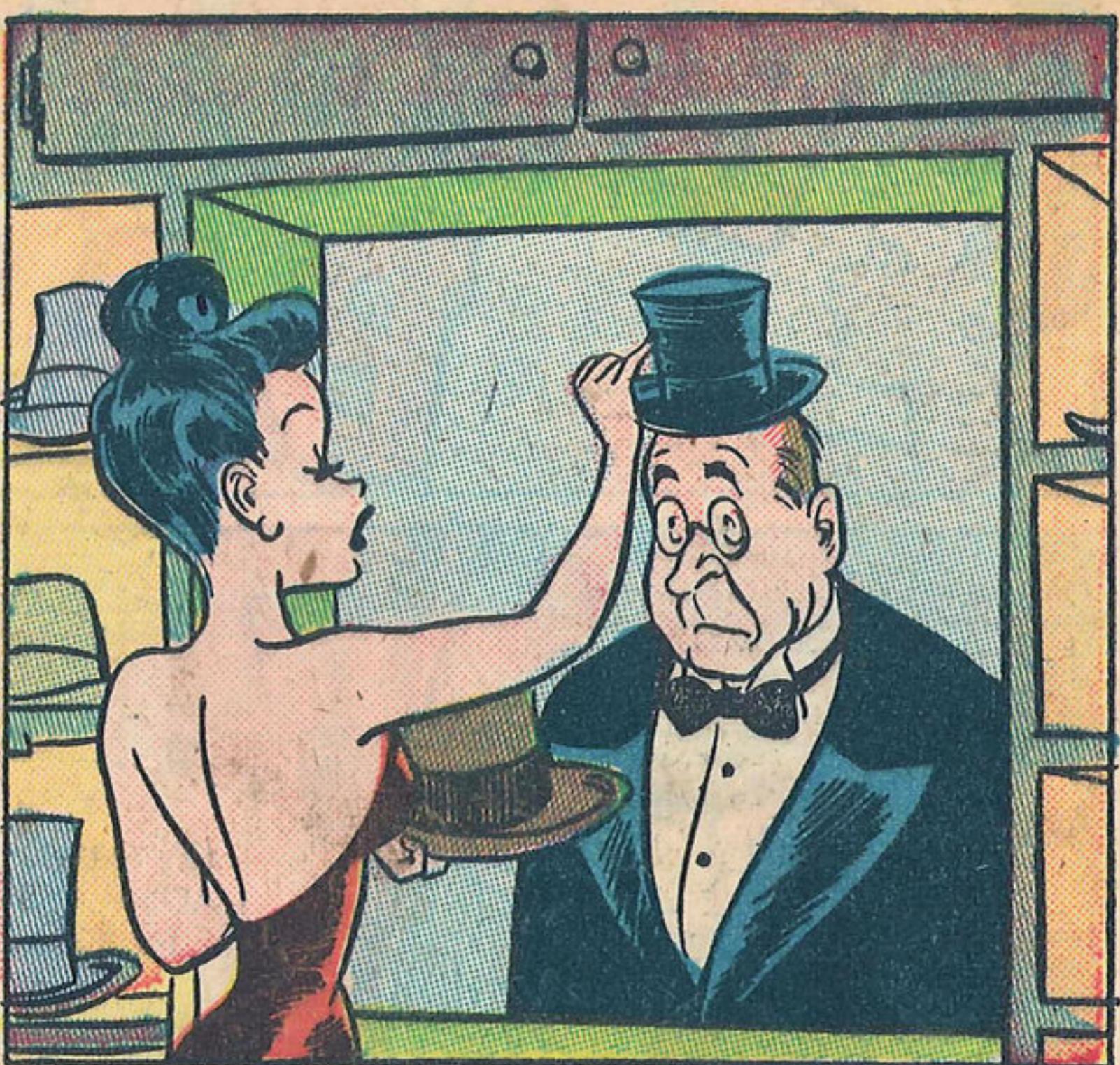
YOU'D BETTER HURRY!

BROADWAY BABES



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COUGH UP MORE THAN TWO BITS, BUSTER!
DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?

GOLLY, DENISE!
YOU HAVE AS
TOUGH A TIME
GETTING A FEW
NICKELS OUT OF
THESE JOKERS
AS I
DO!

YOU AIN'T JUST KIDDIN',
DOTTY! BUT AFTER ALL, THE
ONLY REASON WE TOOK
THESE CHEESY JOBS
WAS TO GET INTO THIS
CLUB AND HOPE FOR
A CHANCE TO GET OUR
ACT INTO THE FLOOR
SHOW!

HAT
CHECK

YES, MA'AM...

CIGARETTES

CIGARETTES

AND WHO GETS THE
BREAK? THOSE GONE
GOON GAZELLE SISTERS!
ONE OF THEM SLIPPED ON
A PAT OF BUTTER AND
THE OTHER ONE SCREAMED
— THE BOSS THOUGHT IT
WAS A SONG AND DANCE
ACT AND SIGNED
THEM UP!

YEAH! THEY'VE
GOT VOICES
LIKE THE
HOBOKEN
FERRY! HERE
THEY
COME
NOW!

CHECK
YOUR
BROOMS,
GIRLS?

CIGARS?
CIGARETTES?
CYANIDE?

STILL JEALOUS,
SLAVES?

LET'S FACE IT,
DENISE! IT LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE NEVER
GONNA SEE OUR
NAMES IN LIGHTS!

JEEPERS, DOTTY, I JUST
THOUGHT OF SOME-
THING! WE'VE BEEN
MAKING OUR MISTAKE
BY WAITING FOR A
BREAK! THE THING TO
DO IS
MAKE
ONE!

LISTEN! IF YOU DO
JUST AS I SAY, WE
CAN BE STARRING
IN THIS CLUB! AND
NOT IN TWO YEARS
-- BUT TWO HOURS!

GOLLY, DENISE-
REALLY? IT'S
OKAY BY
ME!

CIGARETTES

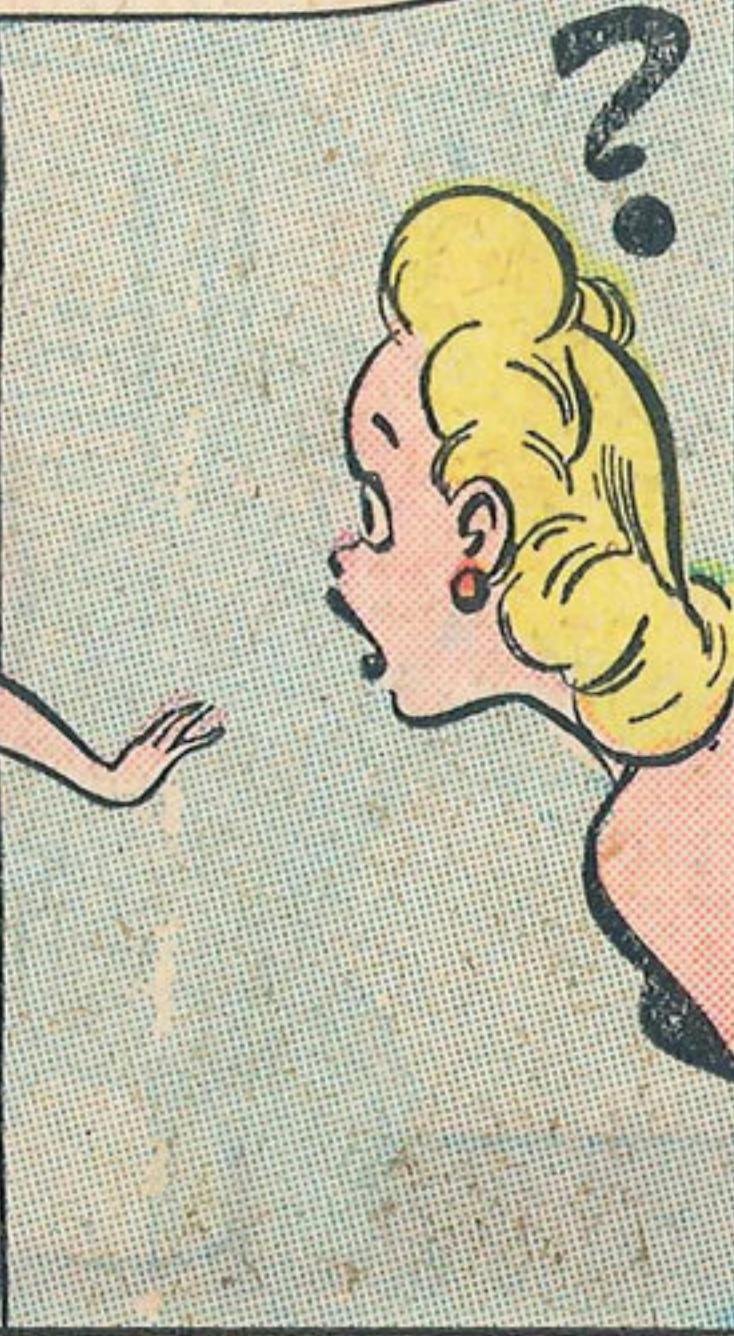
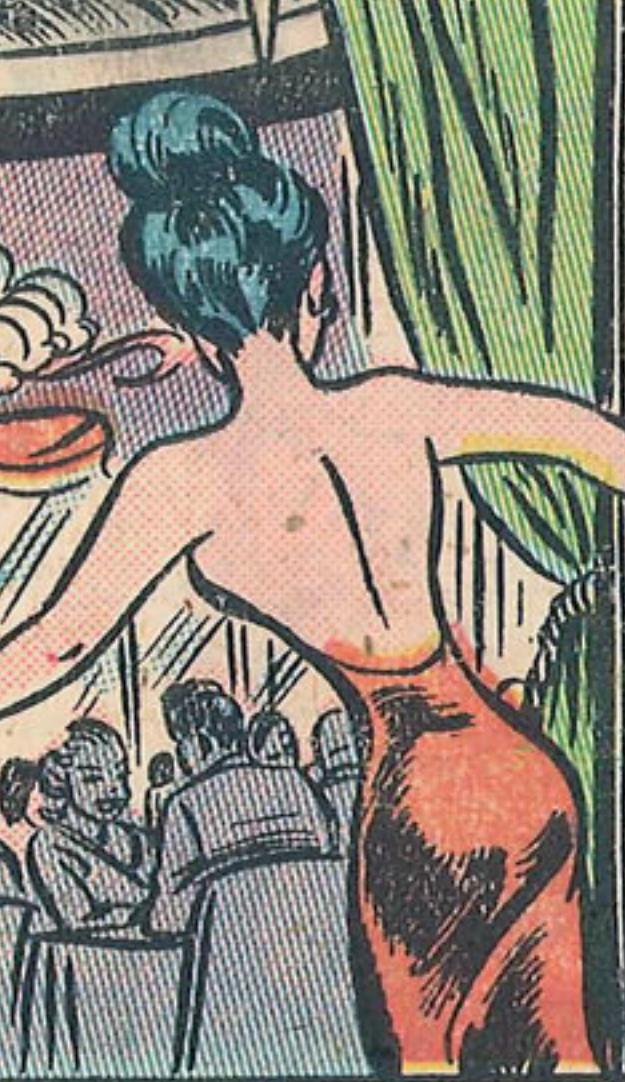


STAND BY, DOTTY—I'M GONNA
NEED YOU!—BE BACK IN A
SECOND!

MEANWHILE—

YE GODS, GIRLS, WHAT'S
ALL THE YELLING —
YIPE! YOUR
FACES! WHAT --

WE'VE CAUGHT
SOMETHING!
GET A DOCTOR!
GET SOMEBODY!

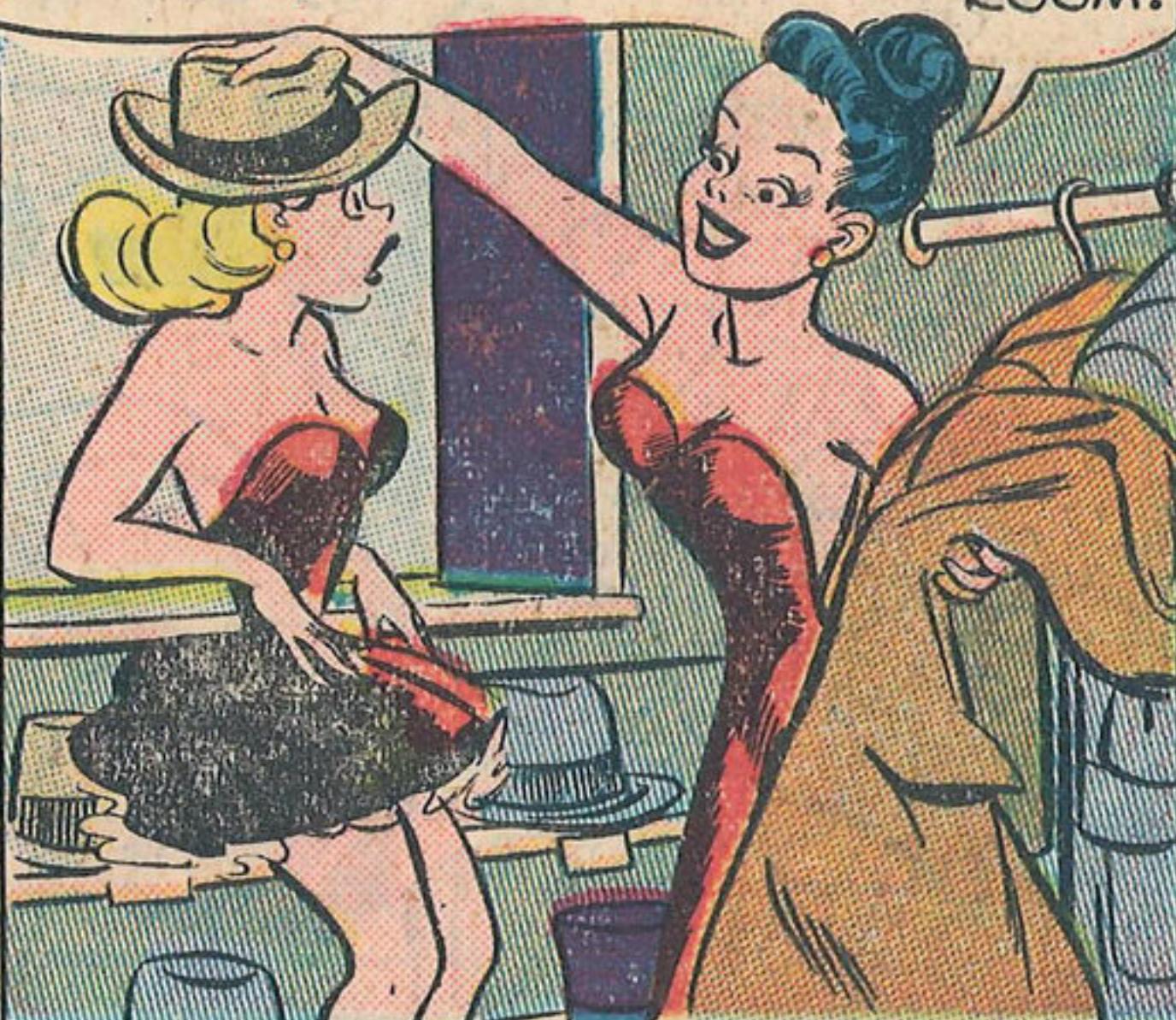


MR. MORTON, I COULDN'T
HELP HEARING! A
DOCTOR JUST CAME
IN--SHALL I GET
HIM?

YES! YES!
GET HIM! MAYBE
THIS IS ONLY A-
GULP- TEMPORARY
THING!

SECONDS LATER-

QUICK, DOTTY! PUT
ON THIS STUFF! YOU'RE GONNA BE A
DOCTOR! I'LL EXPLAIN ON OUR WAY
TO THE GAZELLE SISTERS' DRESSING
ROOM!

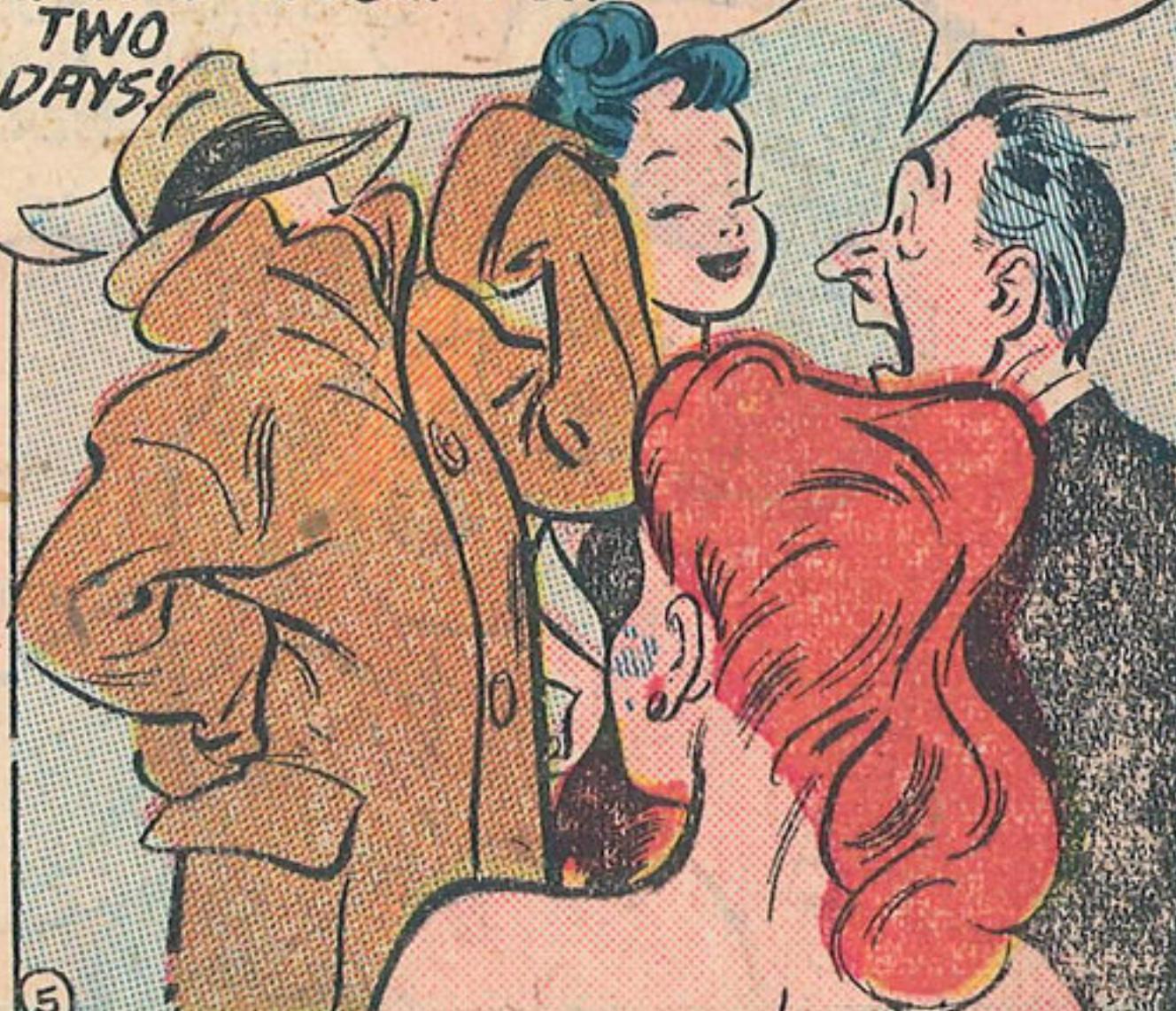
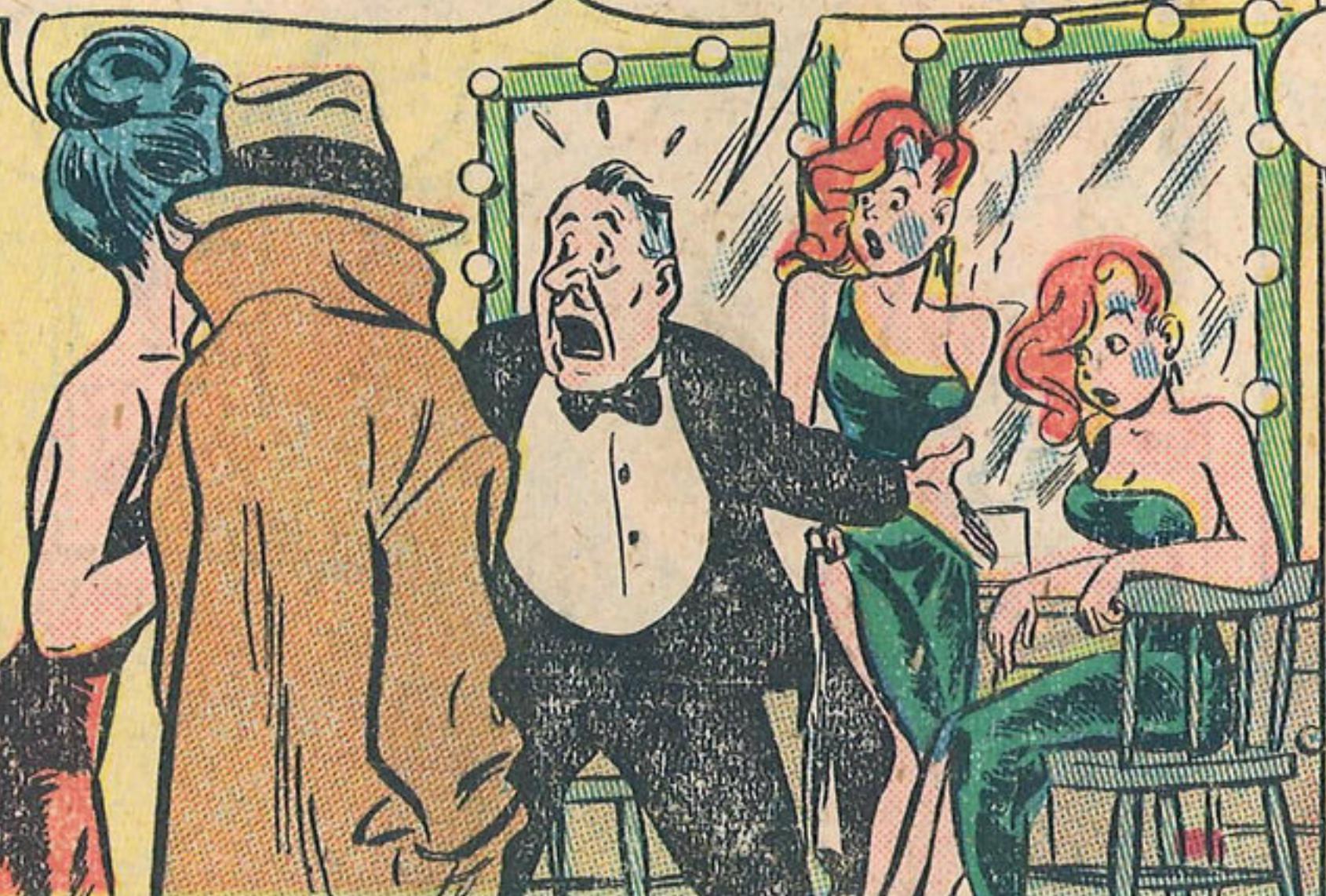


ER-MR. MORTON,
THIS IS DR.
POOTLE—THE
WORLD-FAMOUS
DIAGNOSTICIAN!

THANK GOSH, A **DOCTOR!**
THIS IS NOTHING
SERIOUS, IS IT? IT'S
JUST A RASH OR
SOMETHING, HUH?

RASH-PASH! THIS IS THE **RARE**
GREEN-SPOTTED FEVER! NOT FATAL,
BUT **CONTAGIOUS!** THESE
GIRLS WILL HAVE TO
REMAIN QUARANTINED
IN THIS ROOM FOR
TWO DAYS!

WHAT?



PSST! NICE GOING, DOTTY! NOW COMES
THE CLINCHER FOR US TO GO ON!

NOW I GET IT!

HE NEEDS AN ACT
TO TAKE THEIR
PLACE-SO WE
OFFER OUR
SERVICES!

REET! NOW GET
OUT OF HERE
BEFORE -

I'VE GOTTA CALL MARTY MASON,
THE AGENT, TO GET ME AN ACT
OVER HERE
IMMEDIATELY!

HUH?

OH, FINE! ALL THIS
HASSEL, AND FOR
NOTHING! NOW HE'S
GOING TO CALL
FOR A -

I'M NOT GIVING UP!
THERE'S AN EXTENSION
TO HIS PHONE IN THE
ROOM NEXT TO
HIS OFFICE!

I'M GOING BACK
TO YOUR HAT
STAND AND
GET THIS
STUFF OFF!

SH-HH! HE JUST ASKED
THE OPERATOR FOR
HIS NUMBER! --
NOW I'LL CUT HIM
OFF AND THEN PRE-
TEND TO BE MASON'S
WIFE!

So-

MARTY ISN'T IN, BUT THIS
IS MRS. MASON-AND I'LL BE
GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU GET A
FIRST-RATE ACT
IMMEDIATELY!

THANK YOU!
THANK YOU
VERY MUCH!

SOMETIME
LATER-

DENISE, HAS THAT
NEW ACT COME
IN YET? THEY'RE
DUE ON IN A
COUPLE OF
SECONDS!

ER-AH-
YESSIR!
THEY
SAID TO
GIVE THIS
MUSIC-TO
THE ORCHESTRA
- AND THEY'LL
BE RIGHT ON!

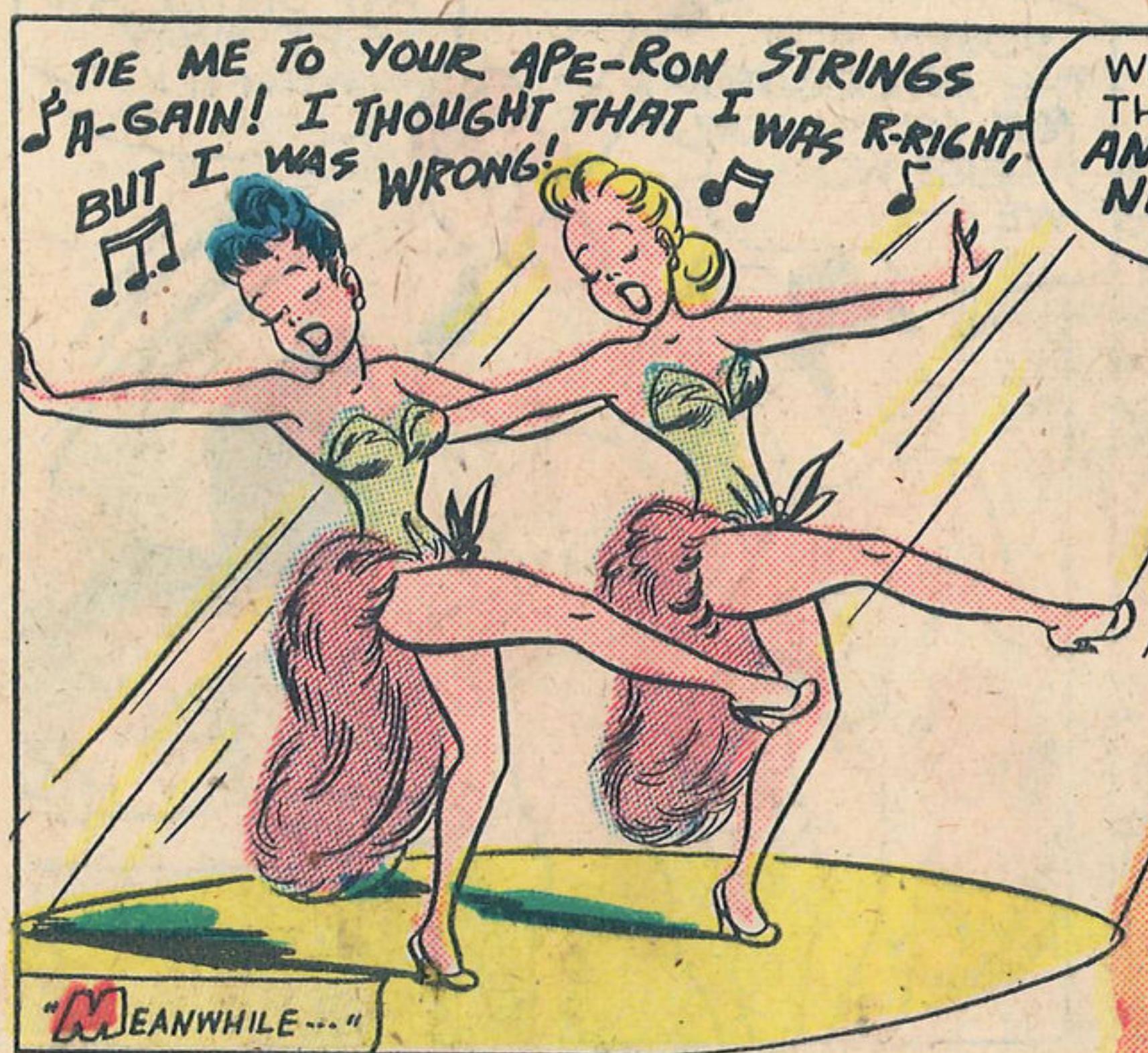
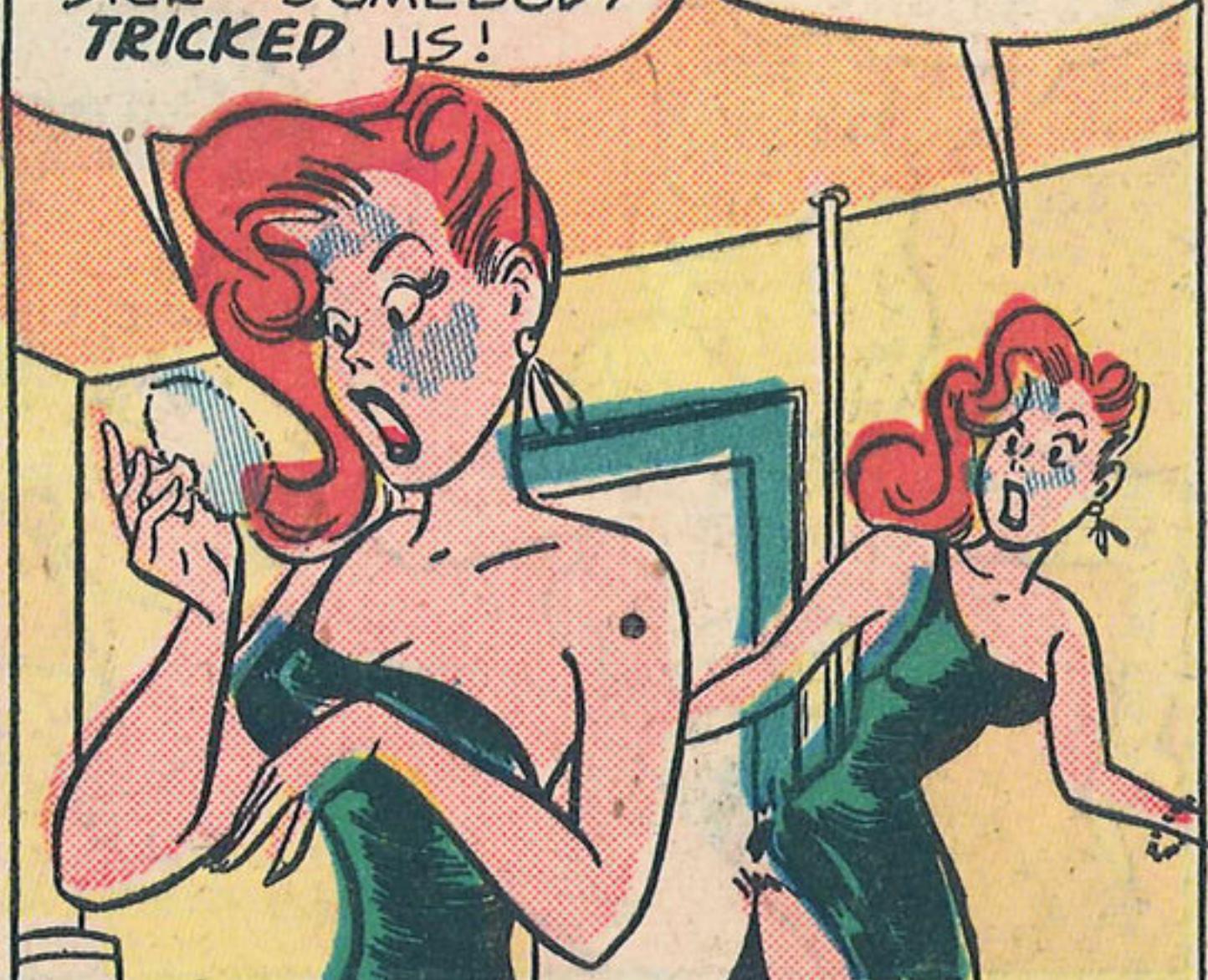
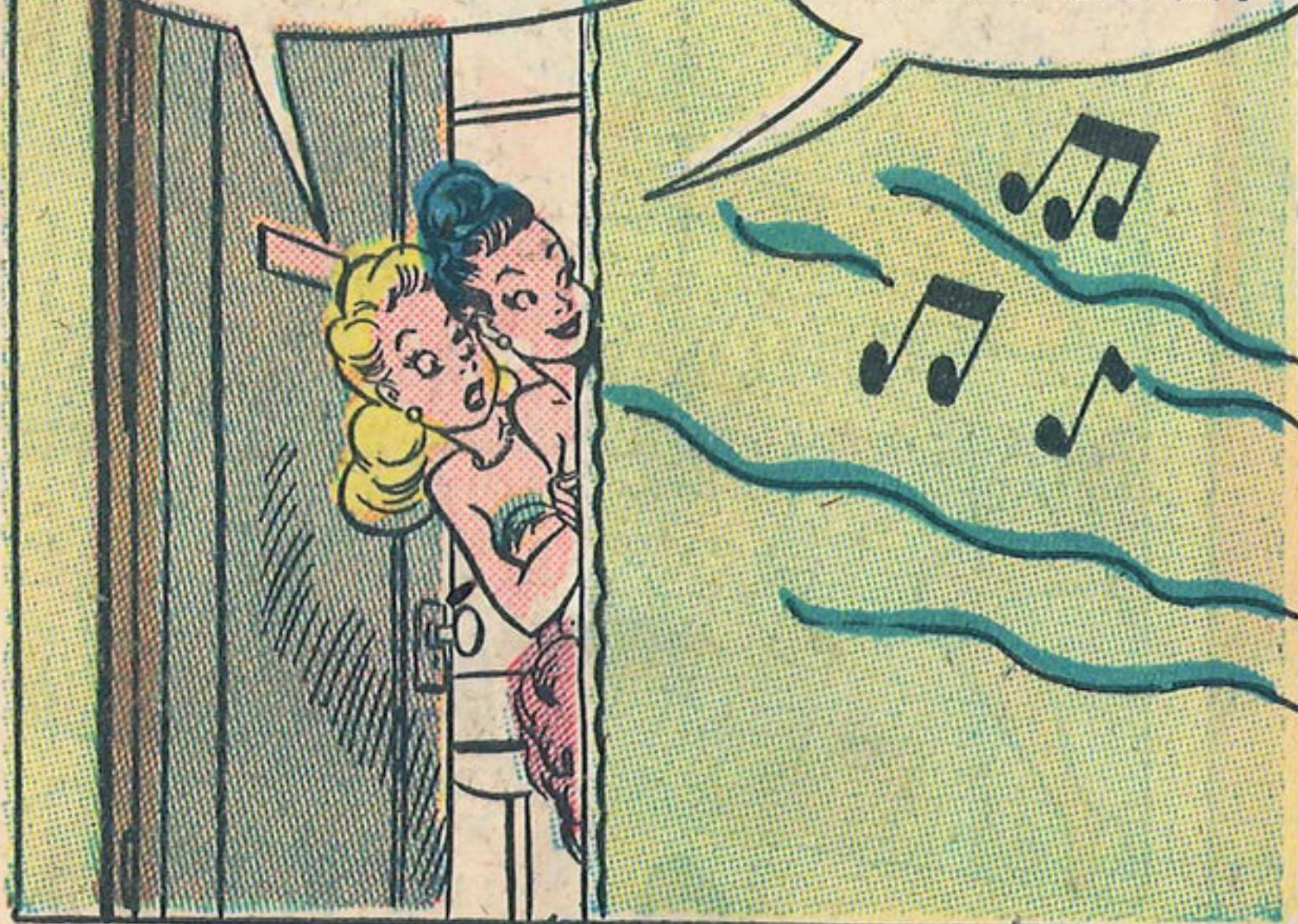
SO-

GULP! - THERE'S OUR
MUSIC, DENISE! WAIT'LL
THE MANAGER SEES US -
HE'LL POP HIS CAP!

WHAT DO
WE CARE?
AFTER HE
SEES OUR ACT,
WE'LL BE IN!

SIS! LOOK AT
THIS - **GREEN PAINT**
ON OUR POWDER
PUFFS! WE'RE NOT
SICK - SOMEBODY
TRICKED US!

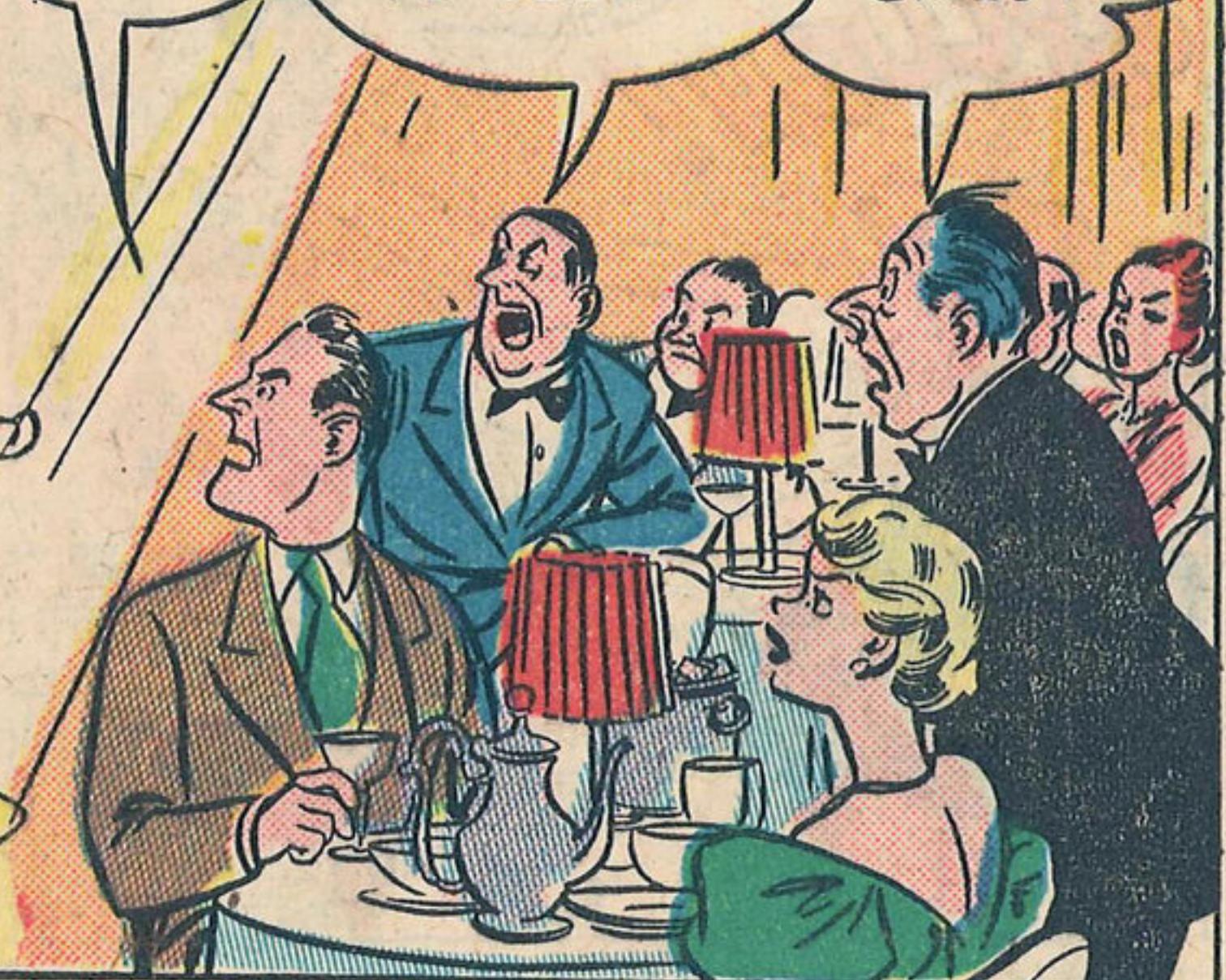
WHAT? WHY,
WHO'D EVER
DO A THING
LIKE **THAT?**



WHAT IS
THIS?
AMATEUR
NIGHT?

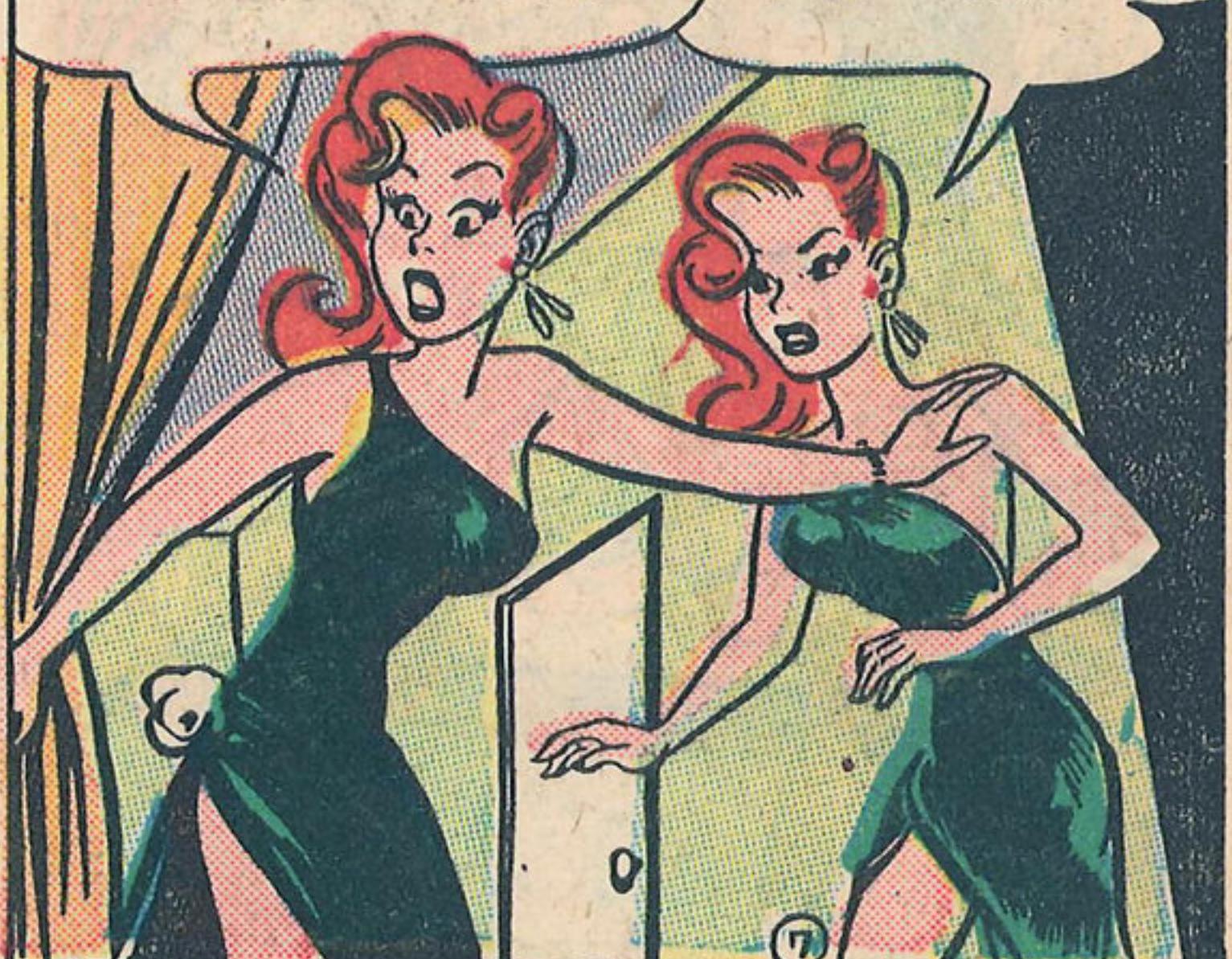
THIS IS WHAT
WE PAID A
TWO-DOLLAR
COVER CHARGE
TO SEE?

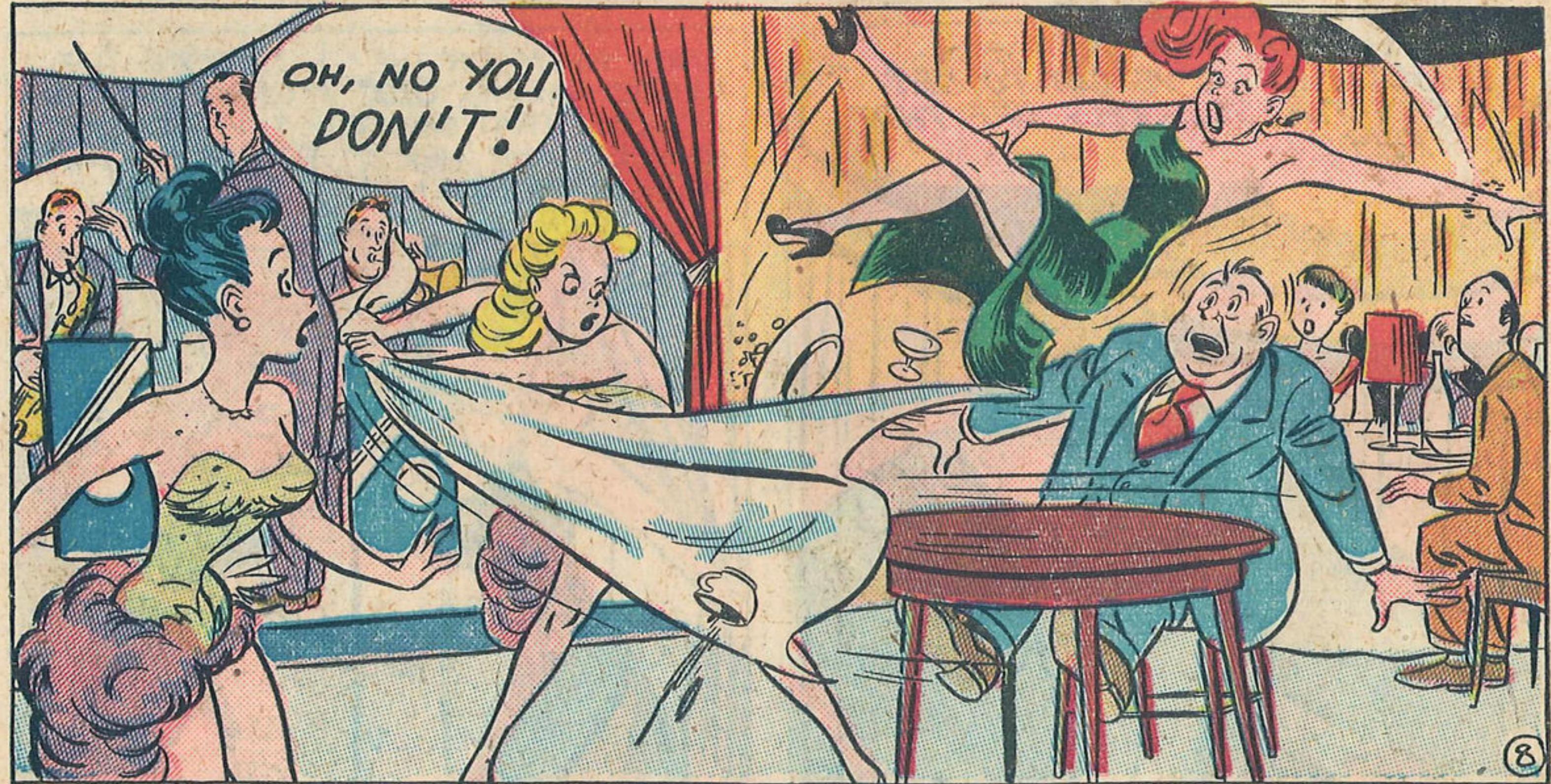
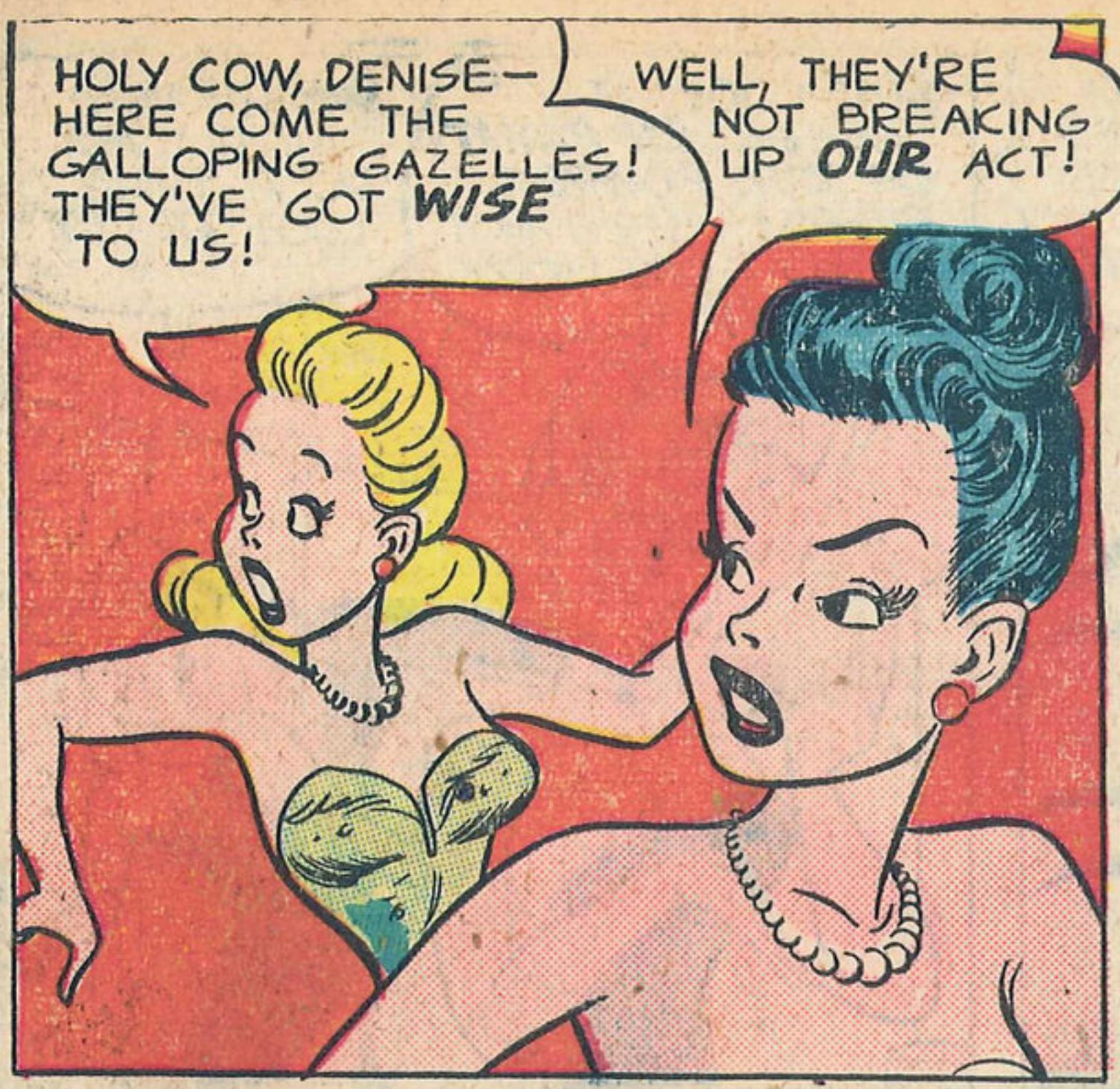
HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S MY HAT-
CHECK AND
CIGARETTE
GIRLS!



LOOK WHO'S ON THE
FLOOR TAKING **OUR**
PLACES! THAT SMOKE-
HAWKER AND HER
HAT-CHECK FRIEND!

THEY'RE THE
ONES THAT DID
THIS TO US!
COME ON - **WE'LL**
FIX 'EM!

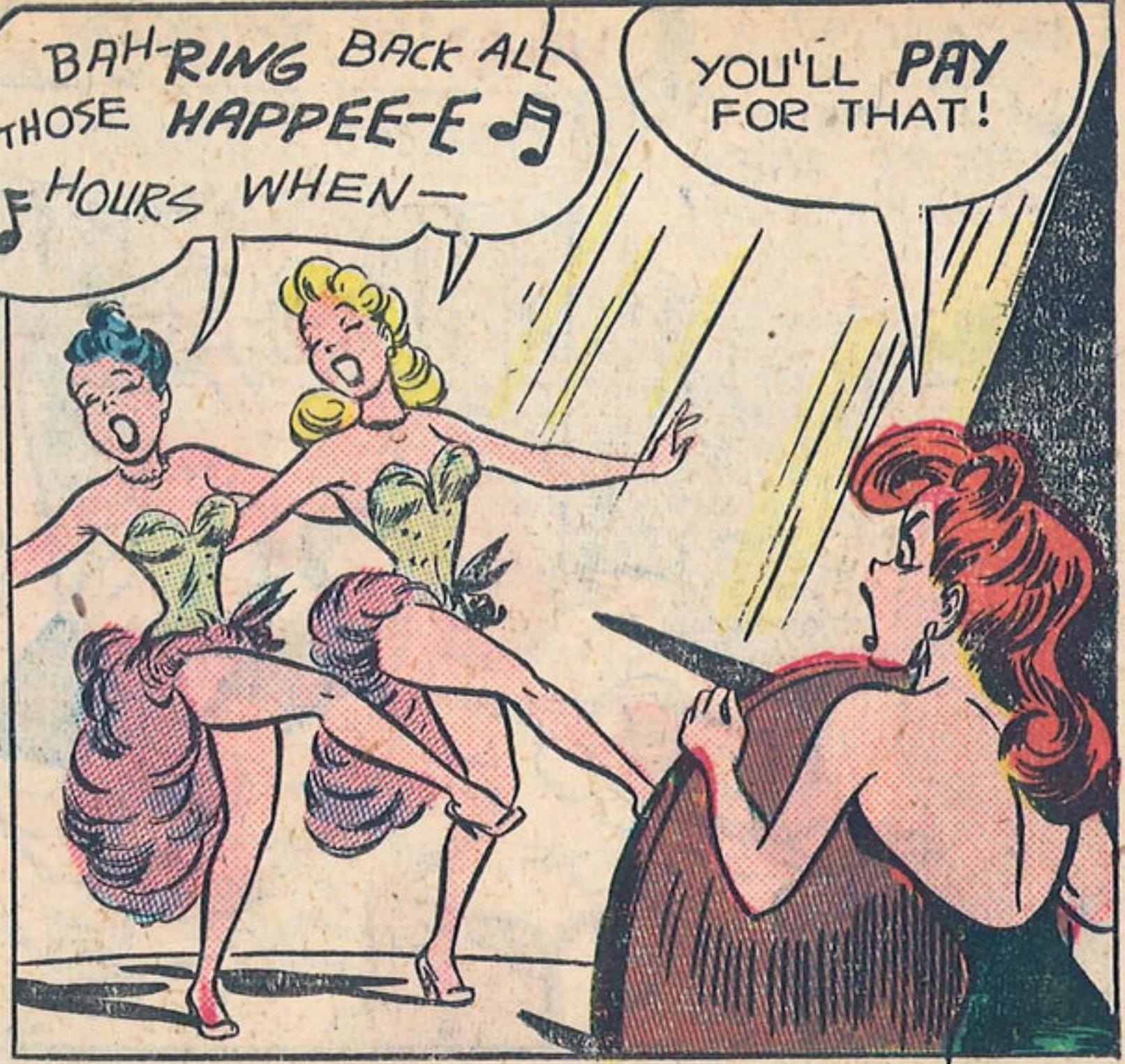
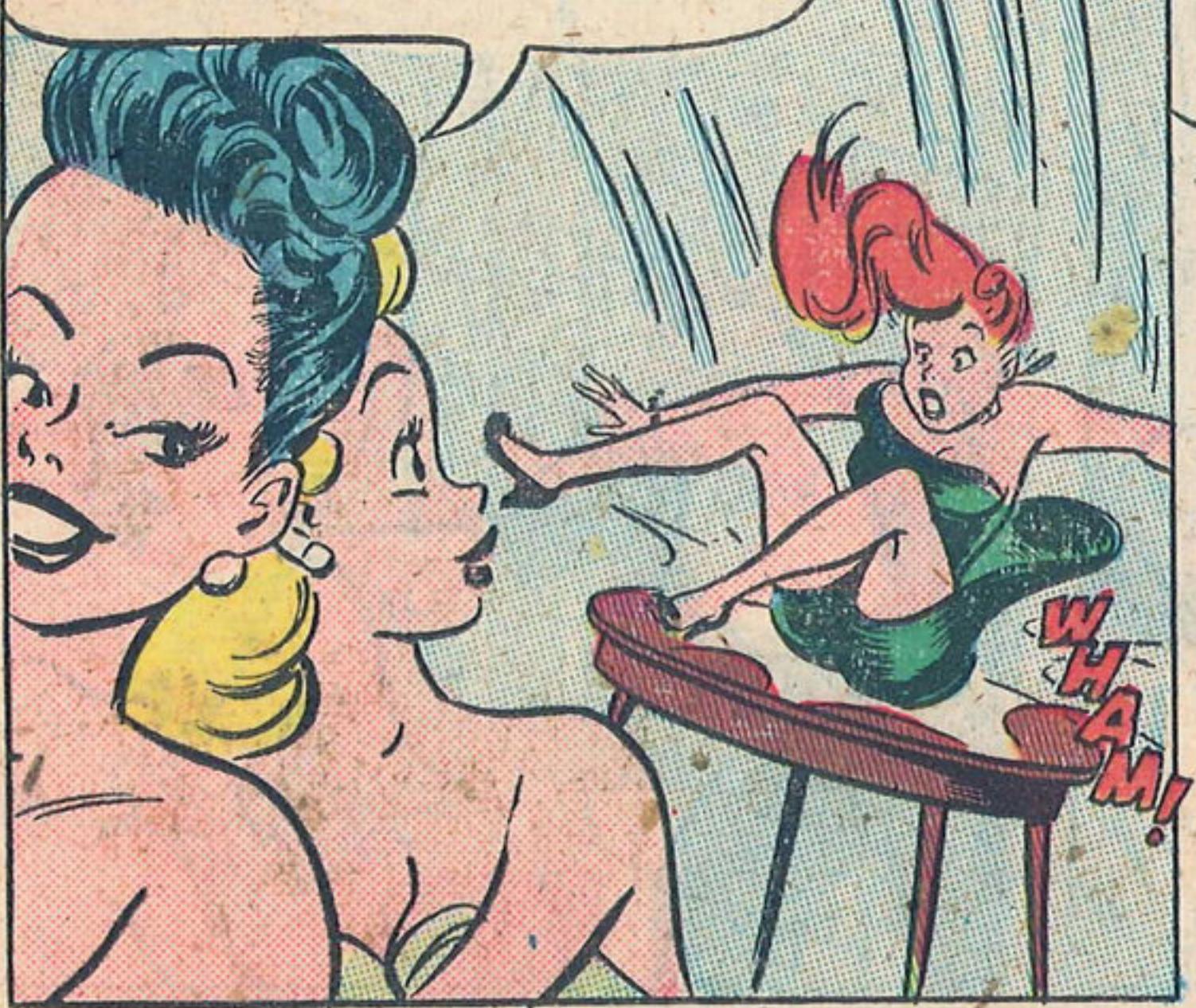




COME ON, DOTTY - IGNORE THEM! REMEMBER - THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

BAH-RING BACK ALL THOSE HAPPEE-E ♫ HOURS WHEN -

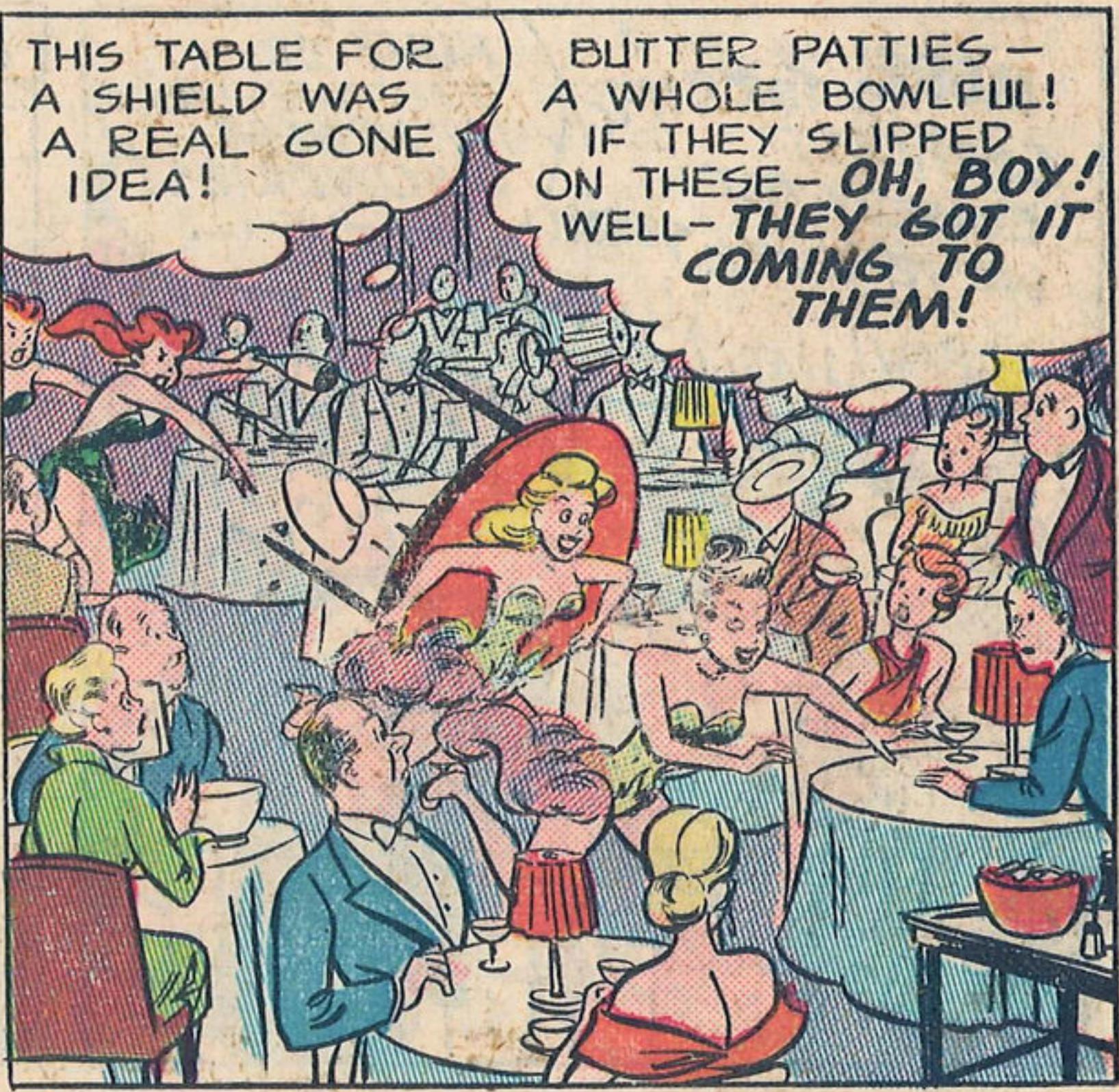
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT!



HOLY HANNAH - RUN, DENISE! HERE THEY BOTH COME - AND WITH WEAPONS!

THIS TABLE FOR A SHIELD WAS A REAL GONE IDEA!

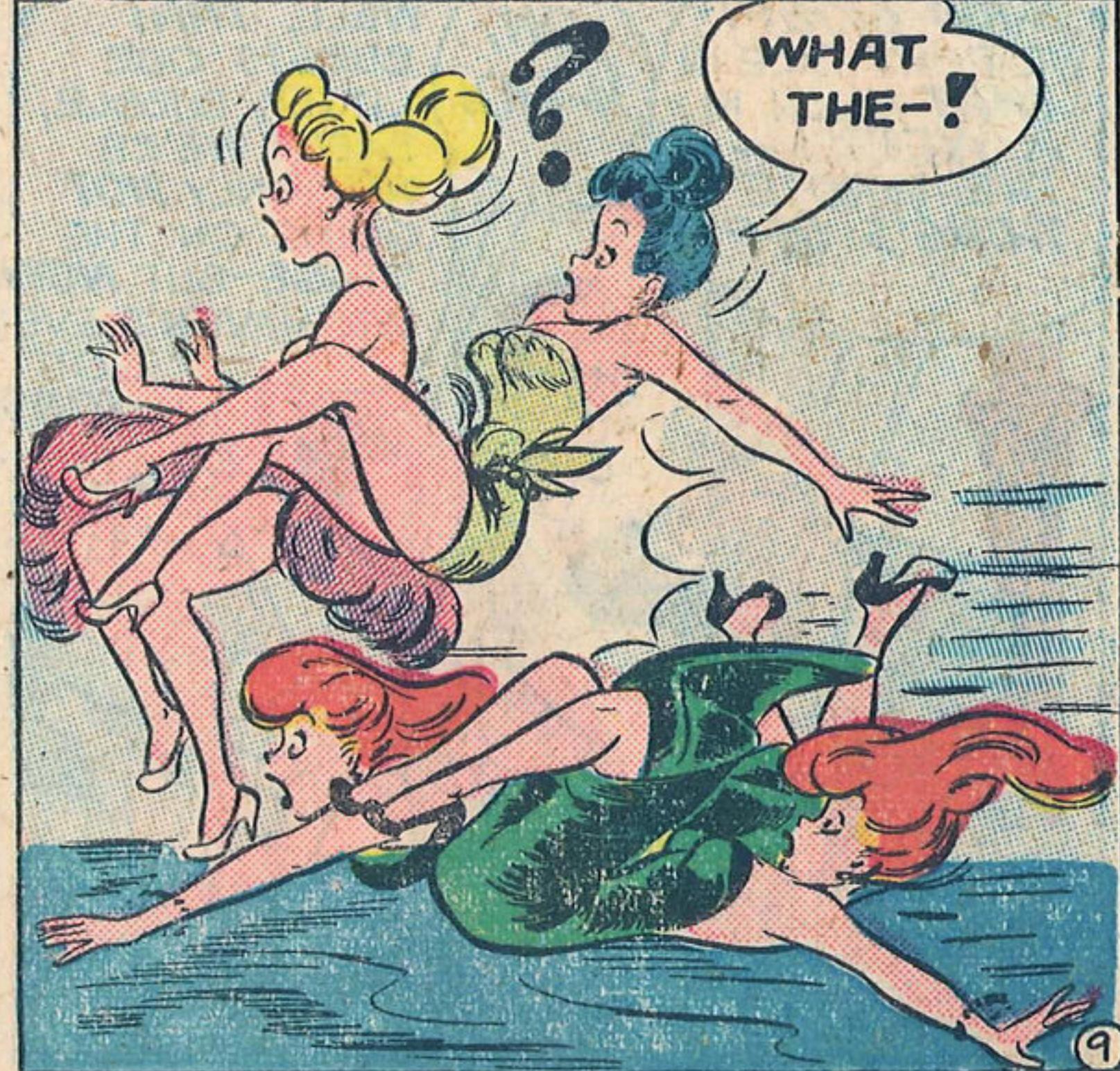
BUTTER PATTIES - A WHOLE BOWLFUL! IF THEY SLIPPED ON THESE - OH, BOY! WELL - THEY GOT IT COMING TO THEM!



HAPPY LANDING, JERKS!



WHAT THE-!

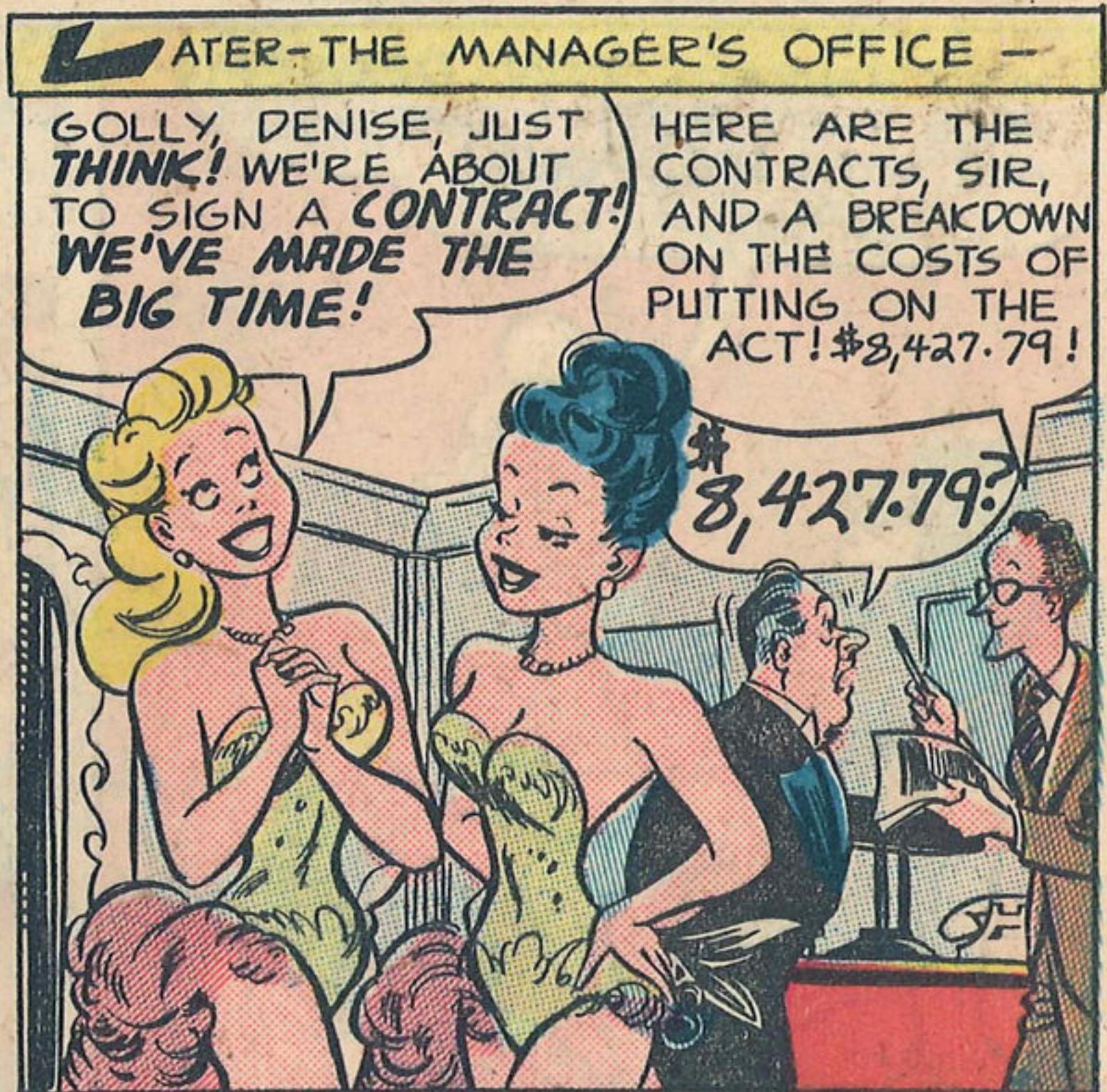
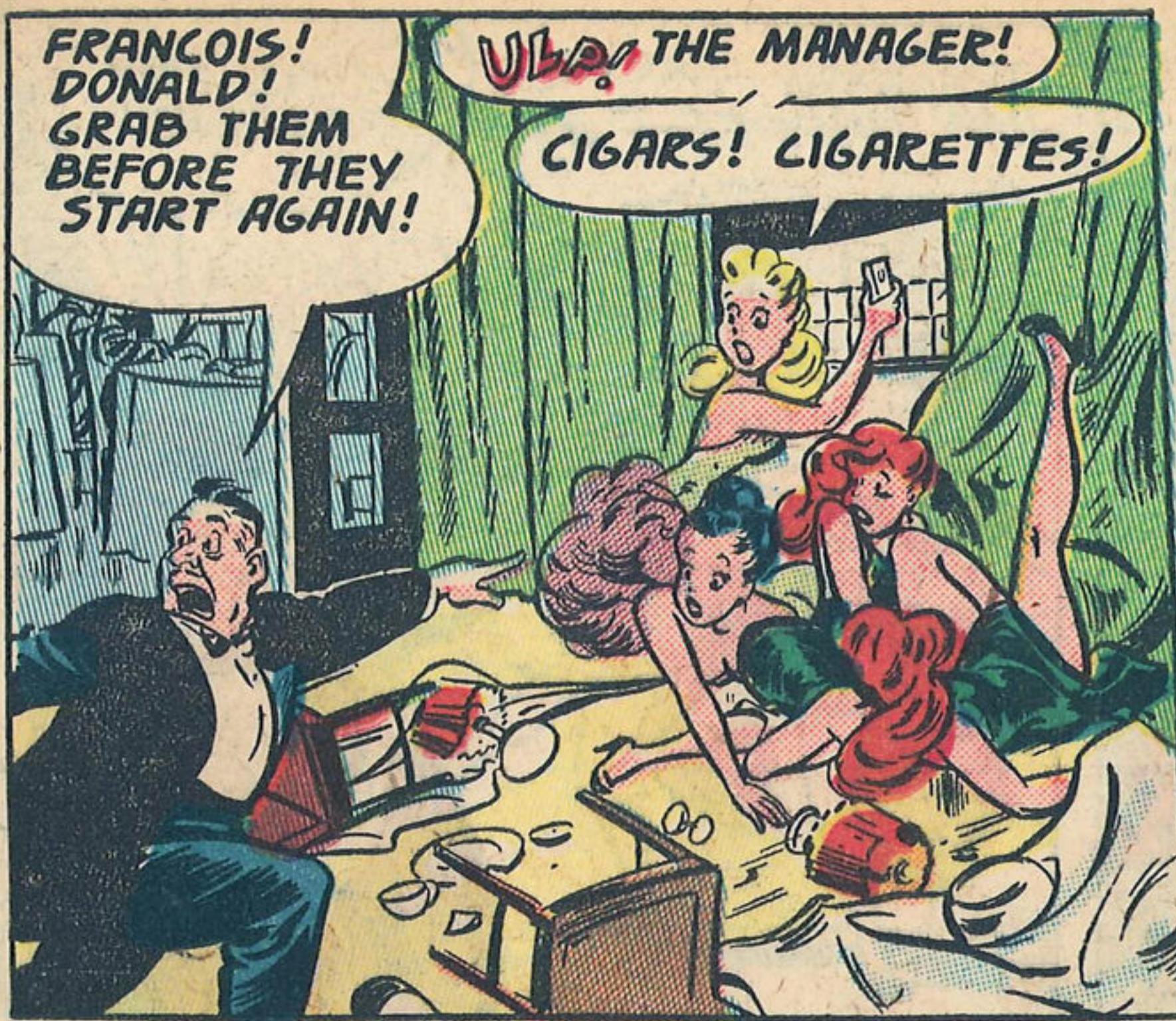


FRANCOIS!
DONALD!
GRAB THEM
BEFORE THEY
START AGAIN!

UBB! THE MANAGER!

CIGARS! CIGARETTES!

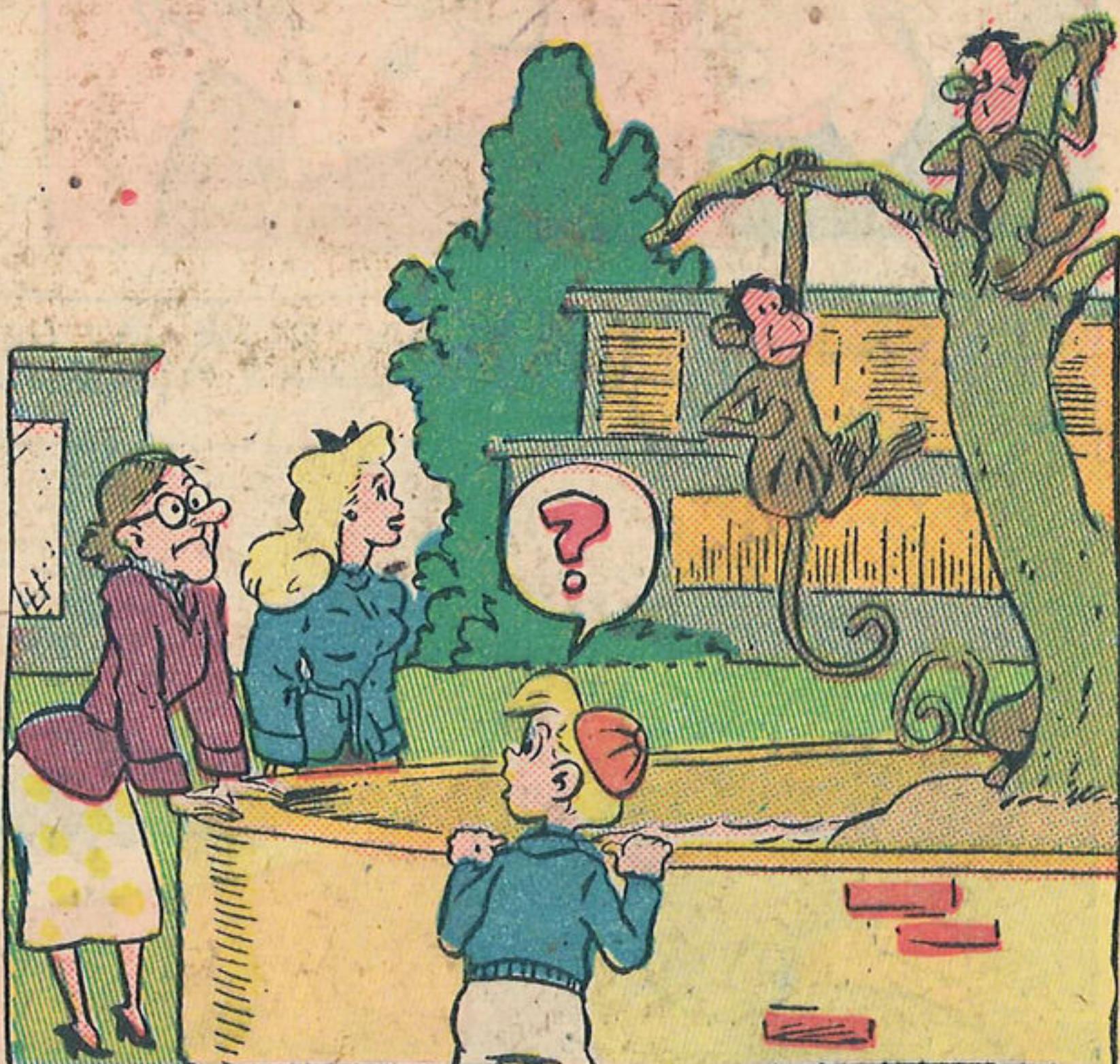
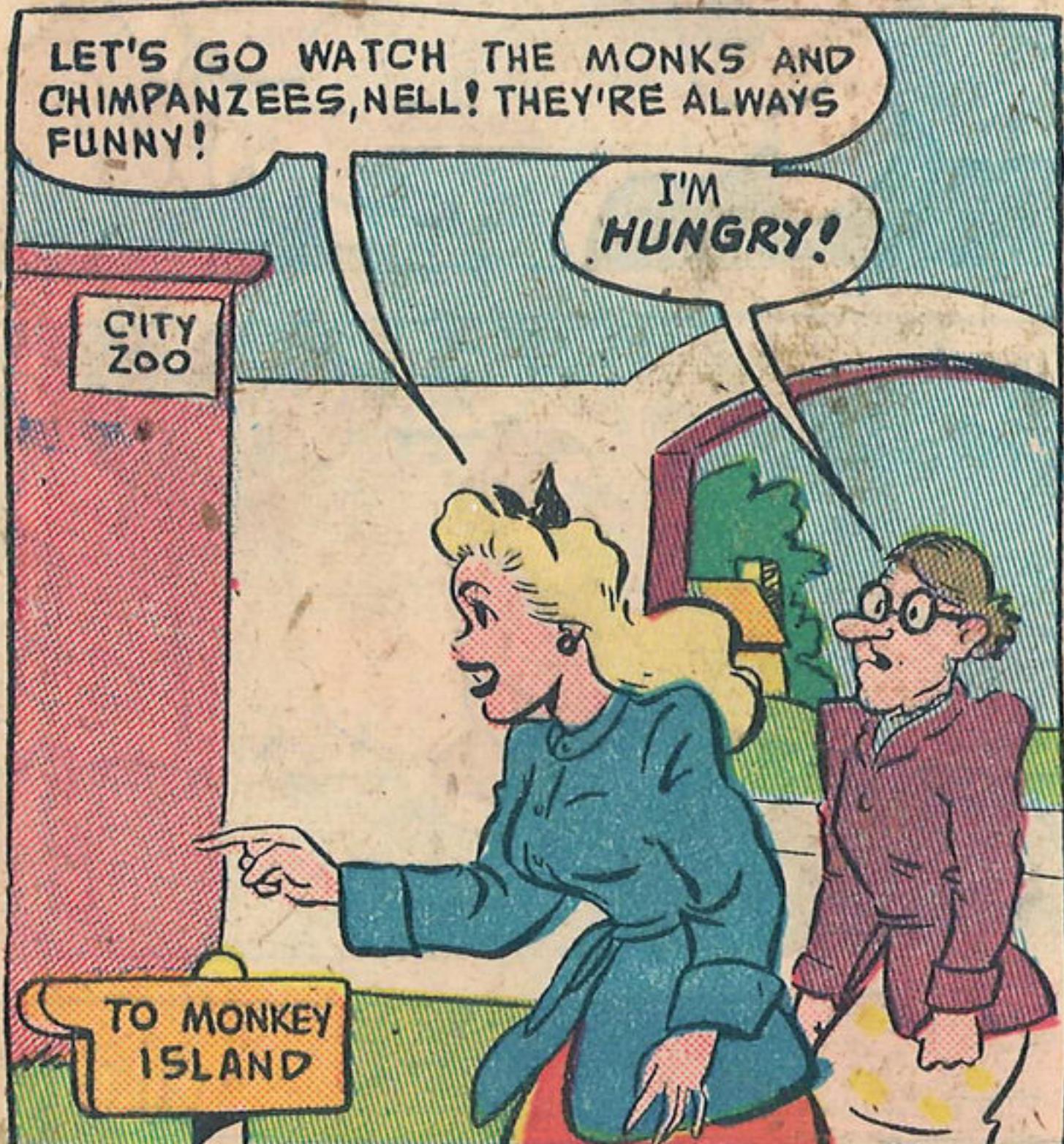
SO HELP ME, YOU'LL GET
LIFE! THE CHAIR! THE-

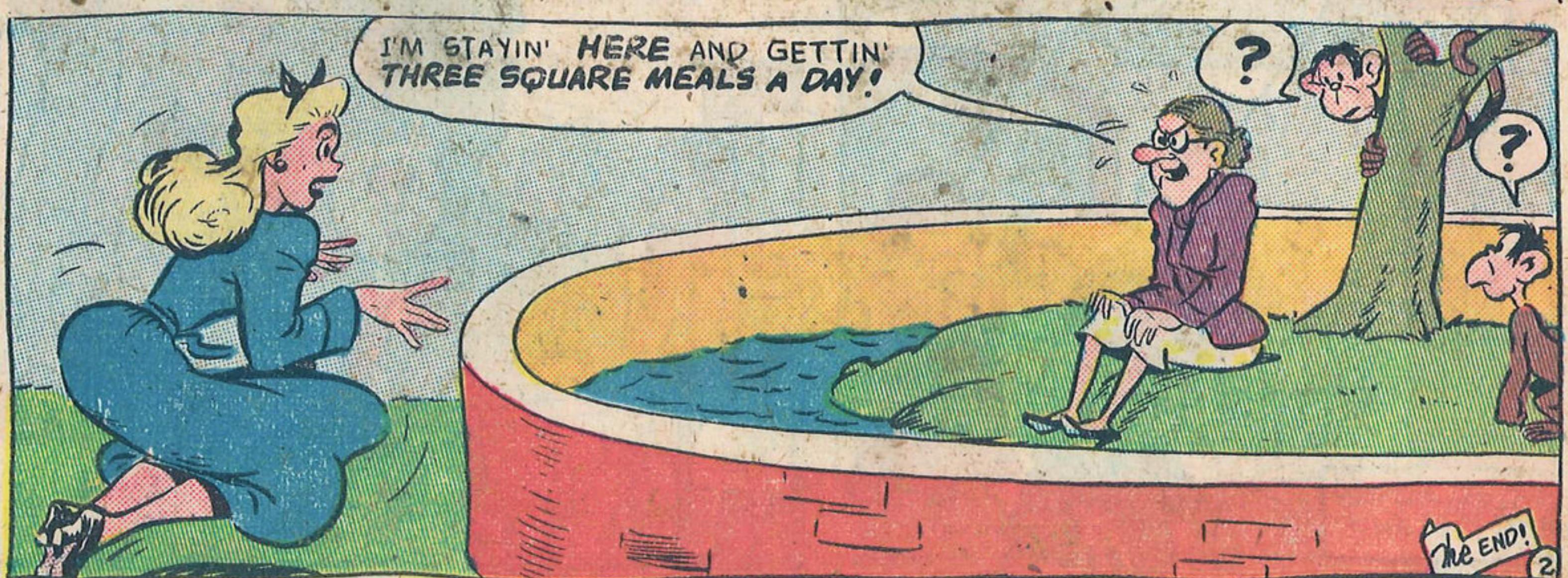
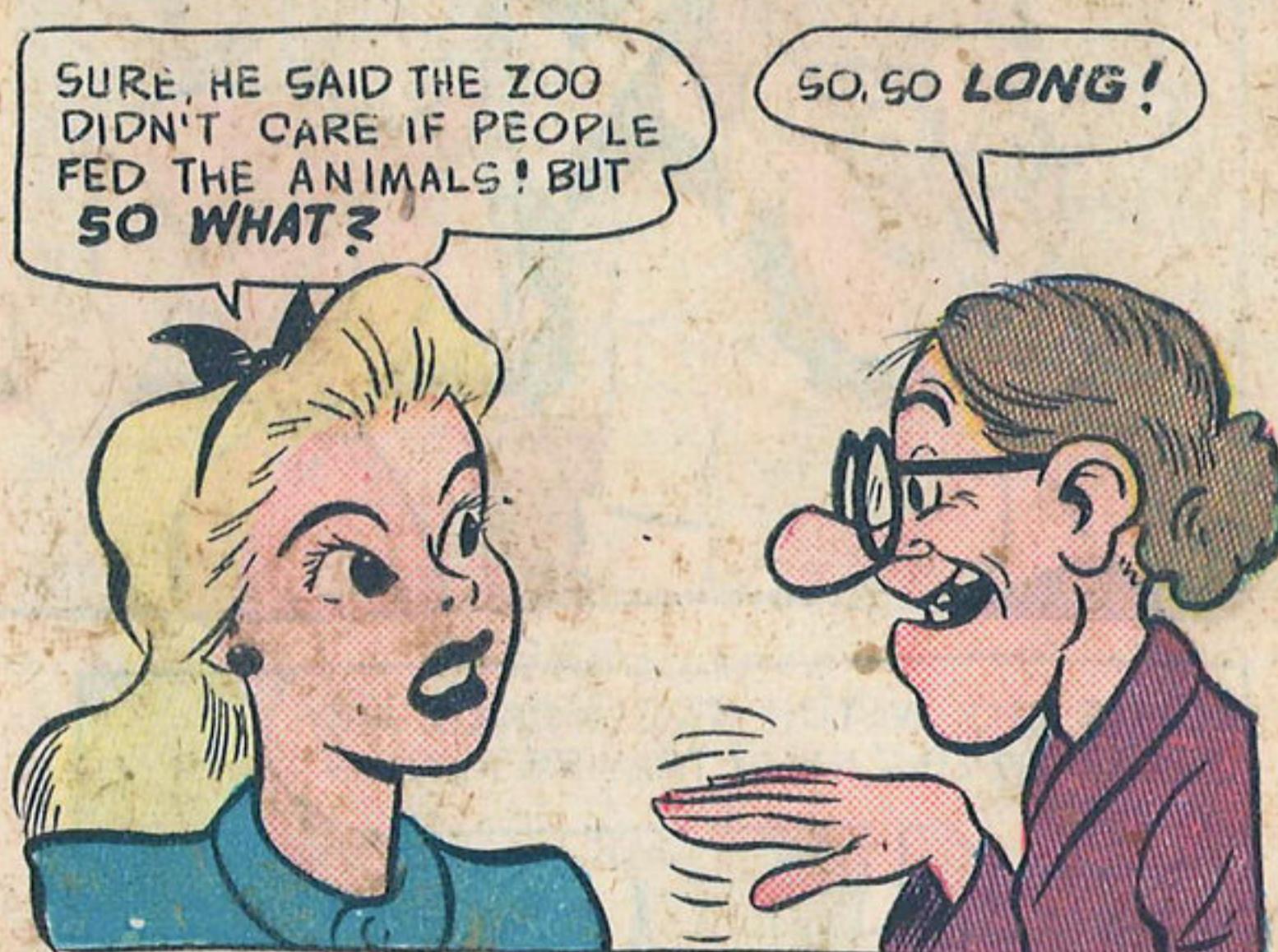
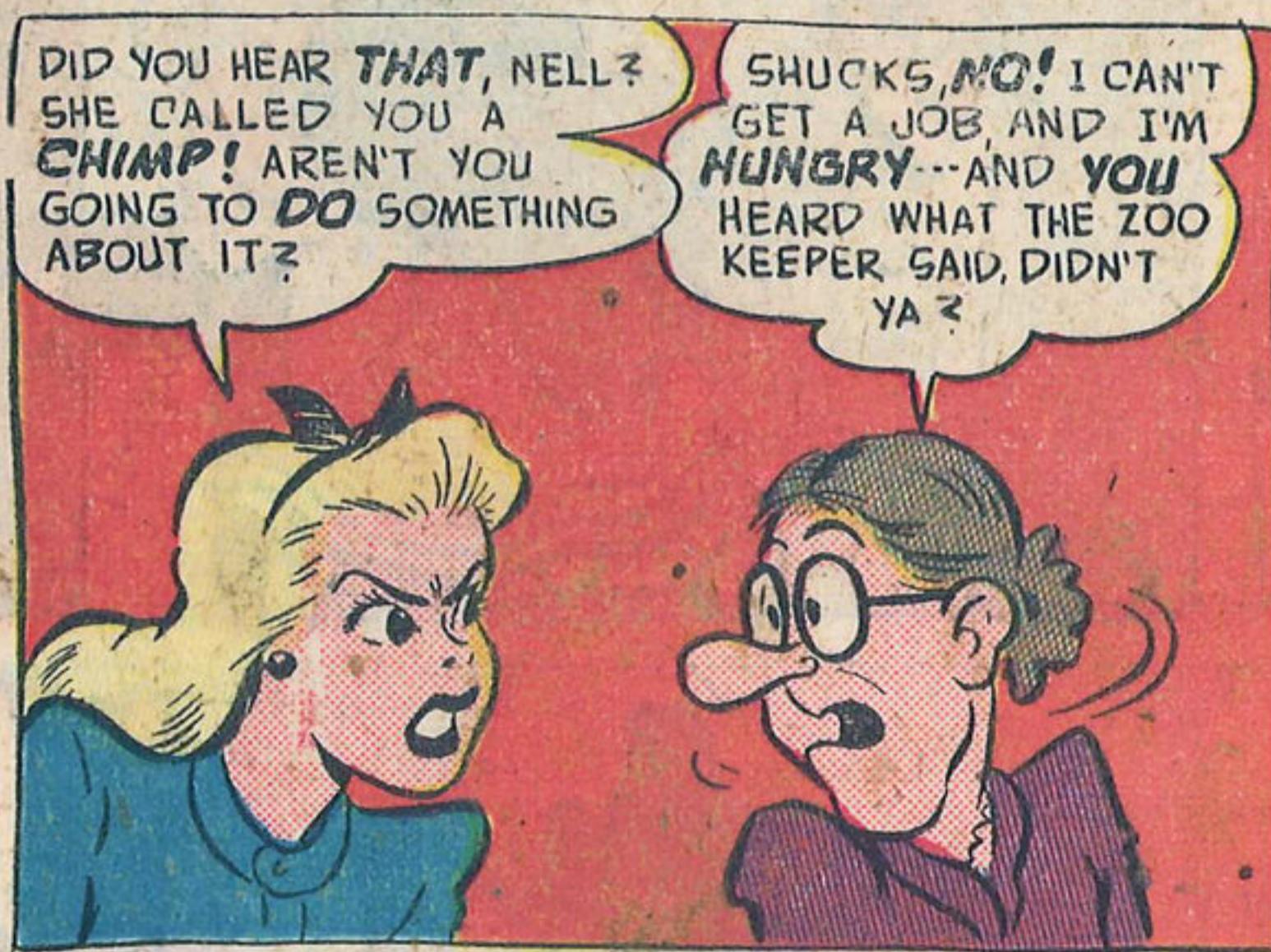
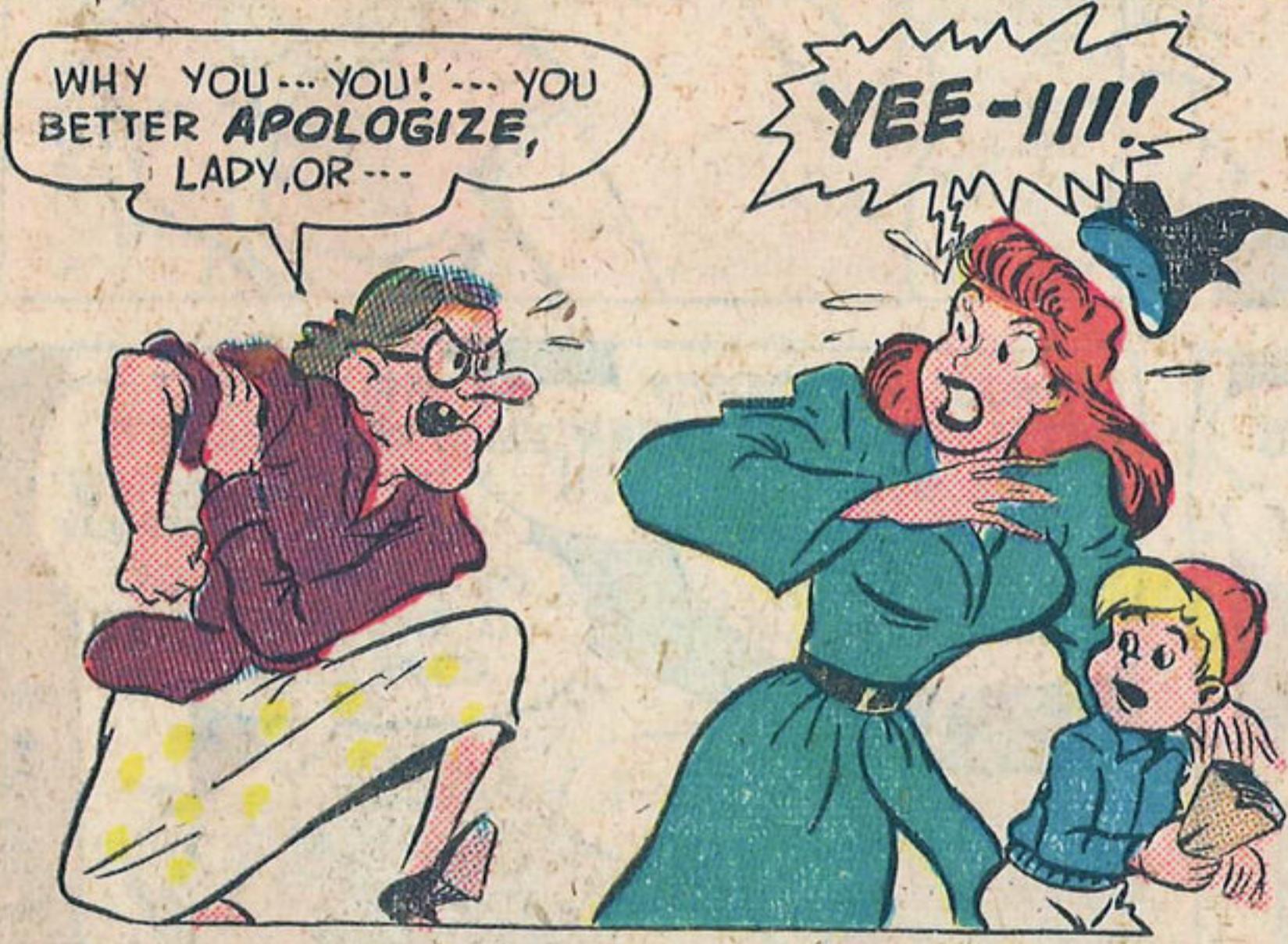
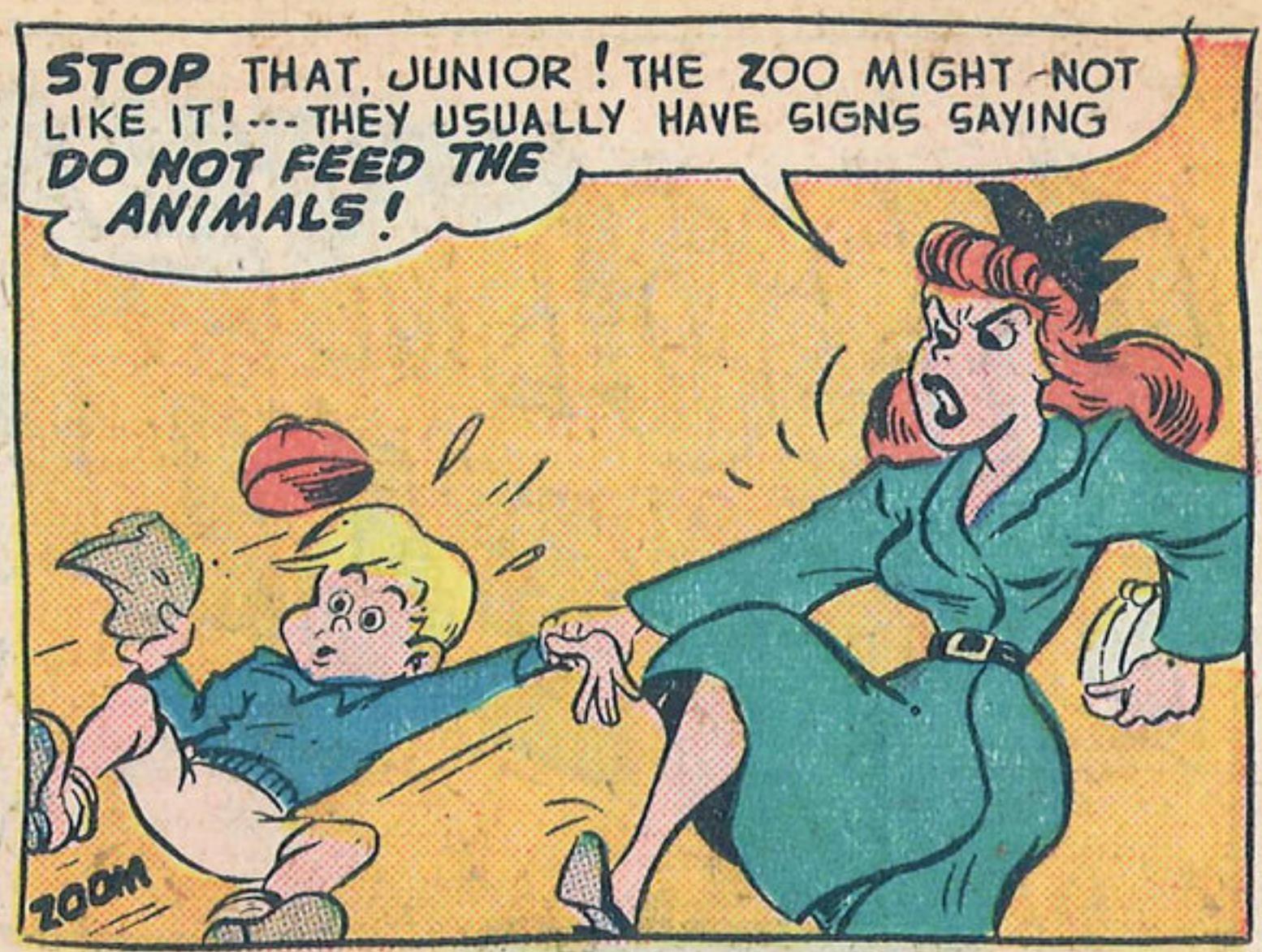


KNOTHEAD NELLIE

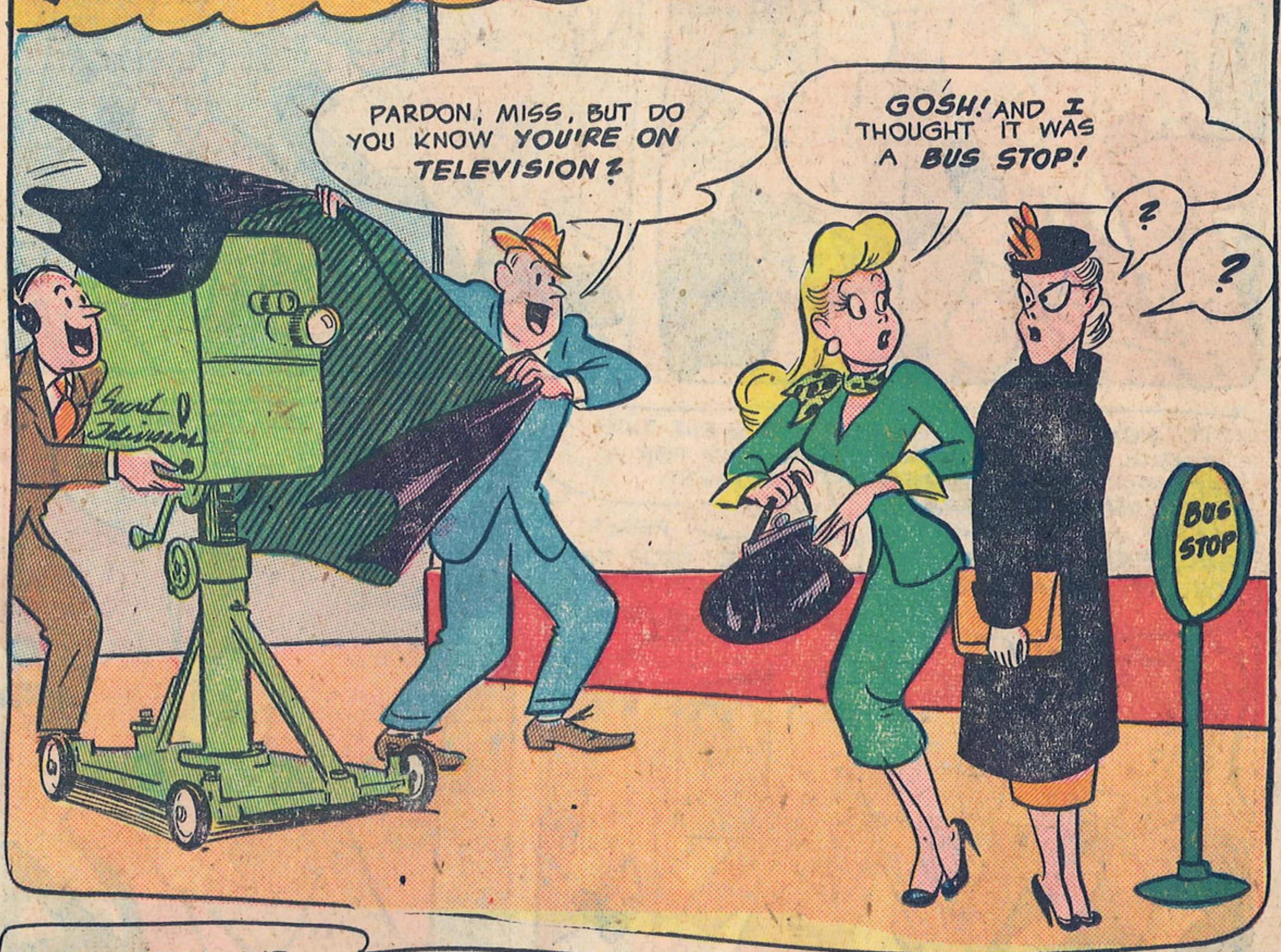
JILL, I TRIED ALL WEEK TO GET A JOB AS A SECRETARY, BUT NOT ONE PLACE WOULD EVEN CONSIDER ME! I WONDER WHY?

YA MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW?



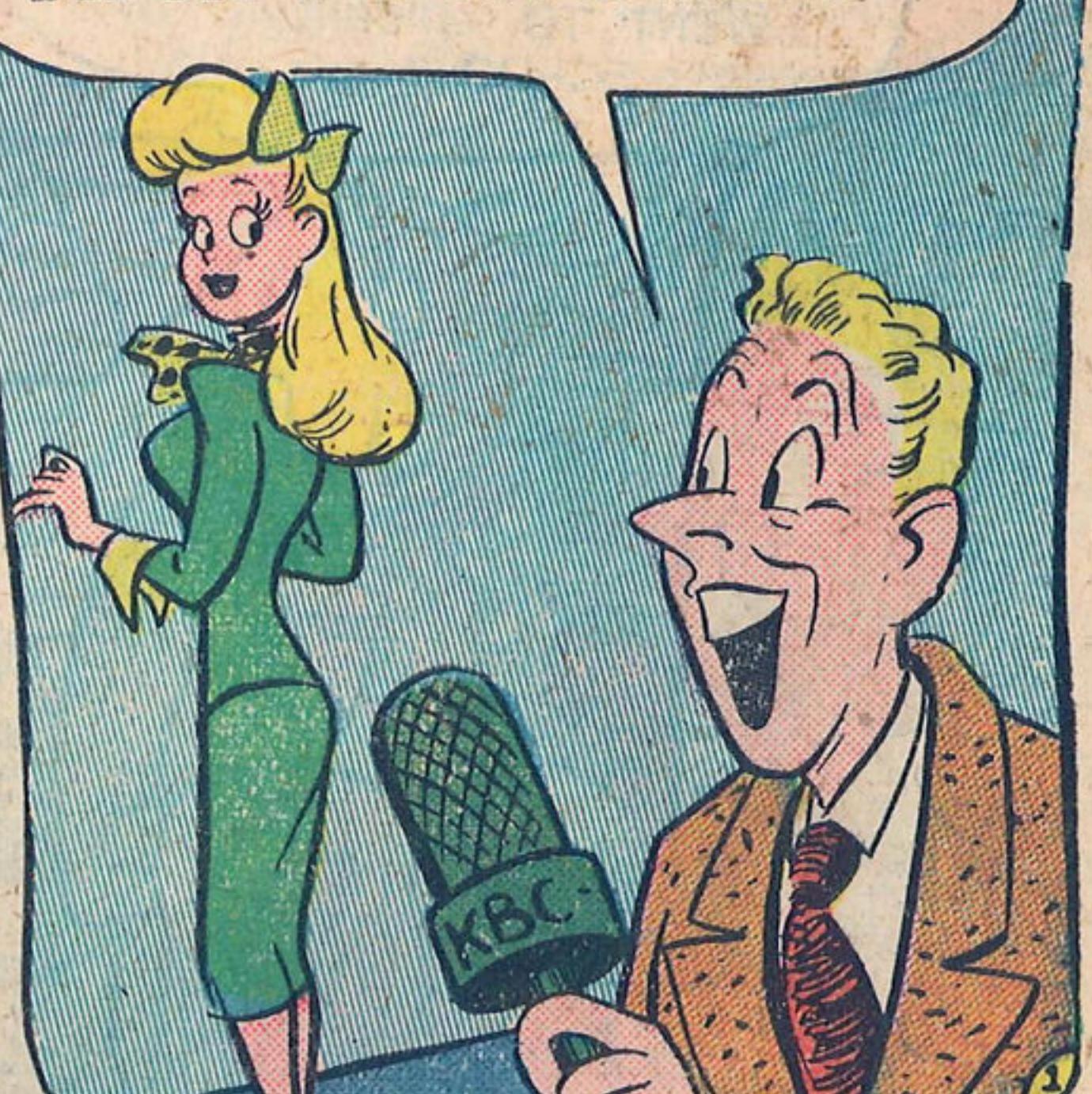
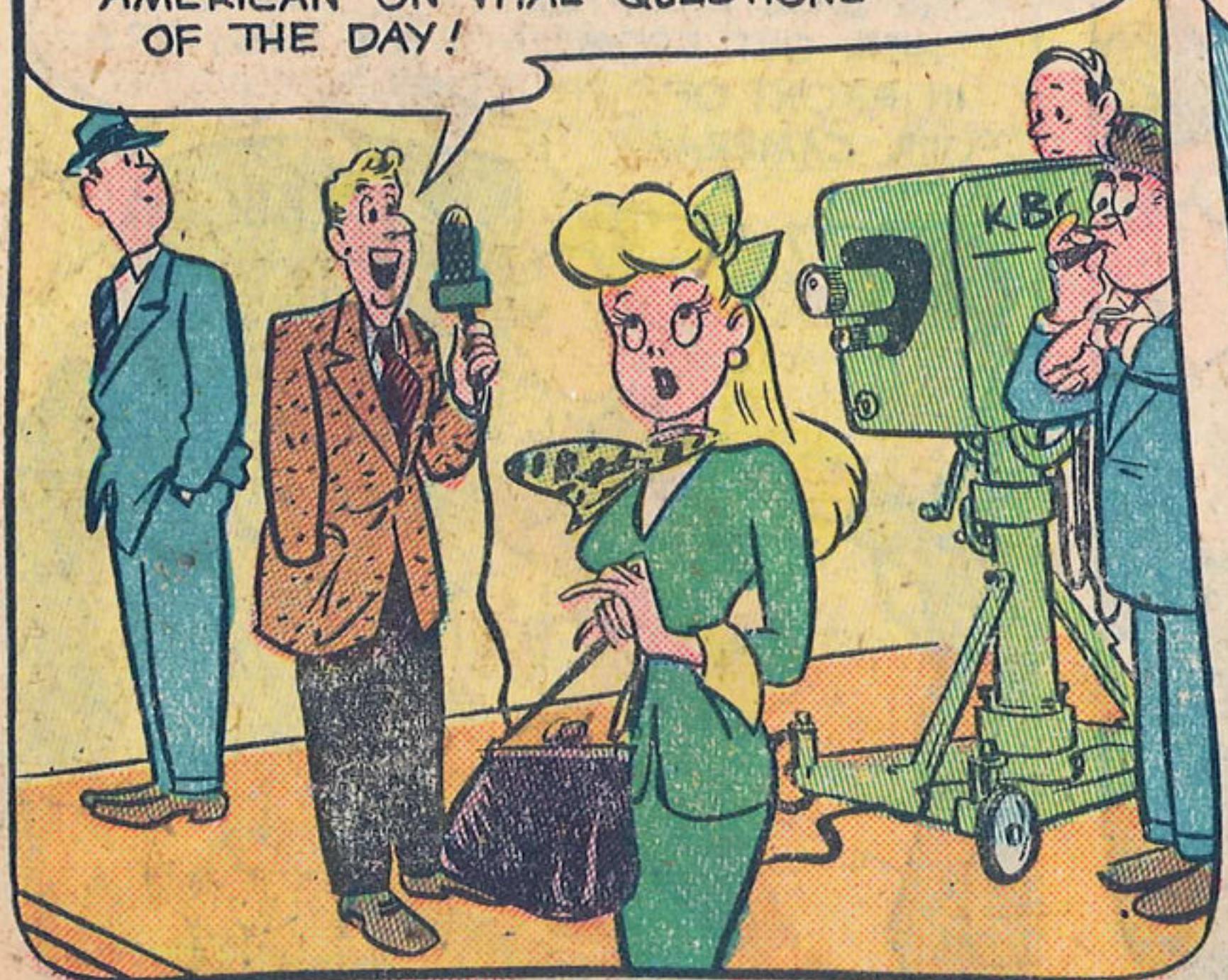


MORONICA



WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE WE ARE AGAIN WITH "YOUR MAN IN THE STREET" TELECAST-- THE PROGRAM THAT BRINGS YOU THE INTELLIGENT COMMENT OF THE ORDINARY AMERICAN ON VITAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY!

AH, THERE'S AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY WAITING FOR THE TRAFFIC SIGNAL TO CHANGE! I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET HER!



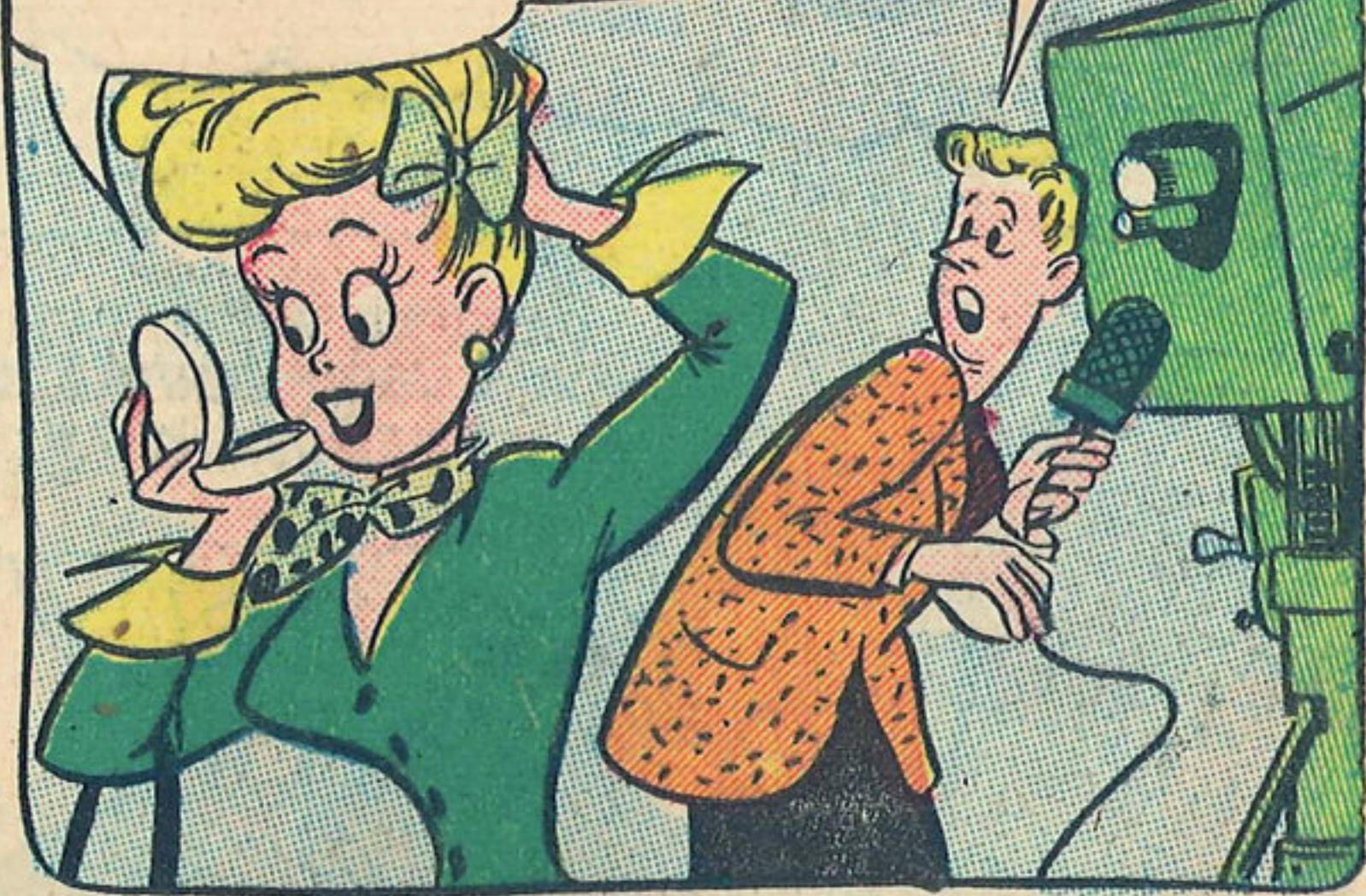
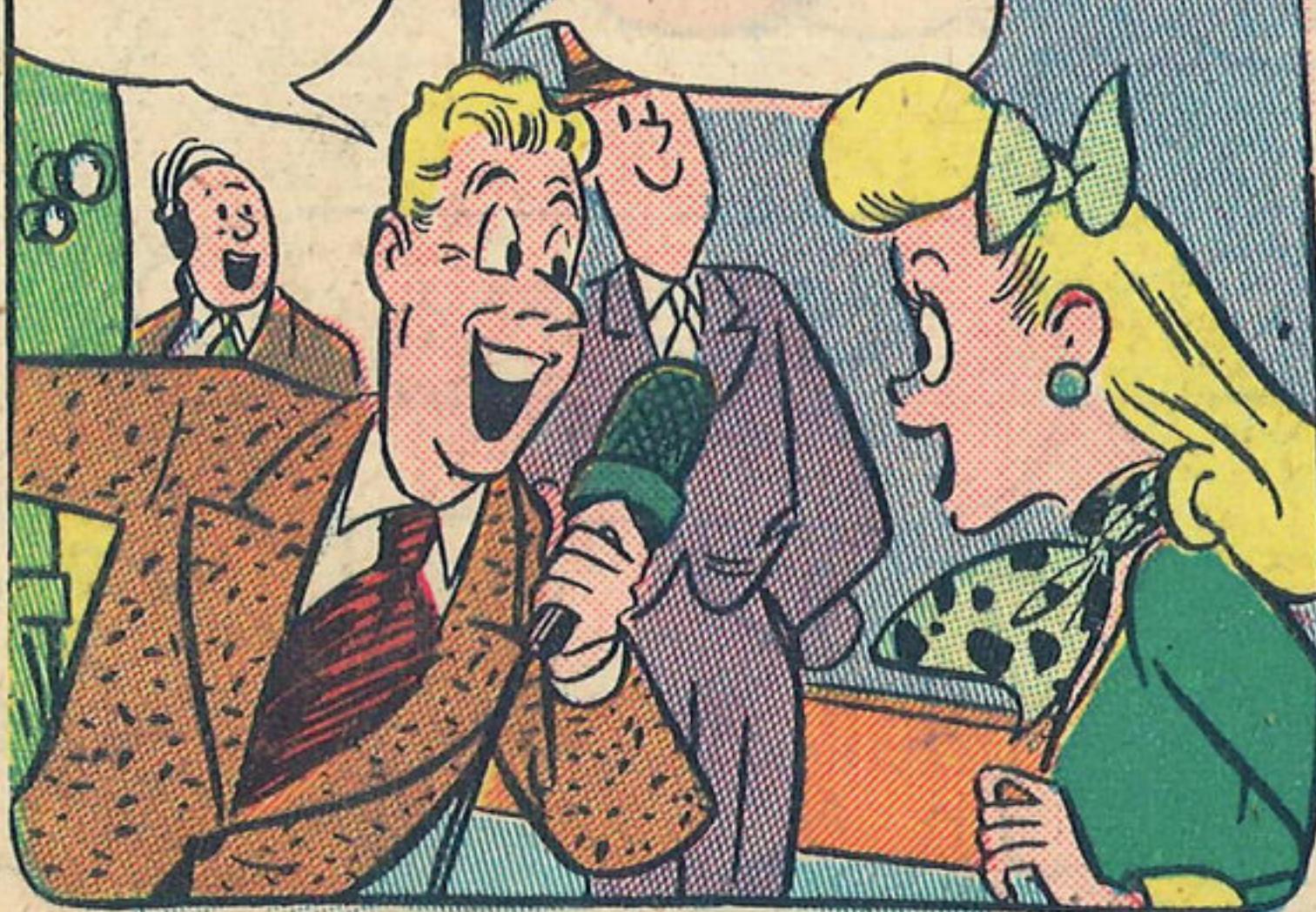
PARDON, MISS, BUT
WOULD YOU LIKE
TO BE ON
TELEVISION
AND ANSWER
A FEW
QUESTIONS?

ON TELEVISION?
OH, I'D LOVE TO!

FINE! STEP
RIGHT HERE
IN FRONT OF OUR
CAMERAS!

I WONDER IF I'D
LOOK BETTER WITH
MY HAIR UP LIKE
THIS? HM! NO! MAYBE
IF I TAKE THE BOW
OFF AND PUT ON MORE
LIPSTICK, I'LL---

MISS, PLEASE!
WE'RE WAITING!
THAT ISN'T
NECESSARY,
REALLY!

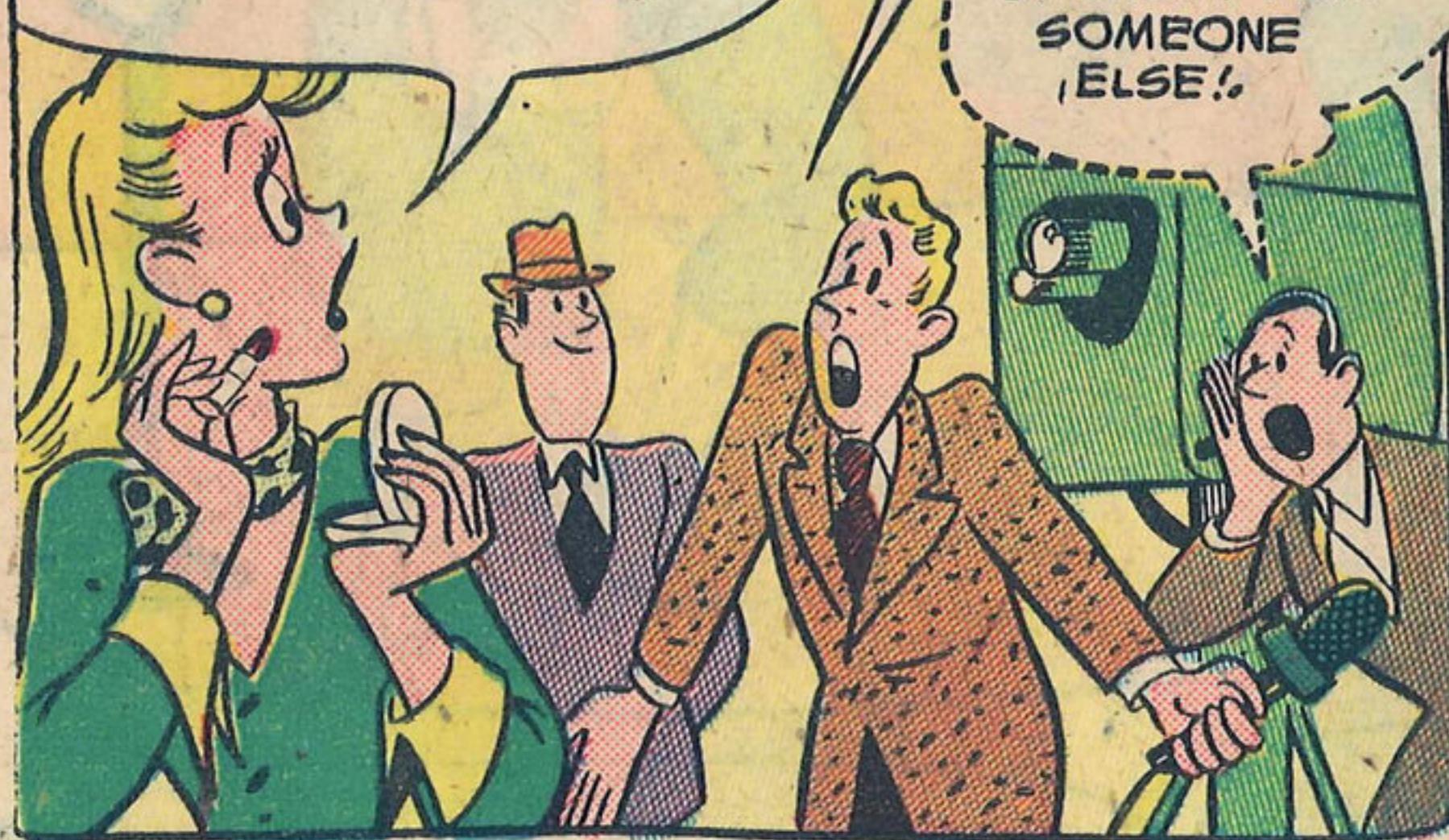


IT MOST CERTAINLY IS!
A GIRL HAS TO LOOK
HER BEST ON HER FIRST
TELEVISION PROGRAM!
AFTER ALL, MY WHOLE
SUCCESS MAY DEPEND
ON MY APPEARANCE!

BUT -- BUT THIS
IS ONLY FOR A
MOMENT.
JUST A ---

PSSST.
JOE! DROP THE
BLONDE! ASK
SOMEONE
ELSE!

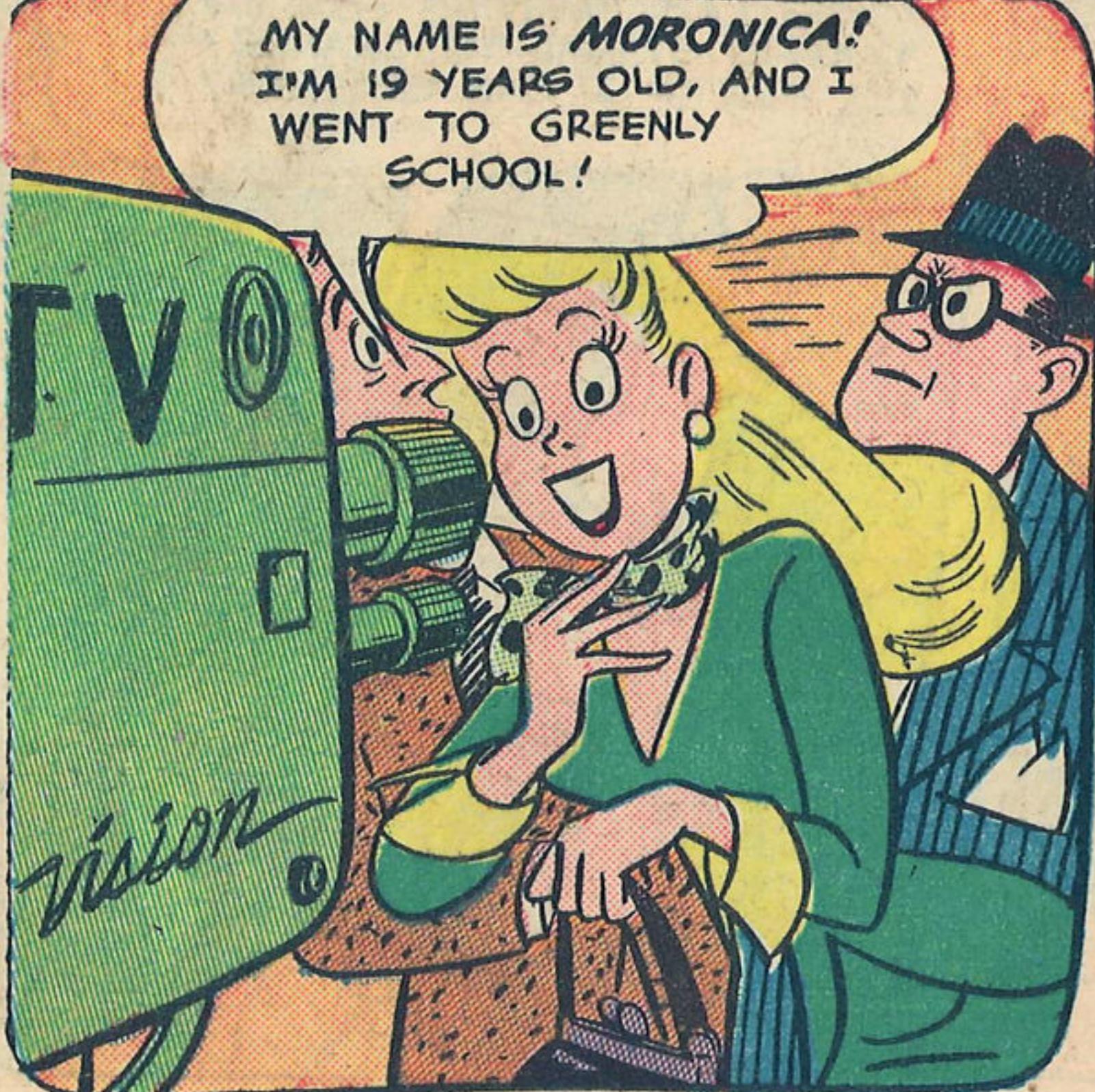
HOW DO YOU DO, SIR?
THIS IS "YOUR MAN IN THE
STREET" TELECAST! MAY I
ASK YOUR NAME?

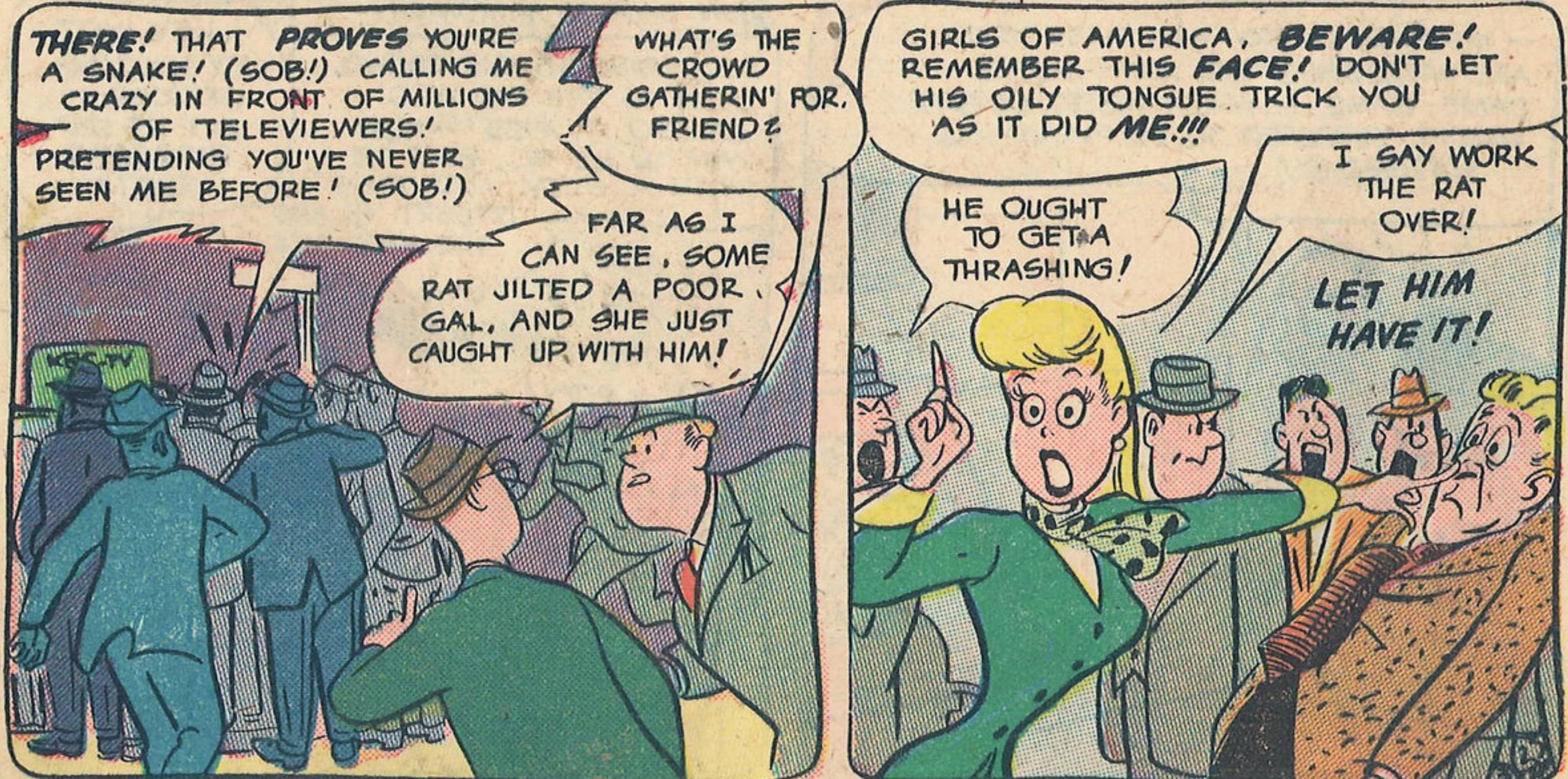
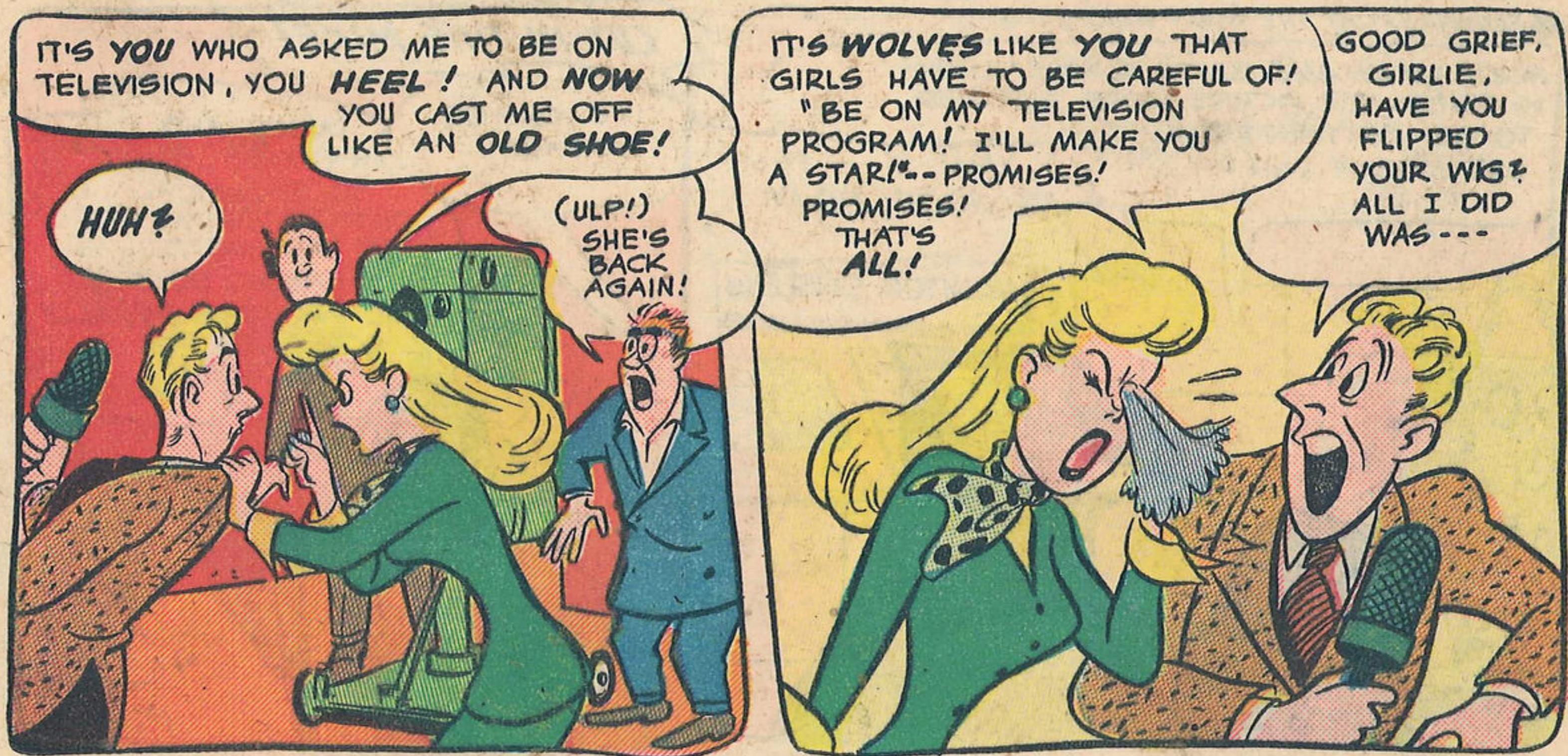
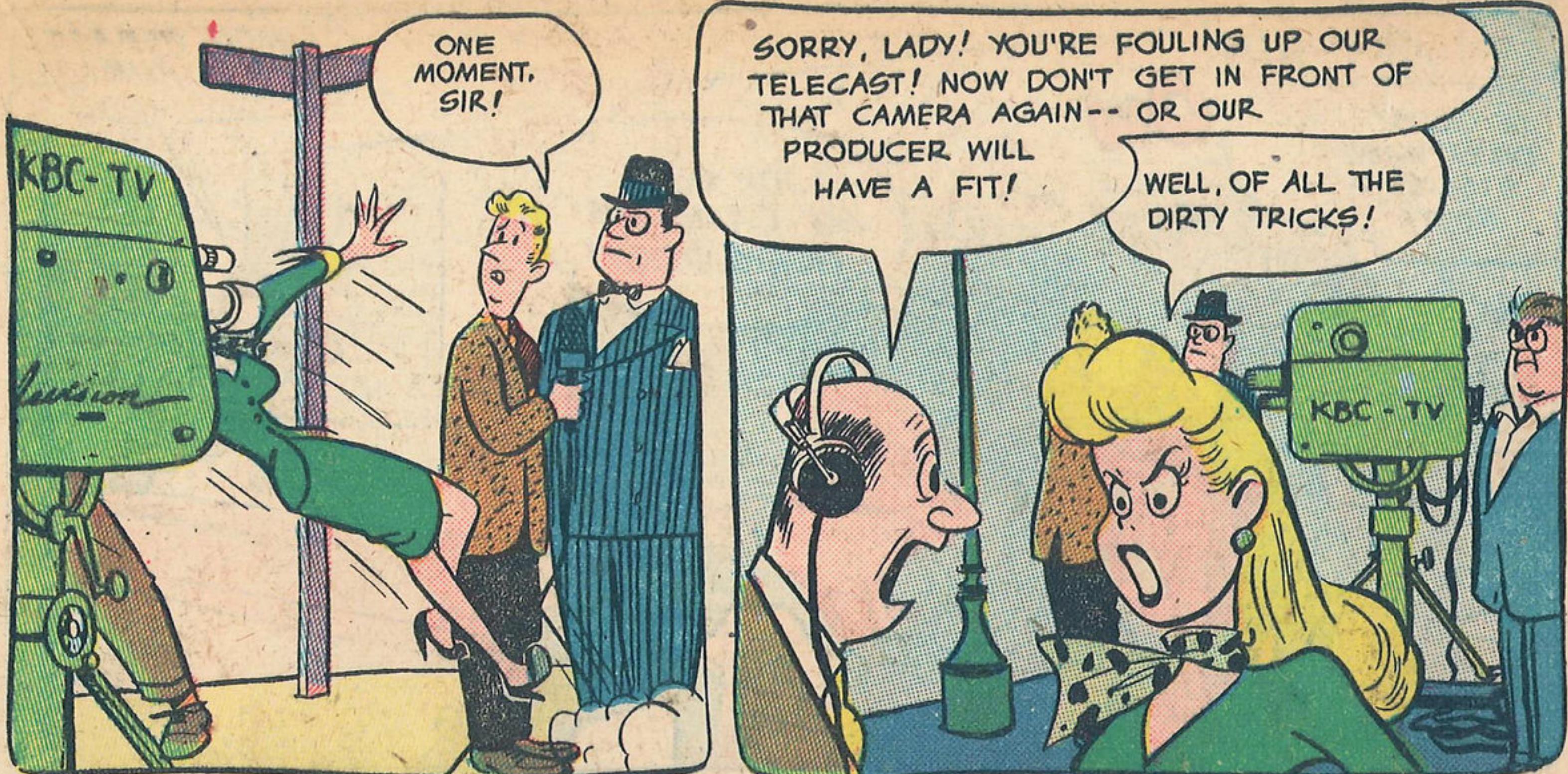


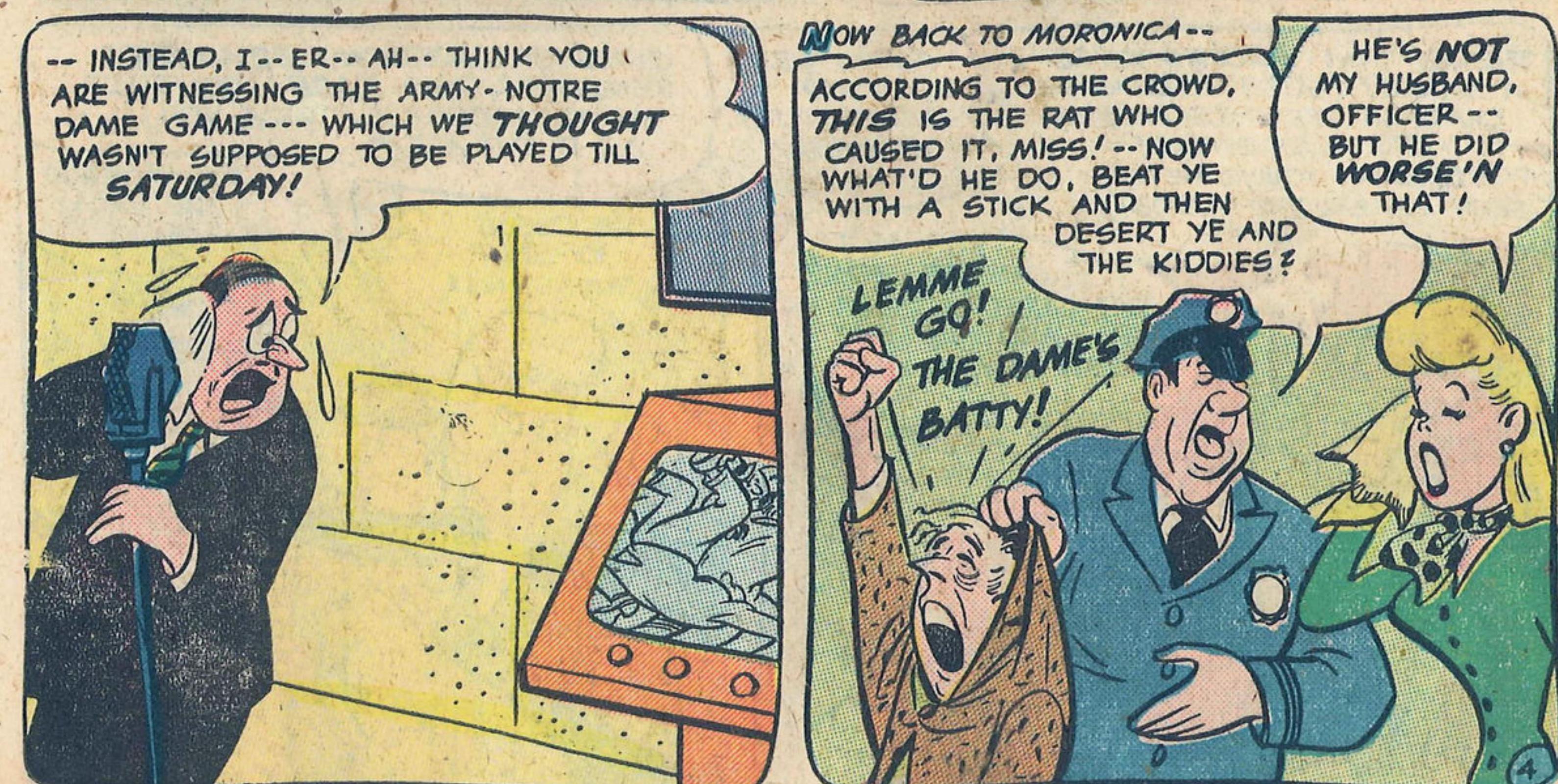
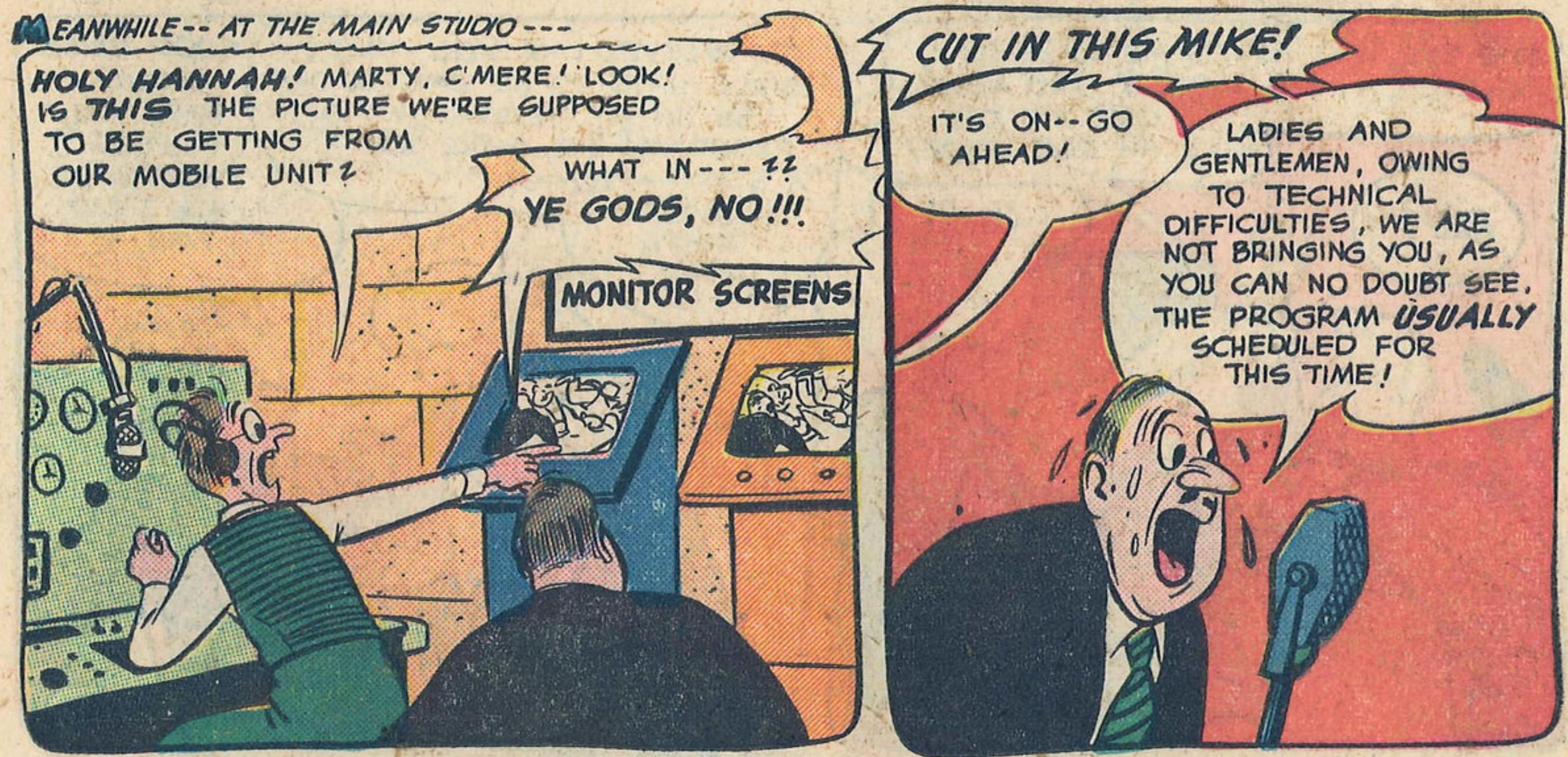
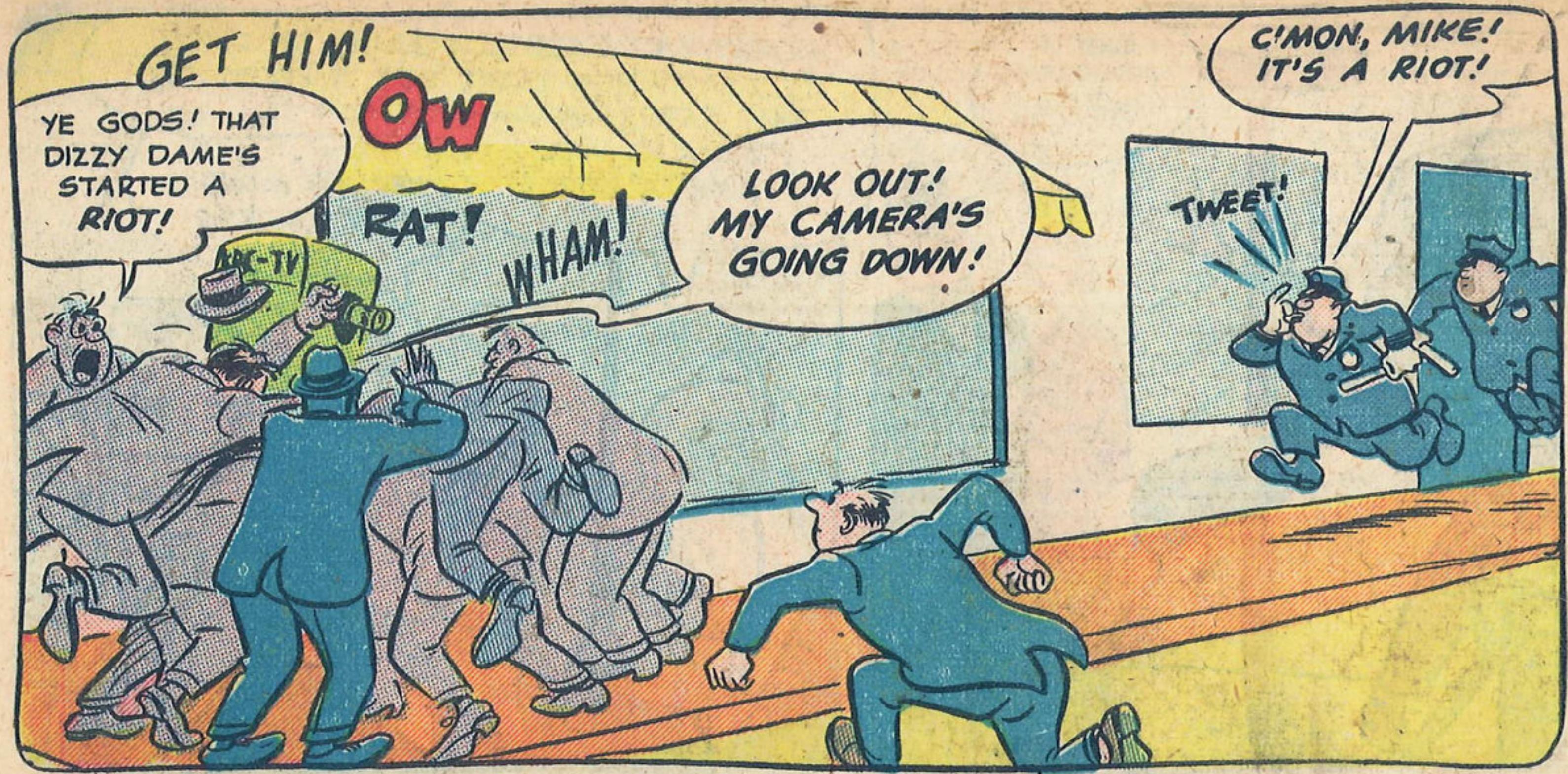
MY NAME IS MORONICA!
I'M 19 YEARS OLD, AND I
WENT TO GREENLY
SCHOOL!

YE GODS! IT'S THAT BLONDE--
AND SHE'S MAKING LIKE ONE OF
THE QUIZ KIDS! GET
HER OUT FROM
IN FRONT OF
OUR CAMERA!

YES, SIR!







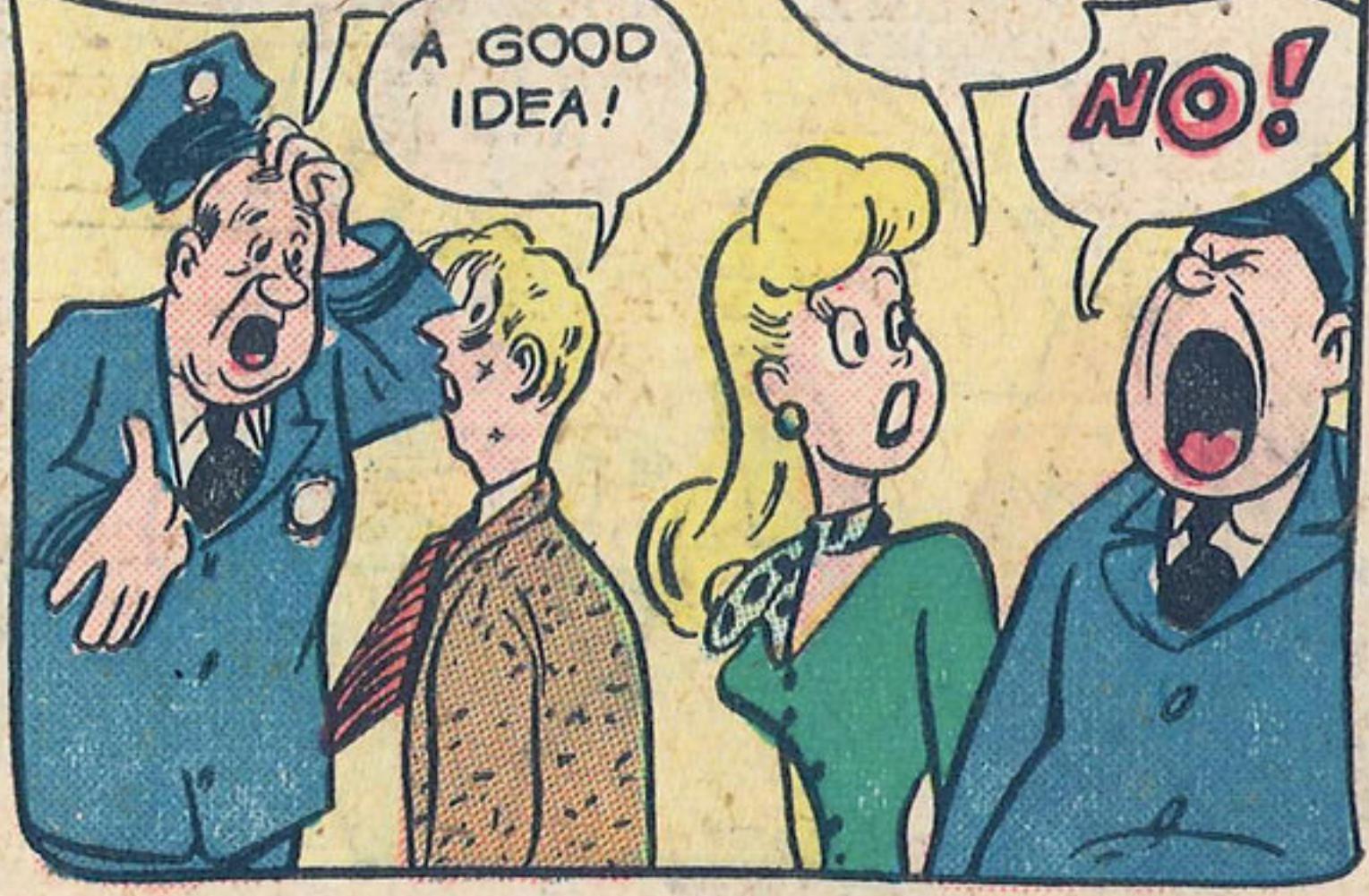
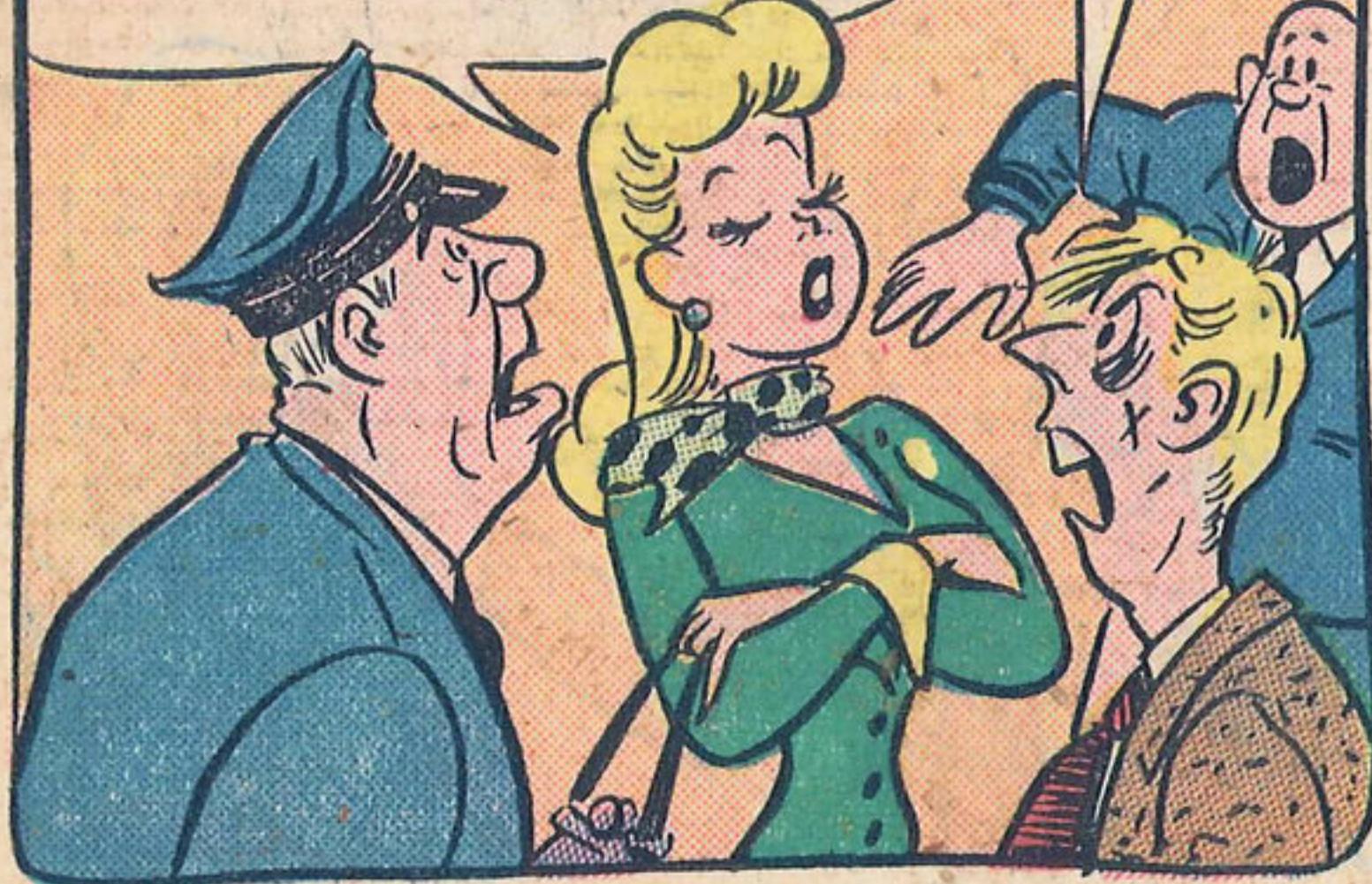
HE ASKED ME TO BE ON HIS TELEVISION PROGRAM, AND BEFORE I COULD SO MUCH AS GET A NEW PERMANENT AND GO HOME AND CHANGE MY DRESS, HE ASKED SOMEONE ELSE!

SEE? I TOLD YOU SHE WAS NUTTIER 'N A WALNUT GROVE!

LOOK, MISTER! THE CROWD JUST JUMPED TO CONCLUSIONS, SO WE CAN'T LOCK UP THIS DIZZY DAME! TO AVOID FURTHER TROUBLE, WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE NORTH END OF TOWN FOR YOUR PROGRAM?

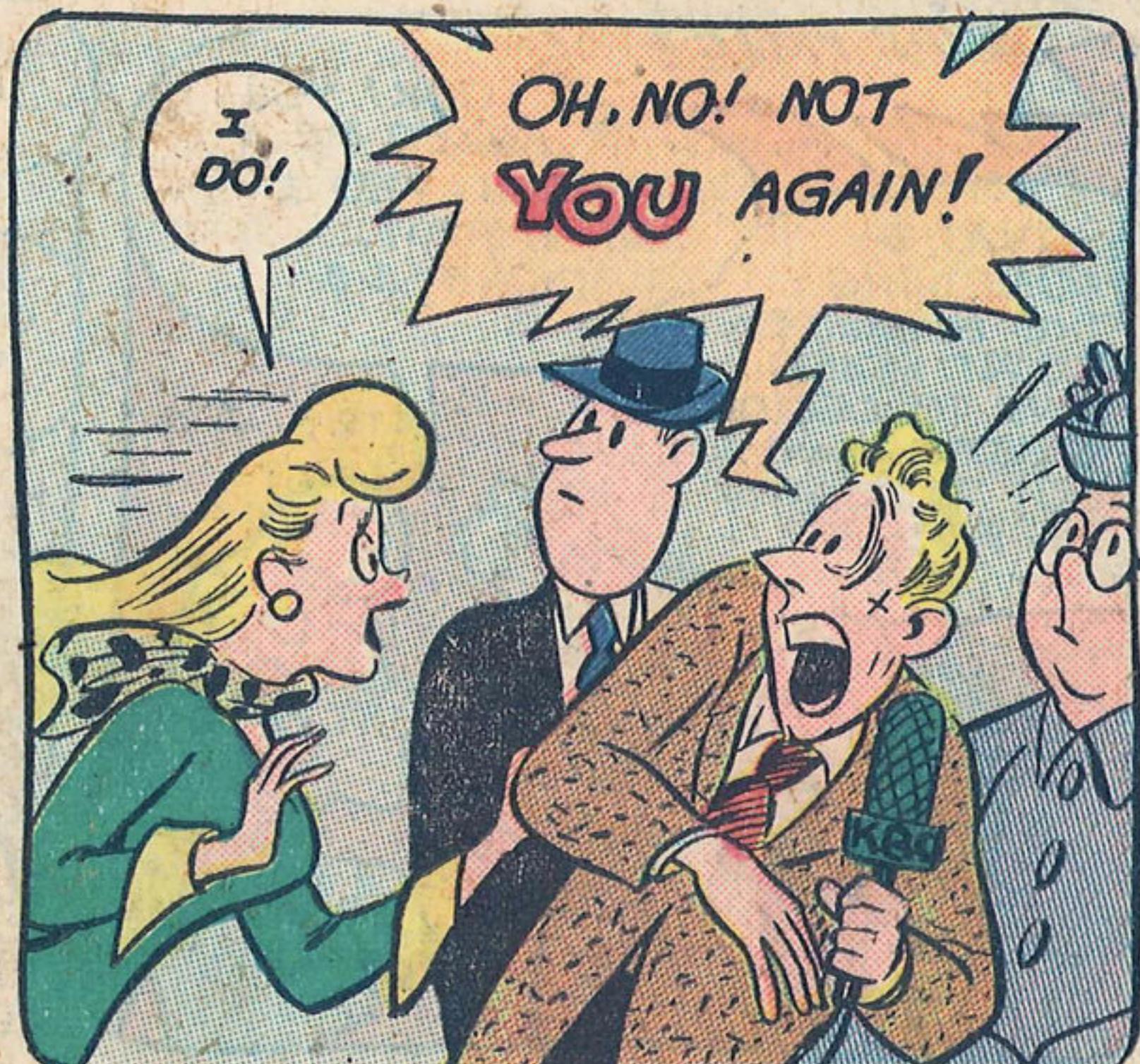
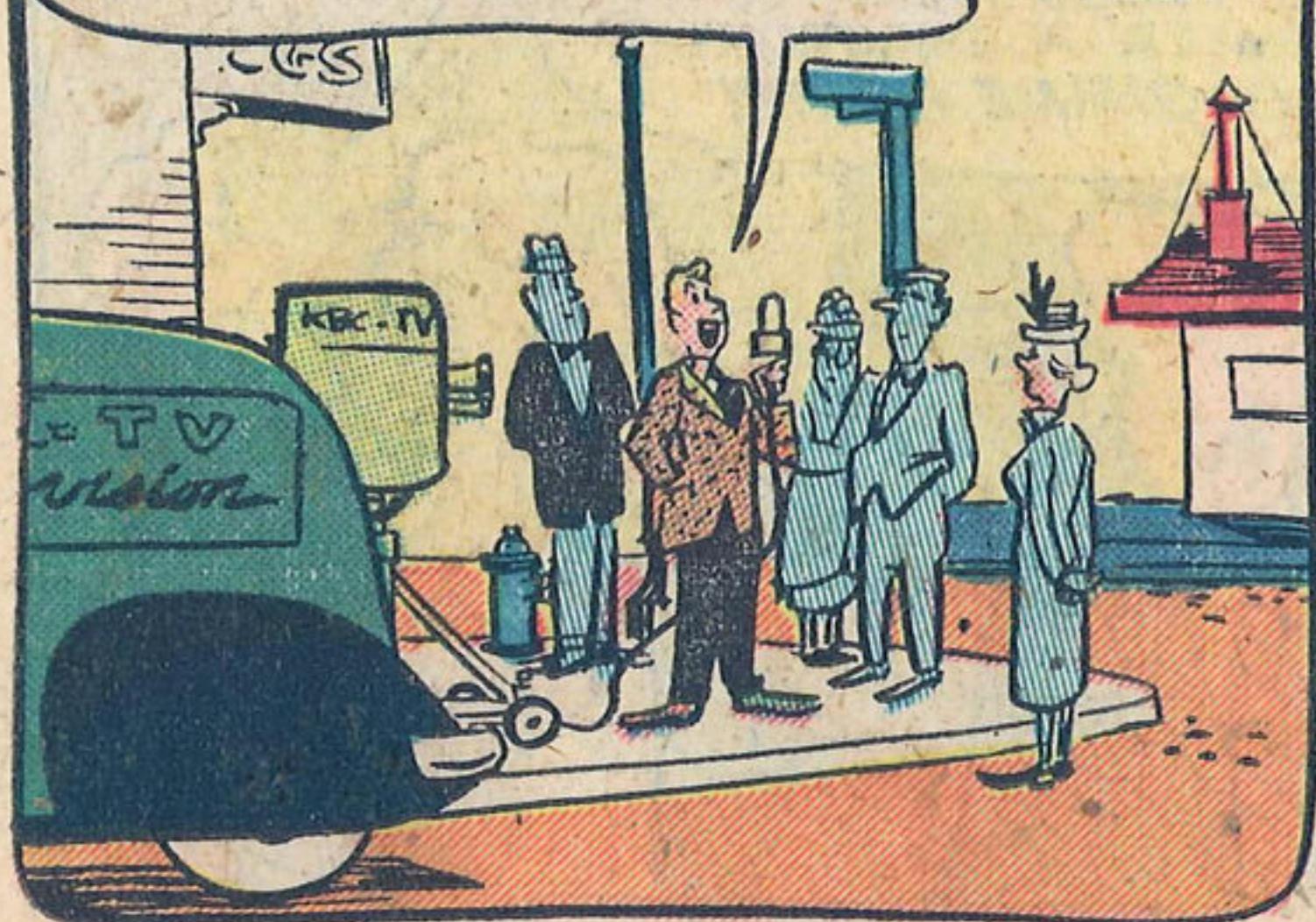
YOU MEAN YOU AREN'T GOING TO PUNISH HIM?

NO!



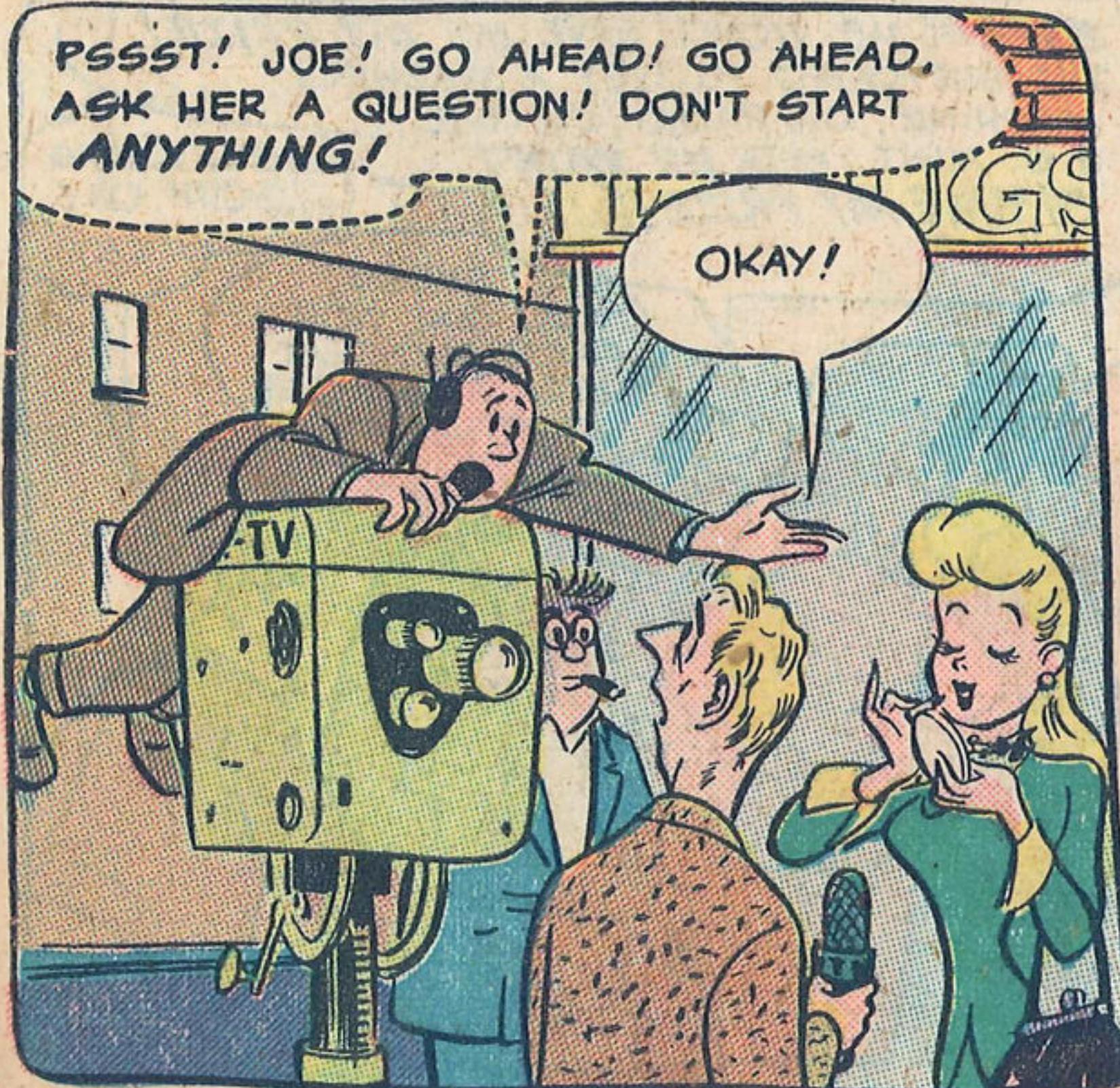
SO, SOMETIME LATER...

ONCE AGAIN, FOLKS, WE'RE READY WITH "YOUR MAN IN THE STREET" PROGRAM, BUT FROM A NEW PART OF TOWN! --- ALL RIGHT, WHO WANTS TO ANSWER OUR FIRST QUESTION?



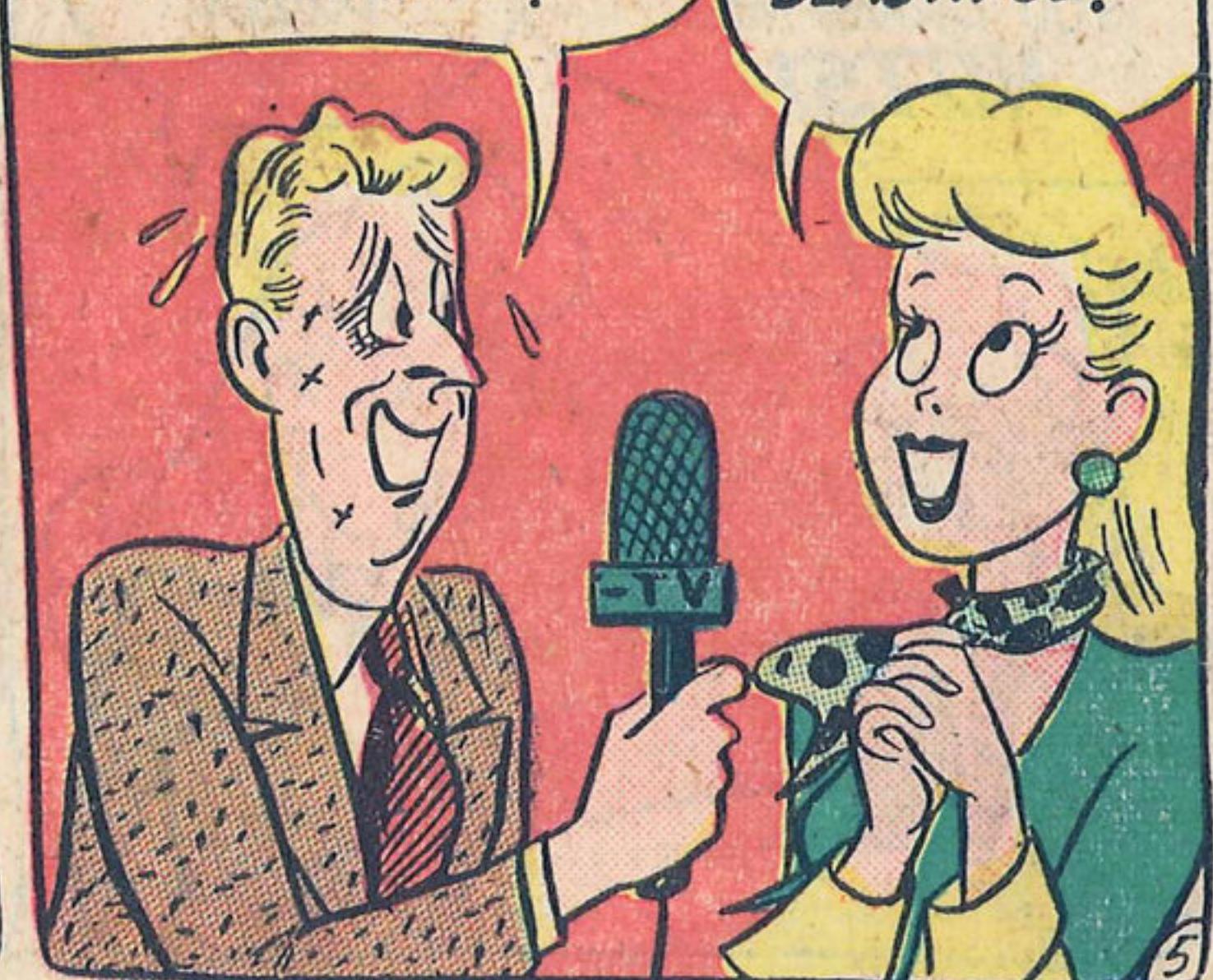
PSSST! JOE! GO AHEAD! GO AHEAD. ASK HER A QUESTION! DON'T START ANYTHING!

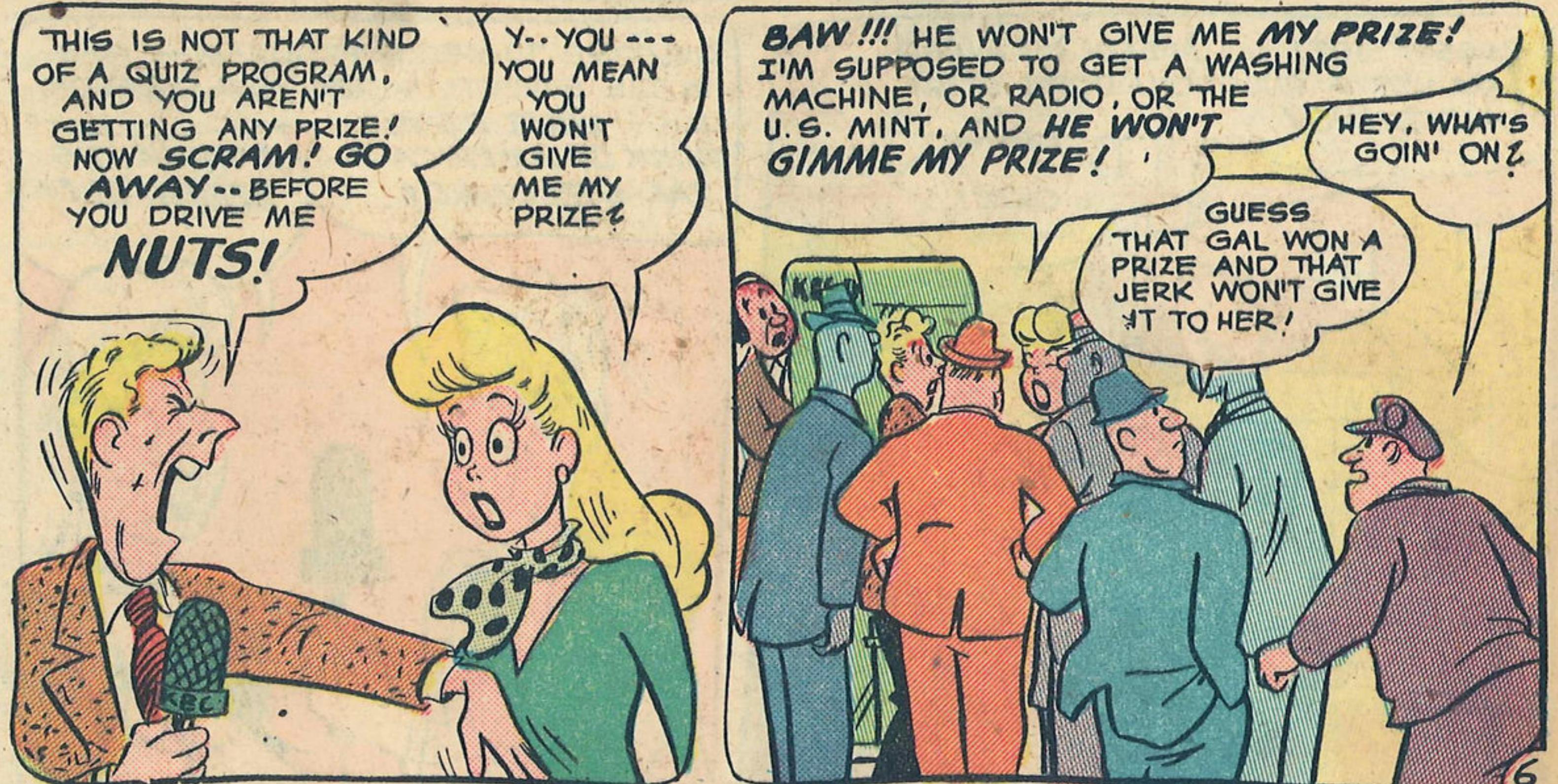
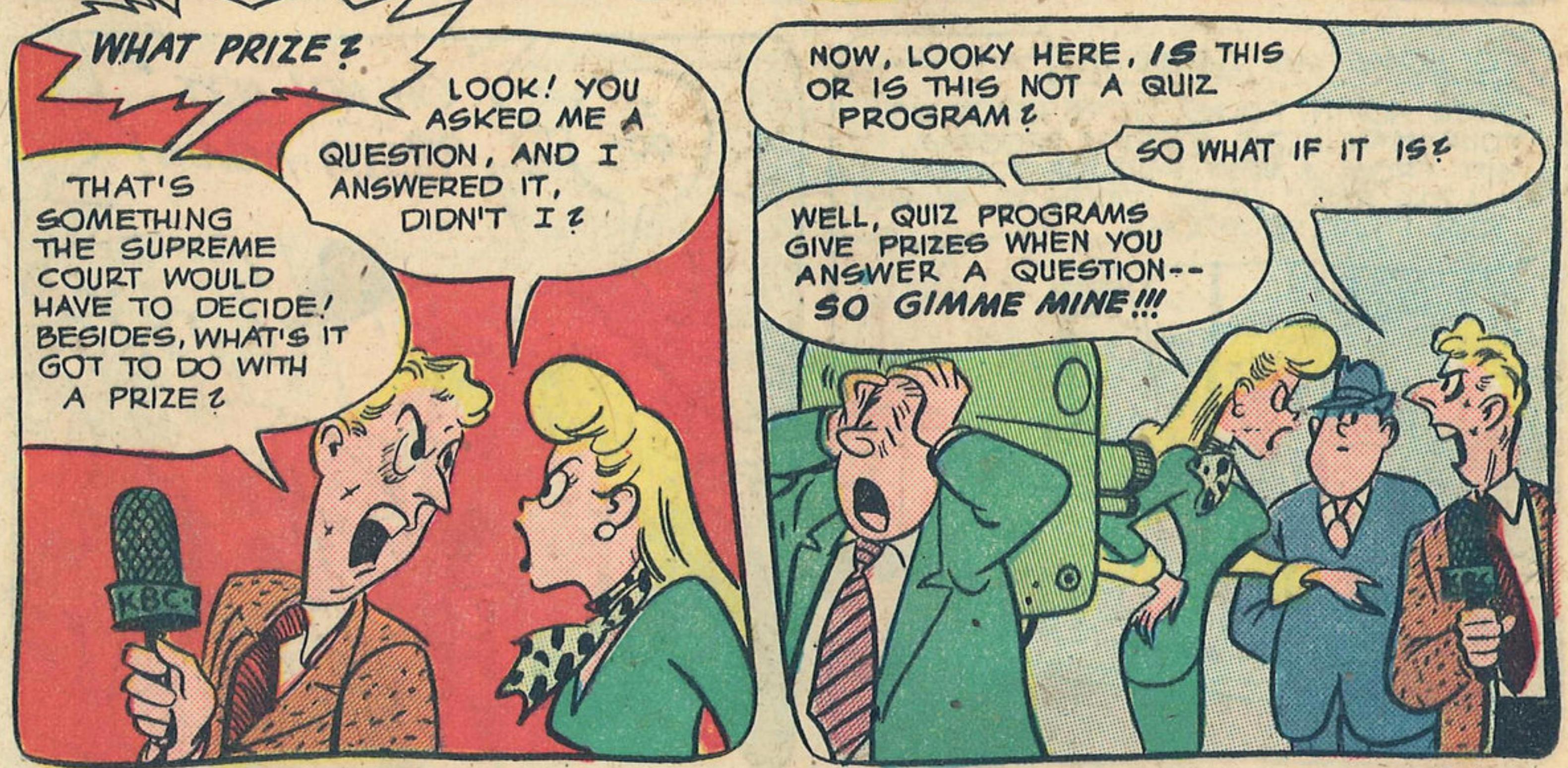
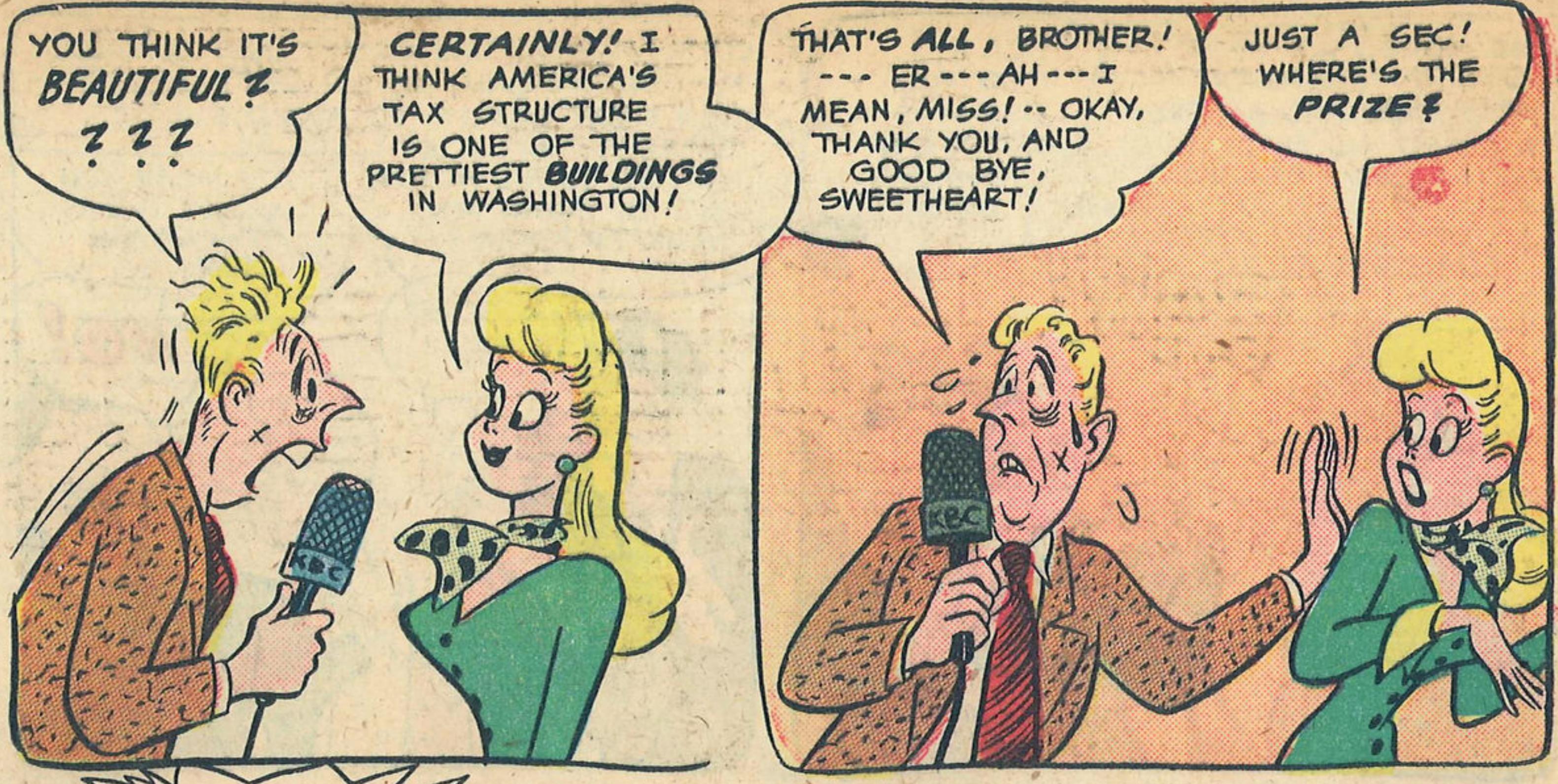
OKAY!

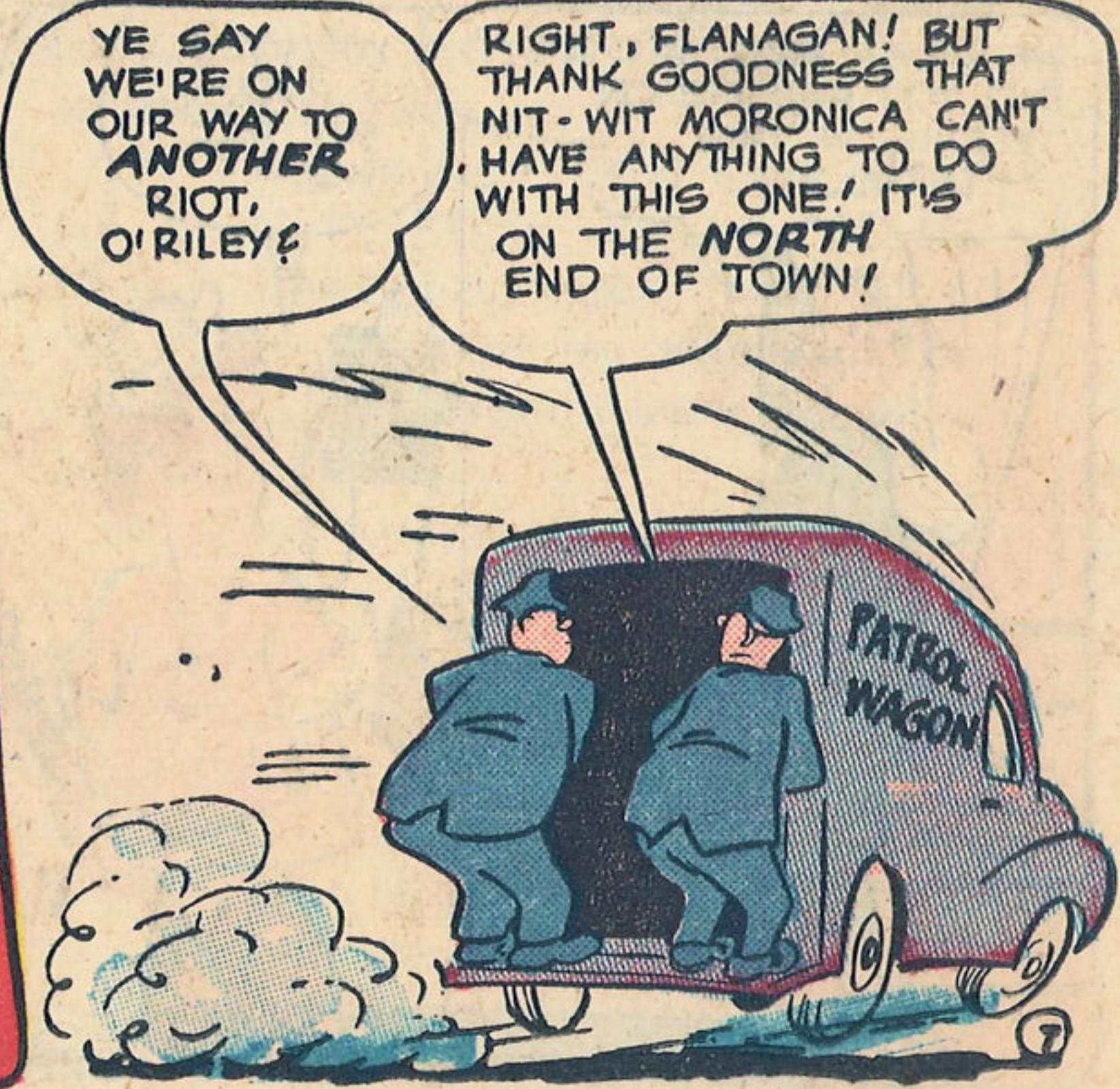
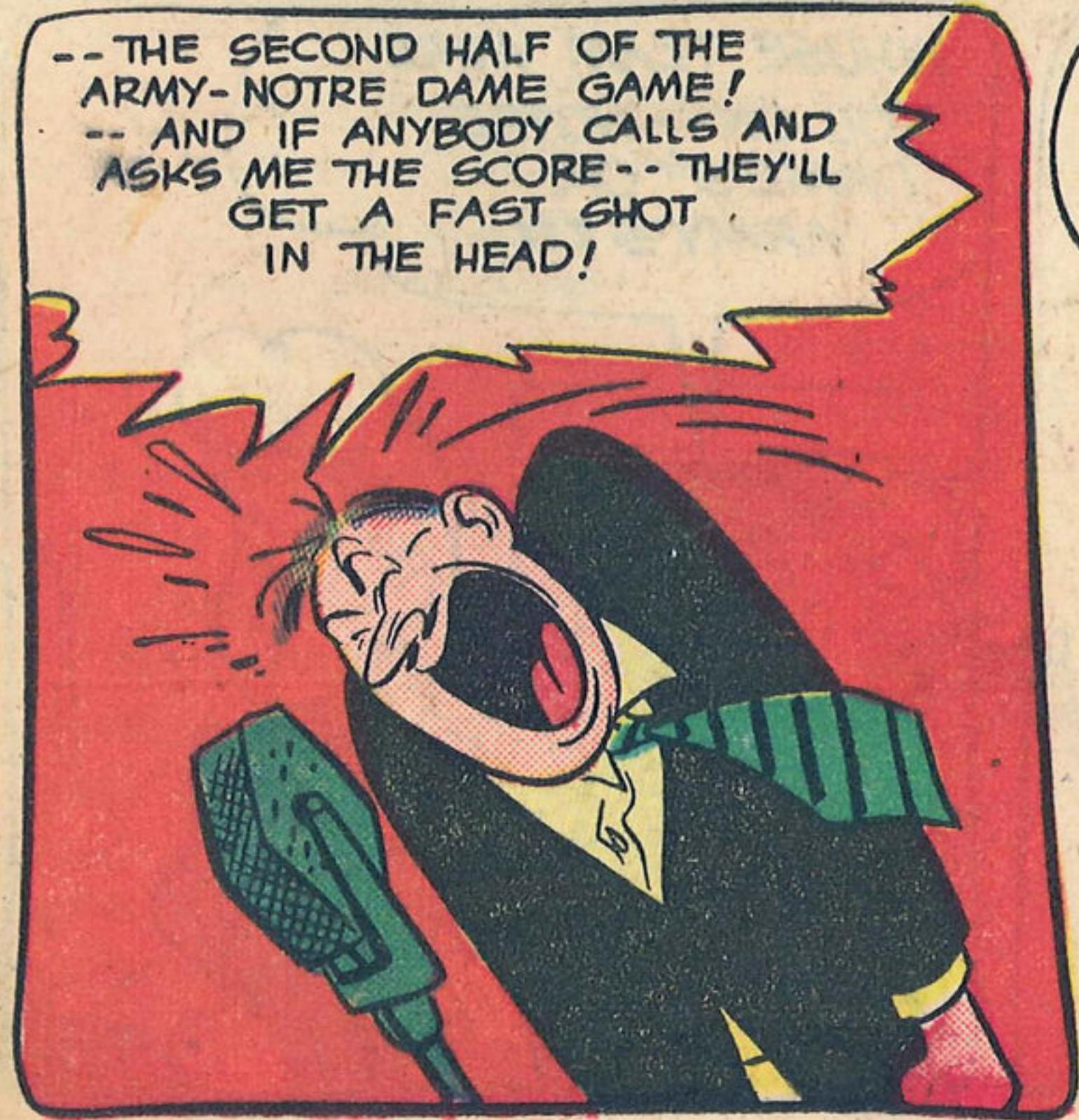
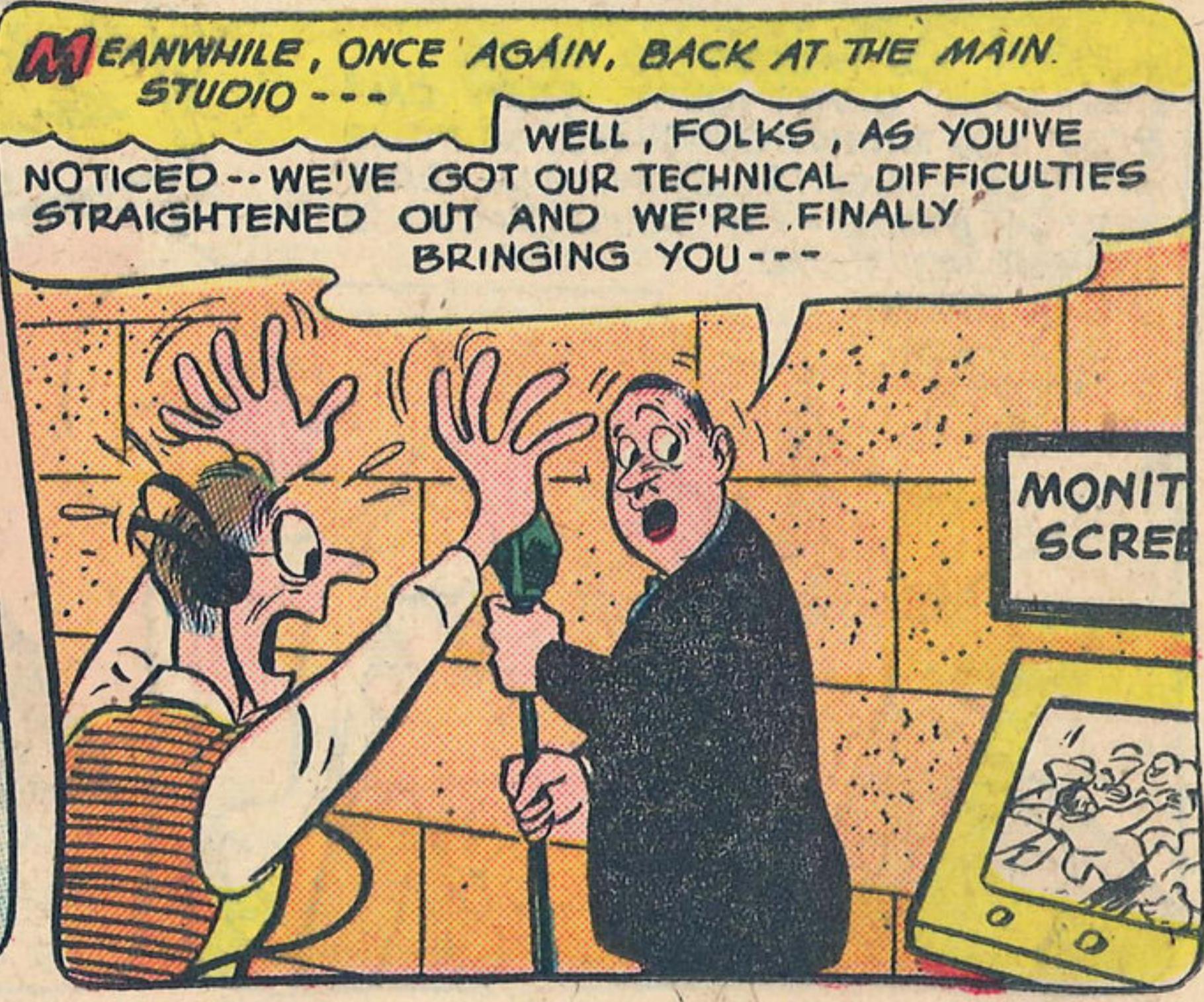


WELCOME TO KBC'S PROGRAM — "MAN IN THE STREET!" HERE'S YOUR QUESTION, MISS! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF AMERICA'S TAX STRUCTURE?

I THINK IT'S BEAUTIFUL!







SAINTS SAVE
US, O'RILEY!

LOOK!

OH, NO! IT'S THAT
TELEVISION OUTFIT --
AND MORONICA!

RADIO MAY BE
DEAD, BUT
BELIEVE ME,
BUSTER, I'M
GOING BACK
TO IT!

ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!
WHO
STARTED
IT THIS
TIME?

NOT ME!
IT'S JUST
THAT I WON
A PRIZE --
AND WHEN
THEY WOULDN'T
GIVE IT TO ME,
PEOPLE BECAME
ANGRY!

PATI
WAG



FIRST YOU WANTED TO BE ON
TELEVISION! OKAY, YOU'VE BEEN ON!
NOW YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT A PRIZE
COMING -- RIGHT? OKAY, I'LL GIVE
YOU A PRIZE -- IF YOU'LL PROMISE
NEVER TO COME
NEAR THESE
TELEVISION
PEOPLE
AGAIN!

And
so...

GOLLY, WHAT A SIMPLY PEACHY
PRIZE! A CUTE LITTLE
GADGET THAT GOES
CLICK-CLICK --- AND
A BOX OF
CRACKER-JACKS,
TOO!

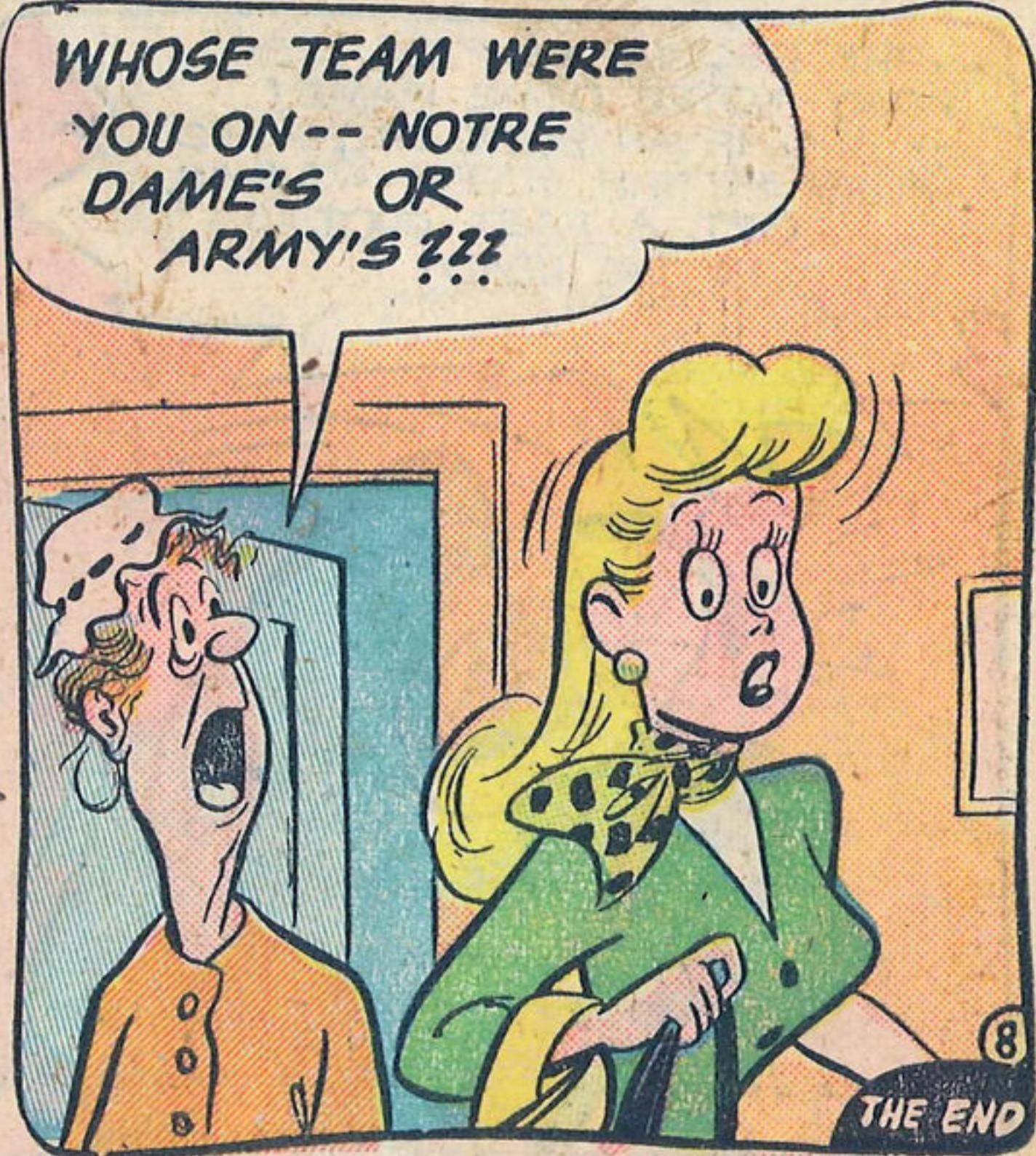
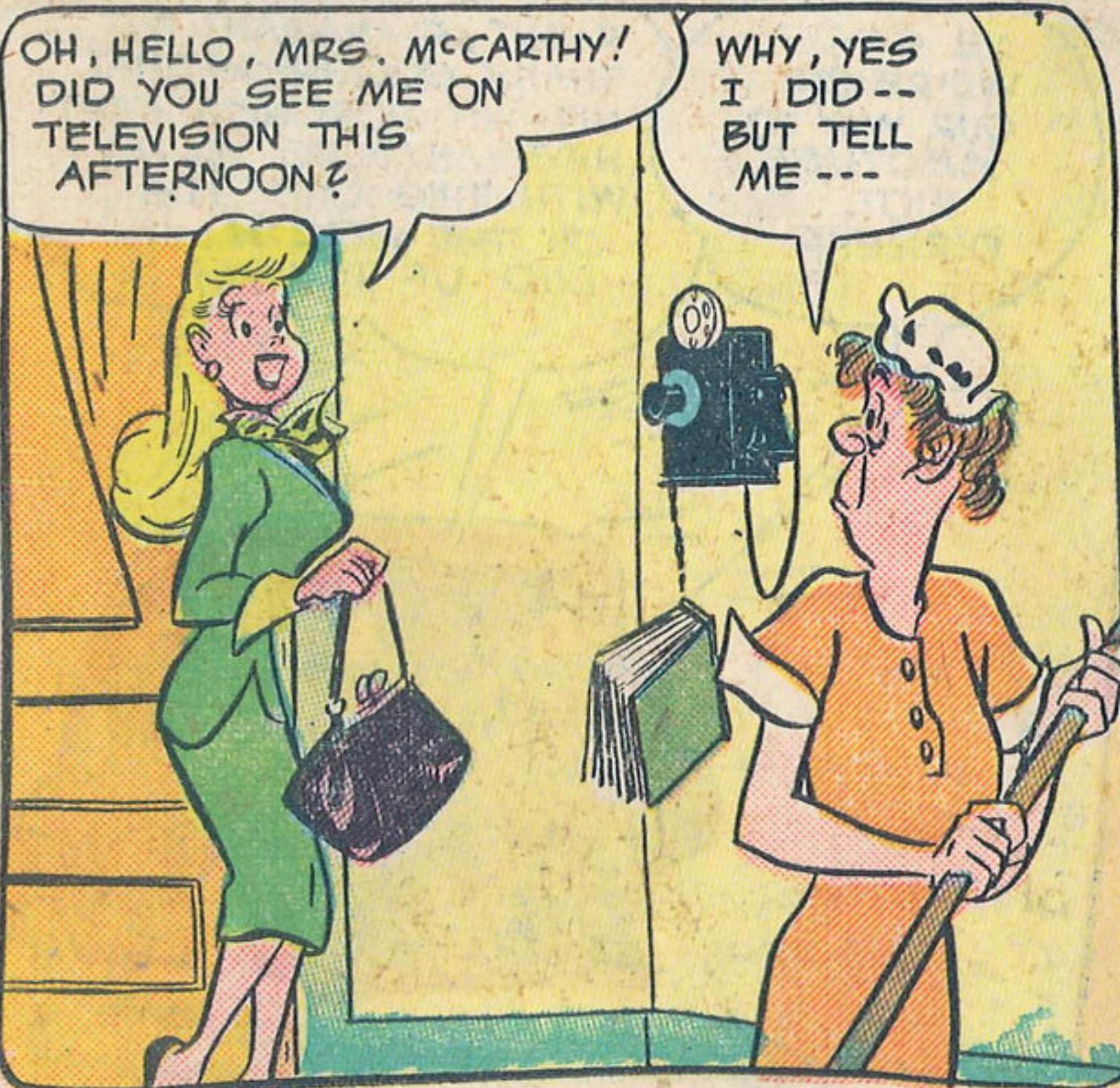
OOO!
HOW
WONDER-
FUL!



OH, HELLO, MRS. McCARTHY!
DID YOU SEE ME ON
TELEVISION THIS
AFTERNOON?

WHY, YES
I DID --
BUT TELL
ME ---

WHOSE TEAM WERE
YOU ON -- NOTRE
DAME'S OR
ARMY'S ???



LOVE DIZZY!

"GOSH," SIGHED BILLIE, sinking into a chair and flipping her high-heeled pumps off into the air, "my feet are killing me! Standing on them all day at the store, the way I do..."

"What do you mean, the way you do?" Billie's roommate, Heather, eyed her questioningly. "You don't have to stand, you know! You can sit down once in a while, can't you?"

"Sure, but who *wants* to?" Billie demanded, massaging her right foot. "If I sit down, I won't be able to see *him* as often as I do! Gosh!" She sighed again, this time a sigh of pure bliss.

"See *him*? Who?"

"Mr. Crane. The floor manager. Honestly, Heather, he's *beautiful*! So tall, so handsome, so handsome, so handsome..."

"You keep saying that. I get the idea!" Heather objected. "All right, so he's handsome!"

"You *don't* get the idea," Billie reproved her coldly. "Mr. Crane is not just plain handsome! He's *so* handsome! Heather, I have a confession to make. I am secretly in love with Mr. Crane!"

"That's no secret," Heather took the news calmly. "You've been screaming about him ever since you went to work at the department store!"

"It *is* a secret, because he doesn't know it...yet! Heather, that man never gives me a tumble! He doesn't know whether I'm in dry goods or hosiery! I'm just another employee to him!"

"Well, that's all you *are*, honey!" Heather was a realistic type. "If you want this dream boy to notice you, you've got to do something worth noticing! You know, to attract his *special* attention!"

"Hmmm, I think I know what you mean, Heather!" Billie was thoughtful.

She was thoughtful all that evening and went to bed still thinking. Which was quite a strain on Billie! But when she awoke in the morning, she was her old self again. Not a single thought to worry her!

"Heather, I've got it all figured out. Today Mr. Crane is going to notice me!"

"Oh-oh!" Heather looked worried. "Don't do anything rash or hasty, Billie! Look before you leap, think twice and then don't do it!"

Billie simply smiled, downed a hearty breakfast and went blithely off to work, feeling that this was her day for romance. All morning, she kept a lookout for Mr. Crane. To her irritation, he seemed to have a good deal to do in the millinery department at the other end of the floor.

But finally, Billie saw the tall, familiar figure in the dark blue suit approaching. "Here I go!" she said. Zip! Off came her skirt and blouse and there stood Billie, revealed in the cutest little sport shorts and halter top, all in shocking pink!

"Billie, you *can't*!" gasped Miss Daly. "Quick, put your skirt and blouse on before he sees you!"

"If I do, he *won't* see me! That's the trouble!" Billie explained kindly. Then, lifting her voice, she called, "Mr. Crane! Could you step over here for a minute? There's been a mistake on a delivery and..."

Mr. Crane stood glued to the floor, his eyes fixed on Billie's pink shorts and halter.

"Young lady, what's your name?" he asked.

"Billie. Billie Marshall." She was pleased that at last he'd gotten around to asking her name!

"Miss Marshall," said Mr. Crane firmly, "you will kindly put on some-

thing more...er...suitable! I'll be back in a few moments and we can discuss...whatever it is you wanted to discuss!"

Billie was radiant as she hastened into her skirt and blouse. He not only knew her name, but he was actually coming back to talk to her! Of course, she'd just made that up, that business about the error, but what difference would that make to a couple in love?

Mr. Crane, who had disappeared in the direction of the millinery department, came back in a half-hour. "Miss Marshall?" he asked, not certain that this was the girl in the shocking pink outfit.

"Why don't you call me Billie?" she asked.

"Why don't we discuss that error?" Mr. Crane countered.

"Because...because...there's something more *important!*" Billie said, blushing.

"What are you talking about?" Mr. Crane stared at her as though he could believe neither his eyes nor his ears.

"I'm talking about *us!*" Billie said reproachfully. "Now that you've asked me my name, I know you're interested in me! And I've been interested in you for ever so long! So why are we wasting time?"

Here, Billie threw herself into Mr. Crane's unwilling arms, twining her own arms about his neck and looking up at him meltingly. "We'll be so happy, you and I," she said, recalling a tender line from a movie she'd seen recently.

"Go...go away!" Mr. Crane was quite red in the face as he tried to unwind Billie's arms from about his neck.

"Darling, you don't have to pretend...not with *me!*" Another line from a movie Billie had seen.

"See here, young lady, I am *not* pre-

tending. I happen to be engaged to be married, very happily engaged. You may know my fiancee...Miss Roberts, in the millinery department! And furthermore, allow me to say that your conduct is most unbecoming and unwarranted in a place of business. In fact, Miss Marshall...*you are fired!*"

Later that evening, Billie told the entire story to Heather, who listened in open-mouthed horror of her roommate's behaviour. "You mean you actually wore shorts and a halter...the pink ones?" she asked. "And you threw yourself into his arms?" Heather was plainly shocked. "No wonder you were fired! Honestly, Billie, sometimes I wonder whether you're...all there!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Heather. After all, it was *you* who told me to make him notice me! But don't worry, I forgive you. I'm not mad, because I've got another job already. In a great big office! And the salary's better than it was in the store!"

"Oh," Heather was relieved. "That's fine. When do you start?"

"Tomorrow morning. That reminds me, I've got to go out and see if I can find another shorts-and-halter set...in electric blue maybe...or bright red...something startling..."

"Why?" Heather almost screamed. "Why do you need anything like *that?*"

"Didn't I tell you?" Billie smiled rapturously. "The office manager in the place where I'm going to work...he's very handsome...very handsome..."

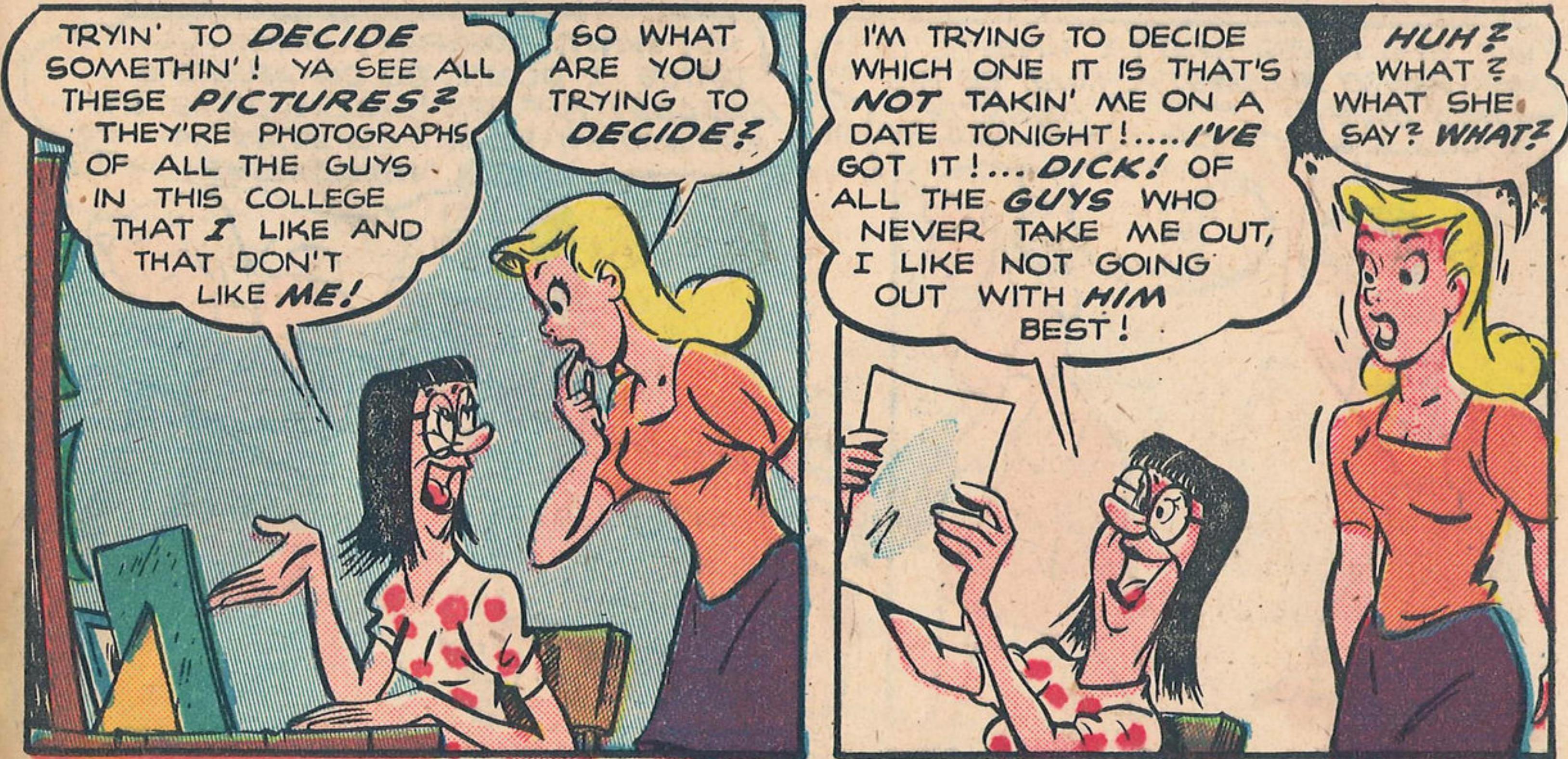
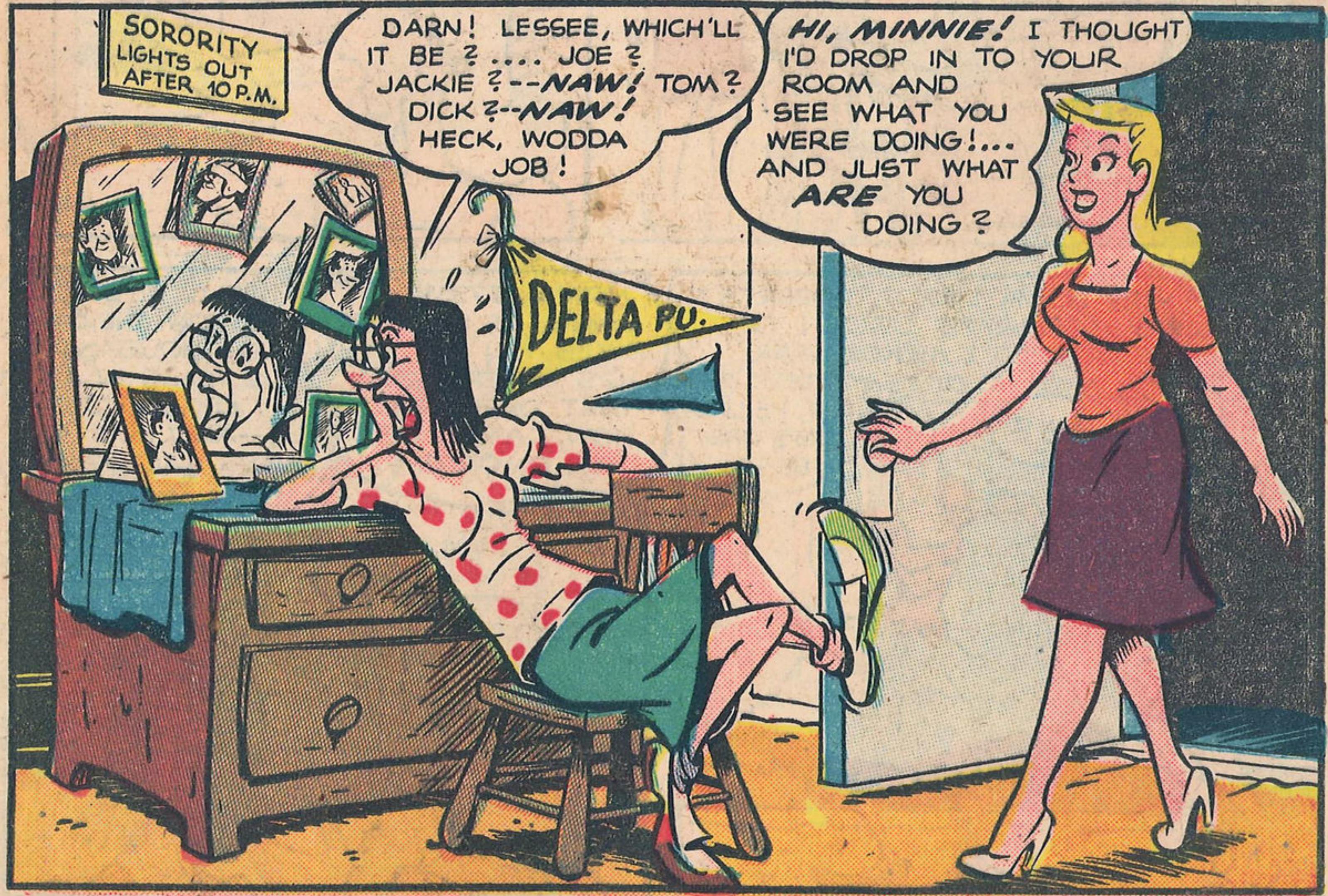
Heather groaned. "Oh, Billie, not again!"

"Of course not!" Billie answered haughtily. "It so happens that *he*'s already asked *me* for a date! We're going to the beach this Sunday! Did you *really* think I'd be such a dope?"

Heather answered...but not aloud.

"Yes," she said.

MAN-HUNTIN' MINNIE of DELTA PU!



NOW YOU WAIT RIGHT THERE, DICKIE! IT'LL ONLY TAKE ME A SEC TO PUT ON THE DRESS I ALWAYS WEAR WHEN WE DON'T GO OUT!

ER..AH..I THINK I'LL RUN ALONG, MINNIE!



NO! WAIT! DON'T GO, ROBERTA! I WANNA ASK YOU SOMETHING FIRST!

OKAY, BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY!

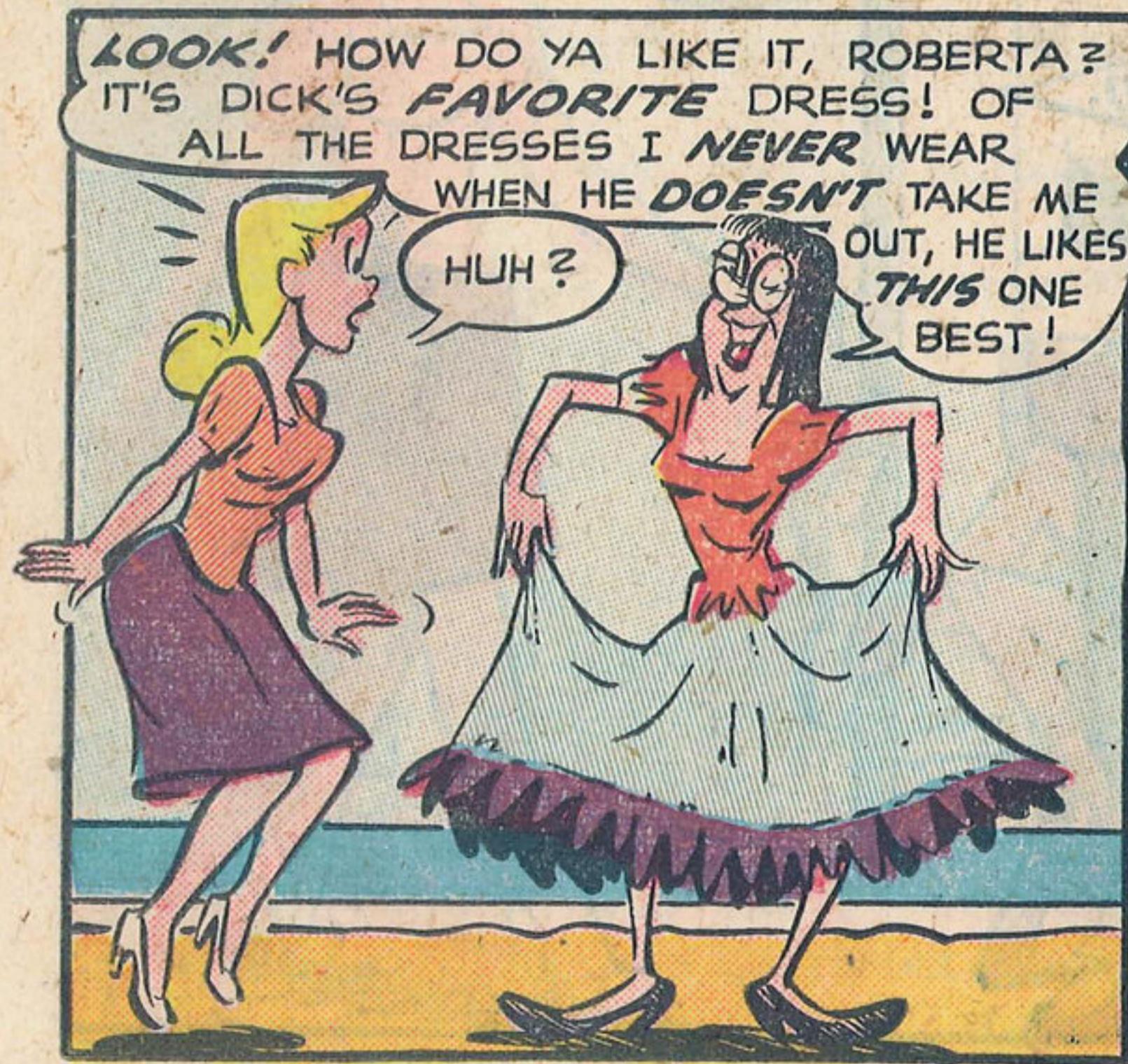


LOOK! HOW DO YA LIKE IT, ROBERTA? IT'S DICK'S FAVORITE DRESS! OF ALL THE DRESSES I NEVER WEAR WHEN HE DOESN'T TAKE ME OUT, HE LIKES THIS ONE BEST!

HUH?

NOW LISTEN, MINNIE! IF HE NEVER TAKES YOU OUT, THEN HE'S NEVER SEEN THAT DRESS--SO HOW CAN IT BE HIS FAVORITE?

WELL, HE'S SEEN ME ON THE CAMPUS THOUSANDS OF TIMES IN ALL MY OTHER DRESSES--AND HE'S ALWAYS SAID THEY WERE TERRIBLE!



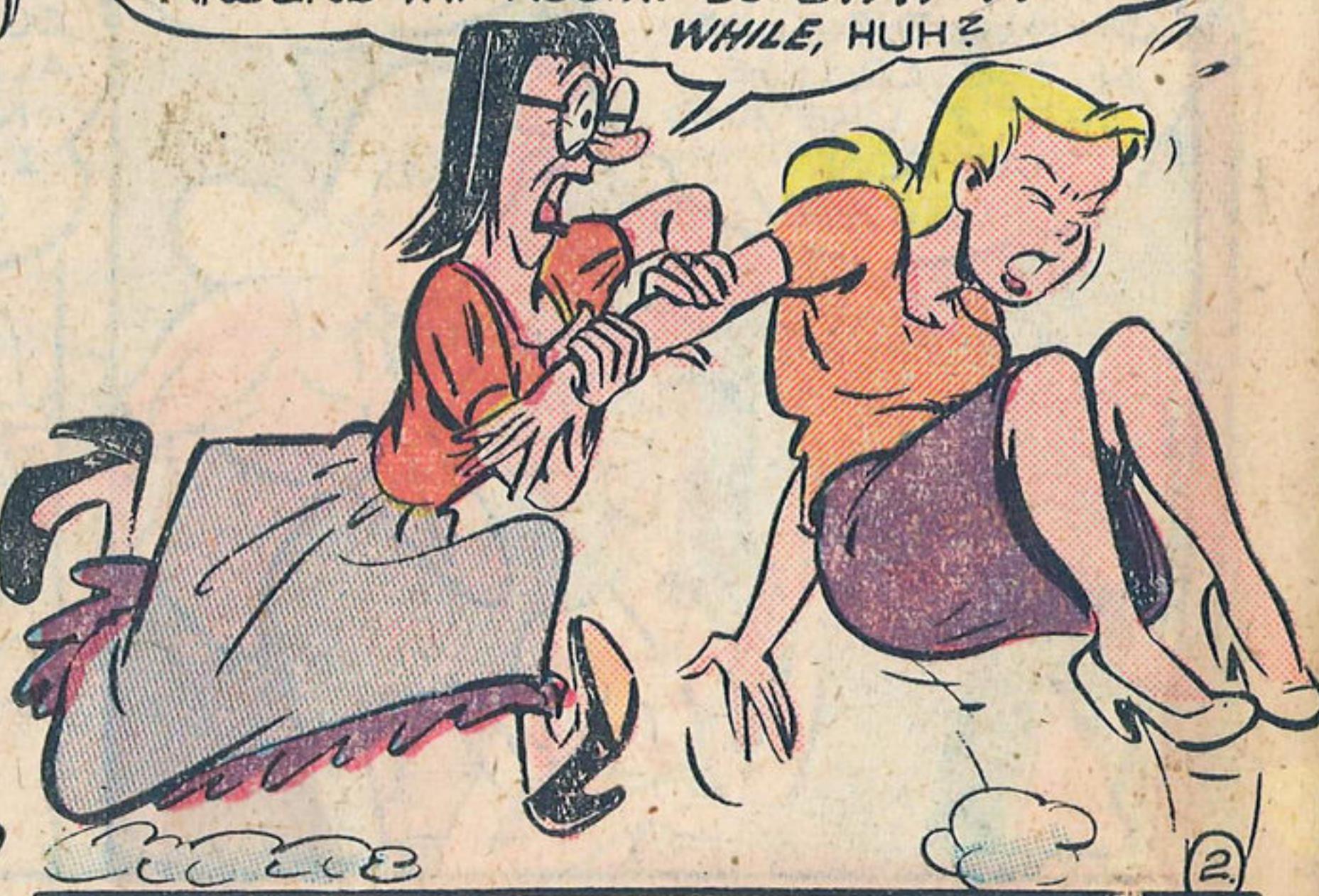
BUT HE'S NEVER SAID ONE WORD AGAINST THIS ONE!

I KNOW! IT MUST BE HIS FAVORITE!

THAT'S ALL! I'M LEAVING!



NO! WAIT, ROBERTA! THESE DATES I DON'T GO ON ARE THE DULLEST AFFAIRS! ALL I DO IS SIT AROUND MY ROOM! SO STAY A WHILE, HUH?



GOOD GRAVY, MINNIE,
WHY DON'T YOU QUIT
KIDDING YOURSELF?
IF YOU REALLY WANT
A MAN, YOU CAN **GET**
ONE!... ANY GIRL
CAN!

ANY GIRL BUT
ME! EVERYTIME I
COME WITHIN TEN'
FEET OF ANY GUY
ON THIS CAMPUS,
HE BOLTS LIKE A
RACE HORSE
COMIN' OUT OF
THE STARTIN'
GATE AT
HIALEAH!

SURE, AND DO YOU KNOW
WHY? BECAUSE THEY KNOW
YOU TOO WELL AND THEY JUST
LET **LOOKS** INFLUENCE THEIR
CHOICE! A GAL LIKE **YOU** HAS
TO DEPEND ON HER **PERSON-**
ALITY INSTEAD OF **LOOKS**! SO
CONCENTRATE ON A **STRANGER**--
SOMEONE WHO
HAS NEVER
KNOWN
YOU!

GOLLY,
YA THINK
IT'D
WORK?

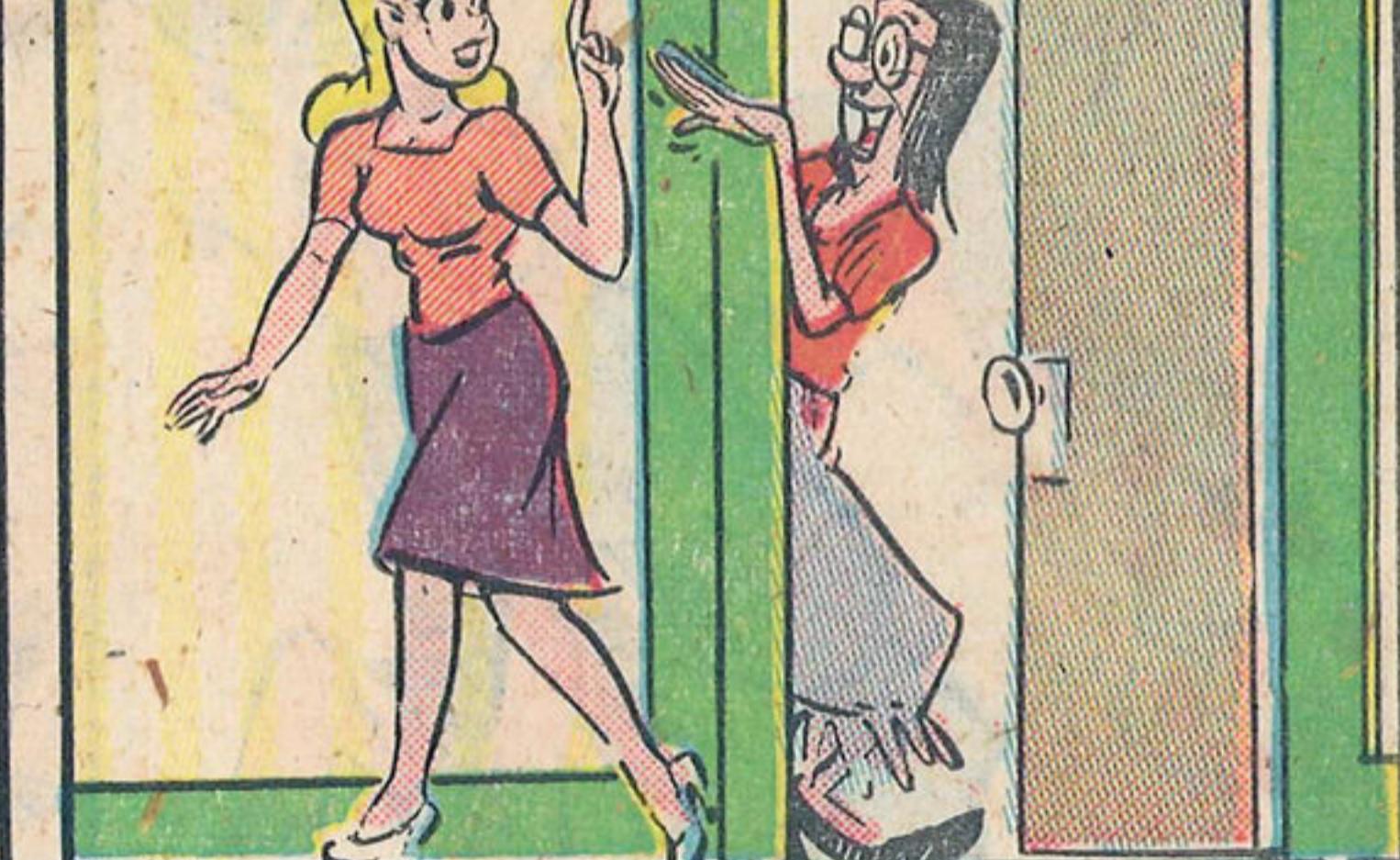
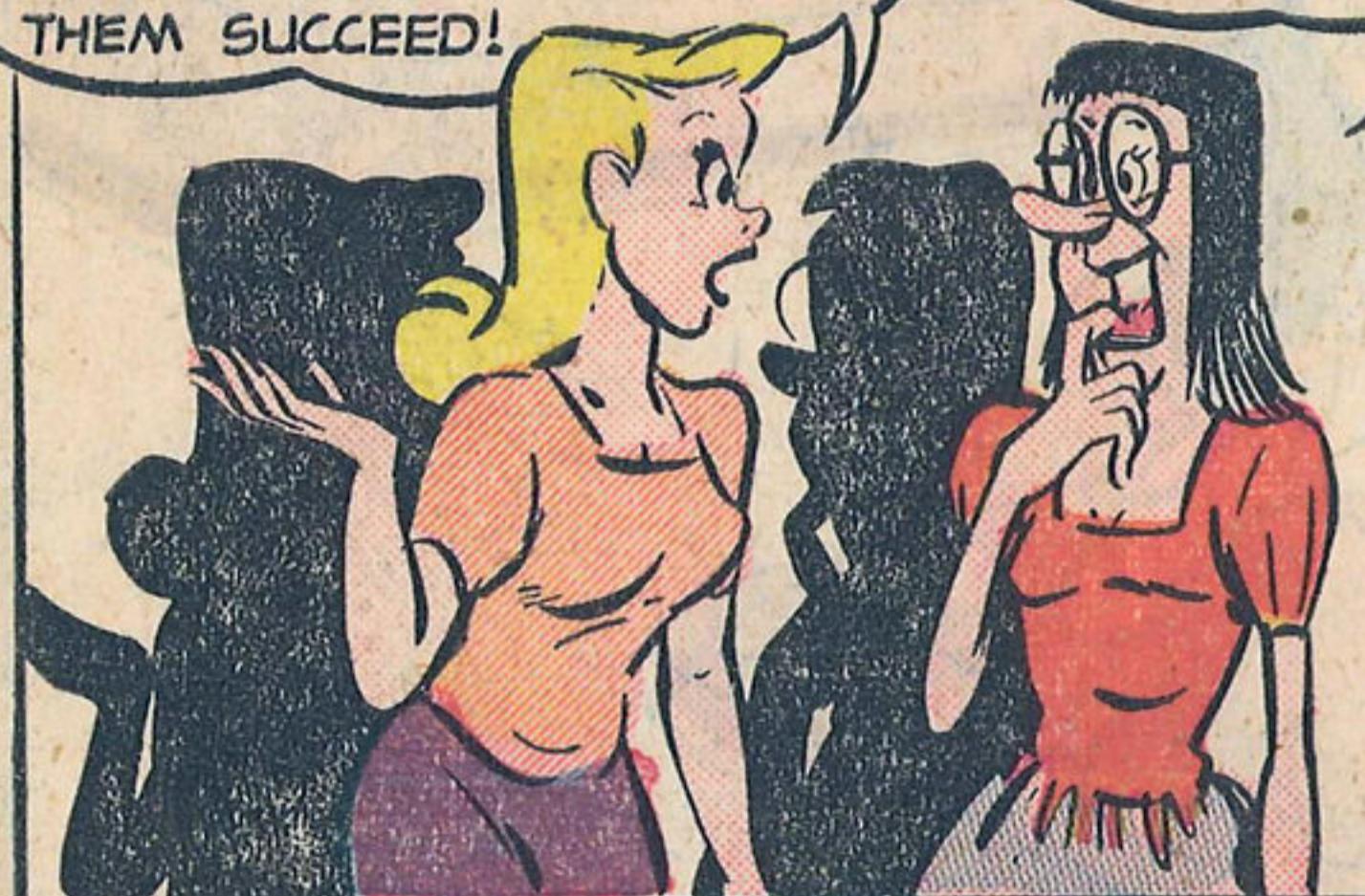


SURE! JUST PICK SOME SQUARE
WHOSE BIG INTEREST IN LIFE IS
GETTING AHEAD! YOU
KNOW, ONE WHO'S **GOING**
PLACES! THEY'RE THE KIND
WHO **DON'T CARE** ABOUT
LOOKS! THEY JUST WANT
A **HELPMADE**-- TO HELP
THEM SUCCEED!

BY
GOSH!...
I'LL DO IT!
JUST PICK
ONE THAT'S
GOIN' PLACES,
HUH?

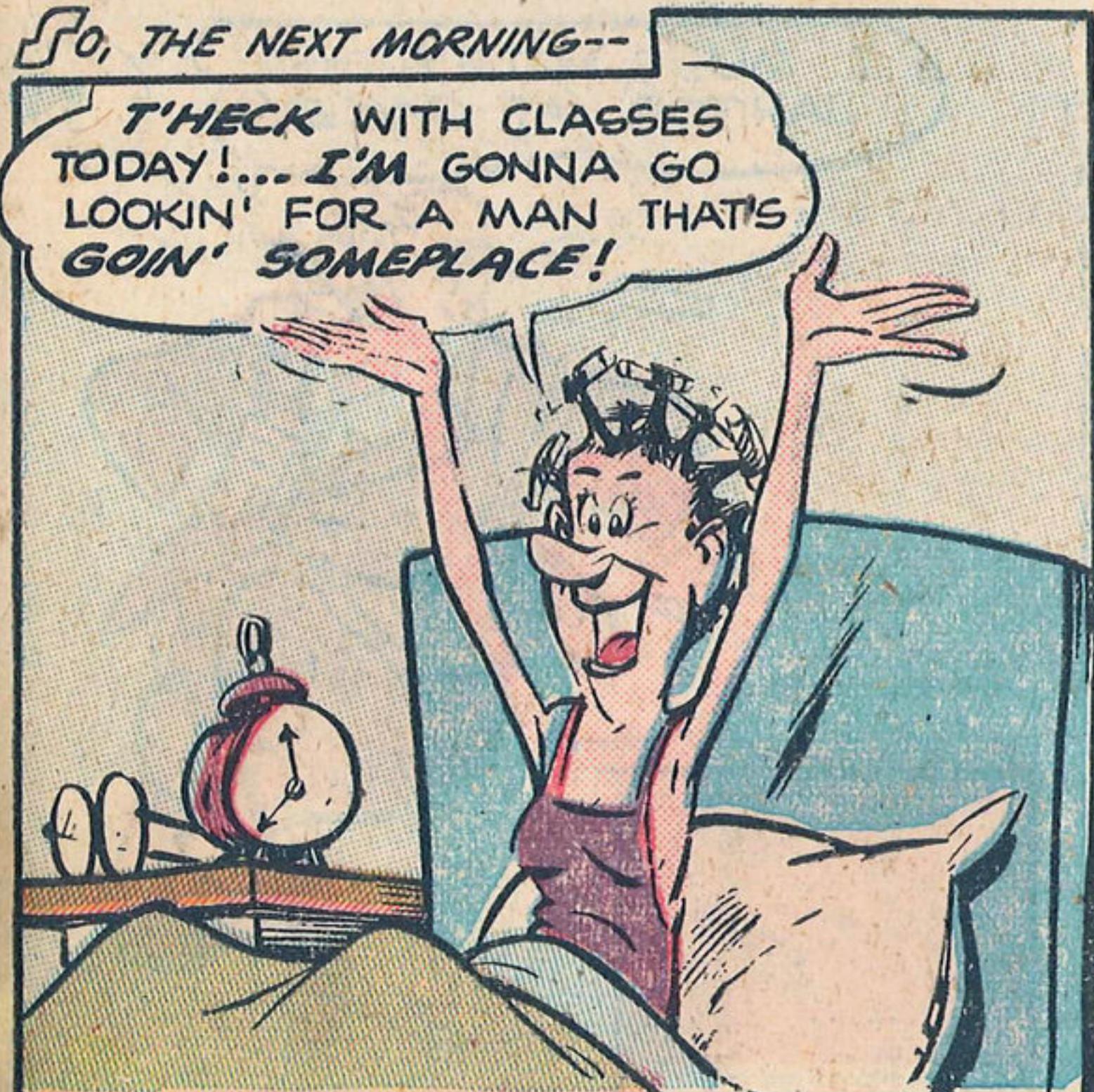
RIGHT! BUT REMEMBER--
DON'T PICK ON ANY OF
THESE COLLEGE JOES THAT
KNOW YOU--YOU'D BE
LICKED BEFORE YA
STARTED!...WELL, 'NIGHT,
MINNIE!

G'NIGHT,
ROBERTA--
AND THANKS
FOR
THE
ADVICE!



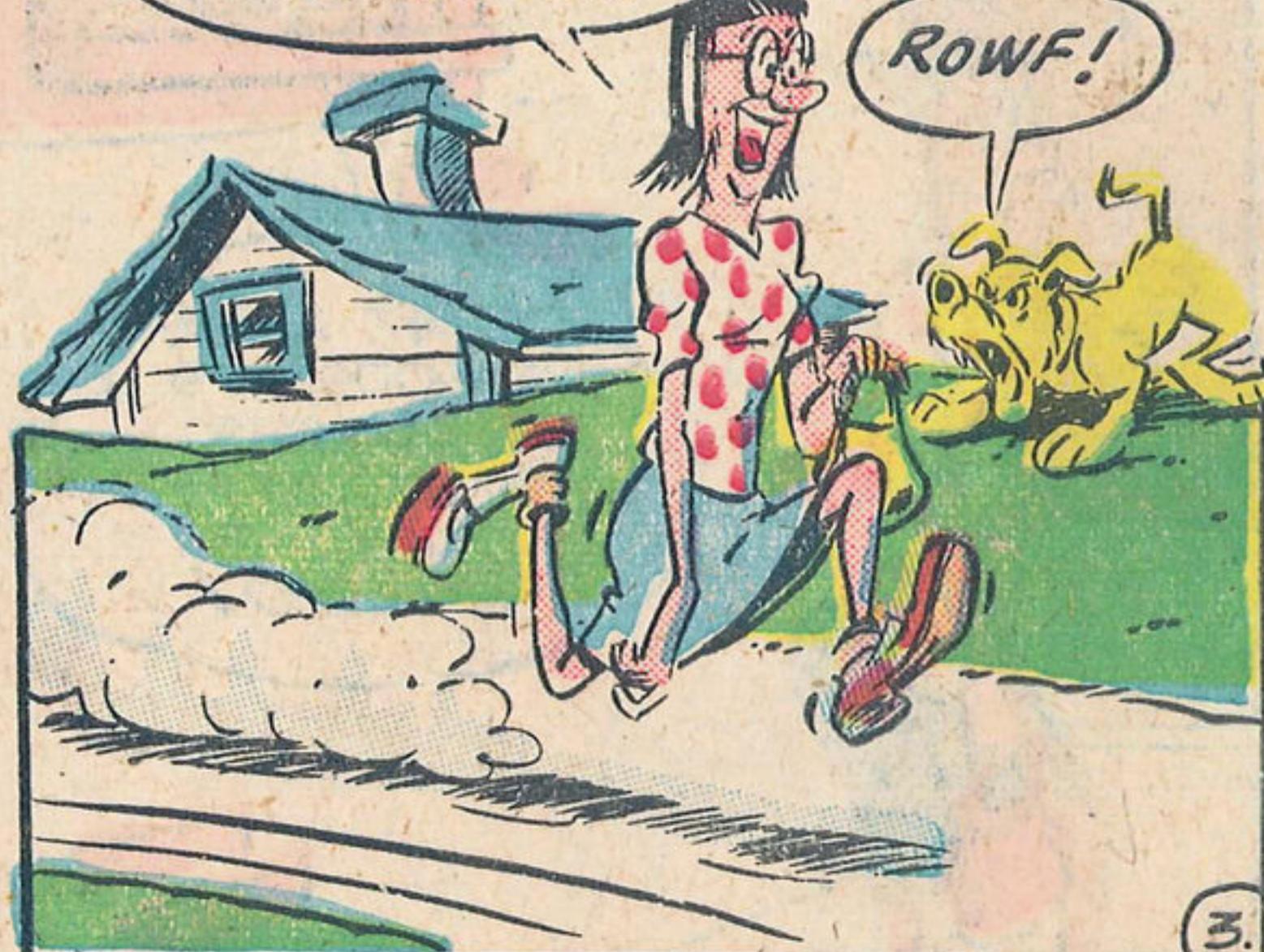
SO, THE NEXT MORNING--

T'HECK WITH CLASSES
TODAY!... I'M GONNA GO
LOOKIN' FOR A MAN THAT'S
GOIN' SOMEPLACE!

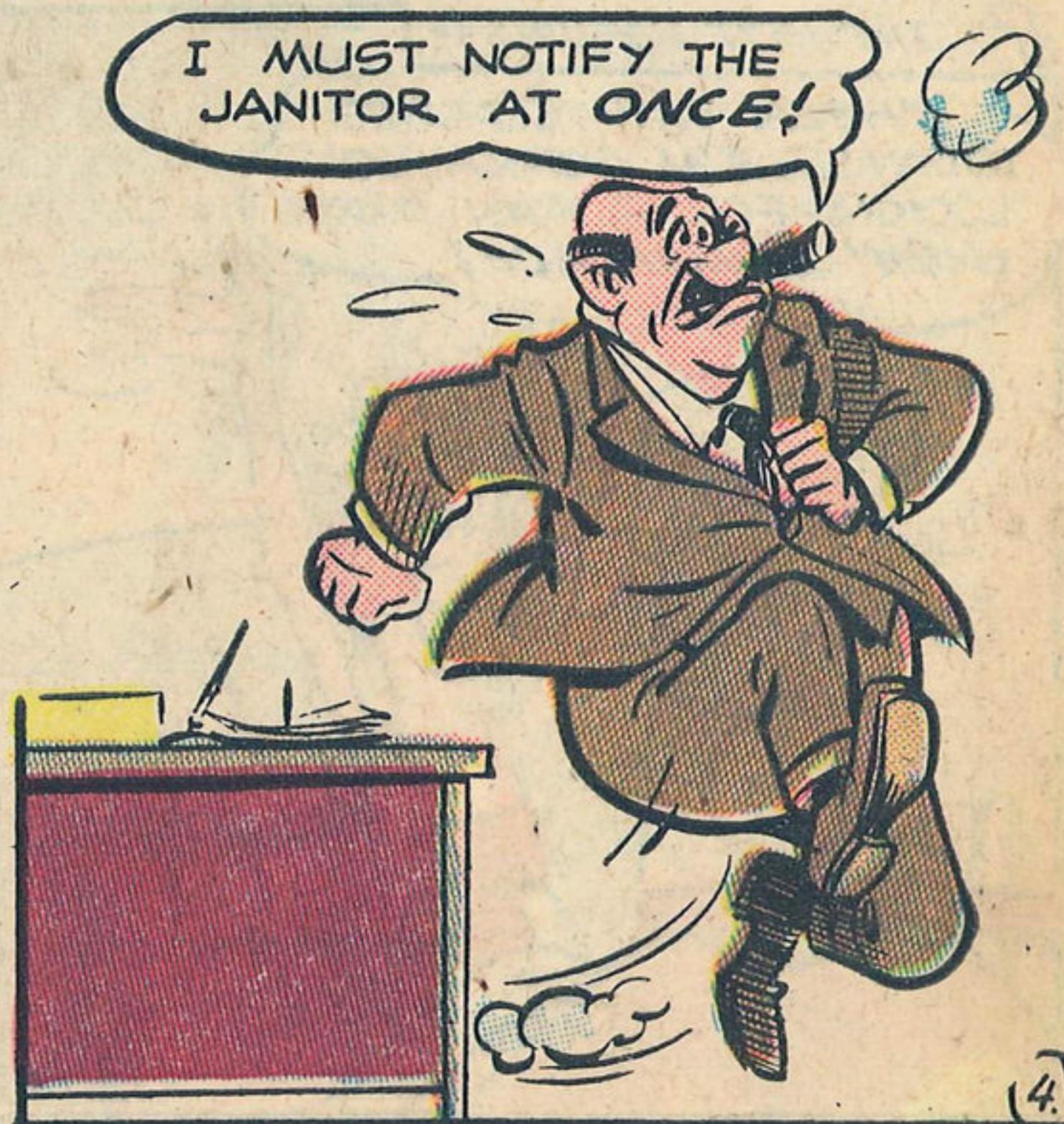
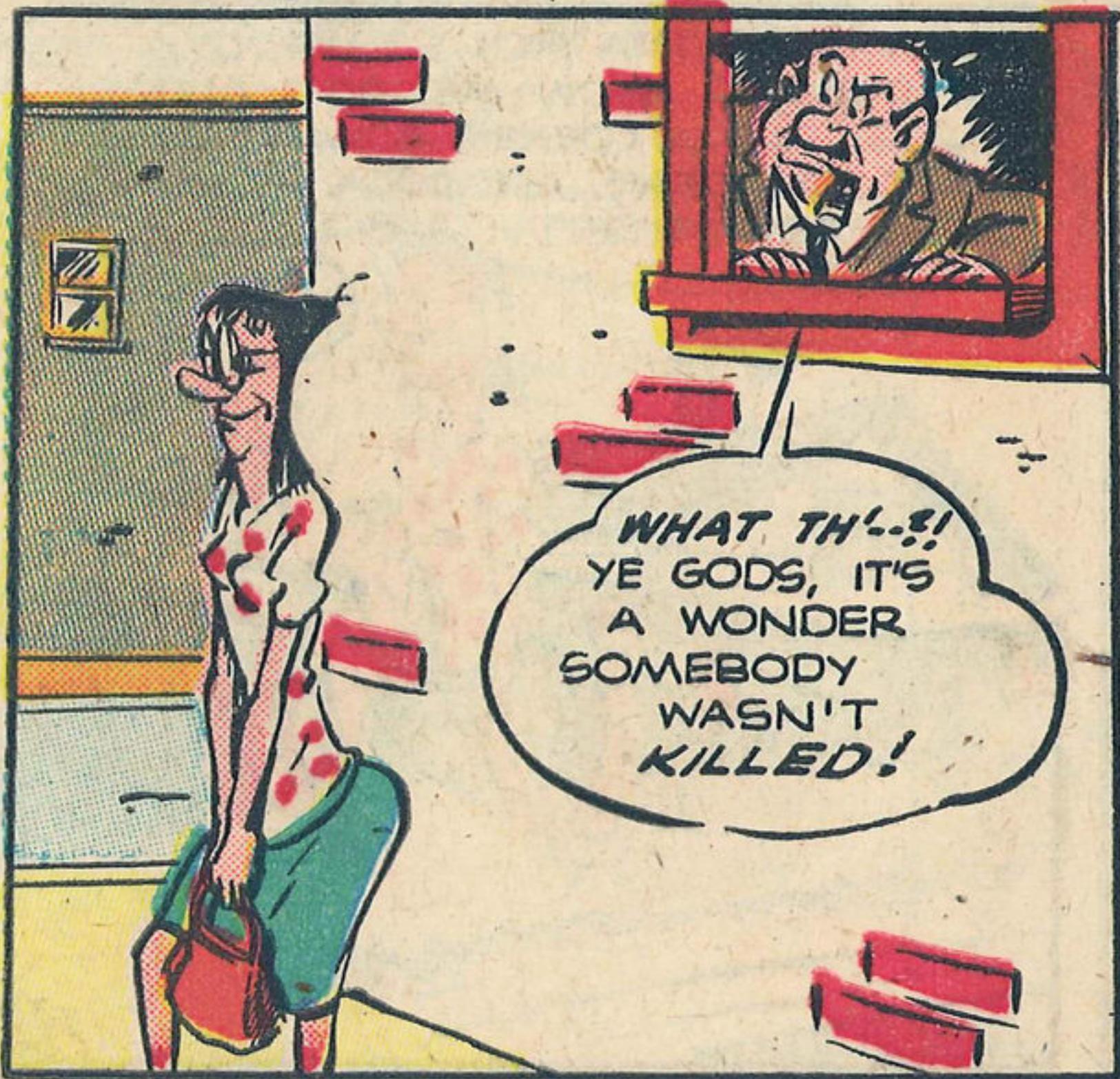
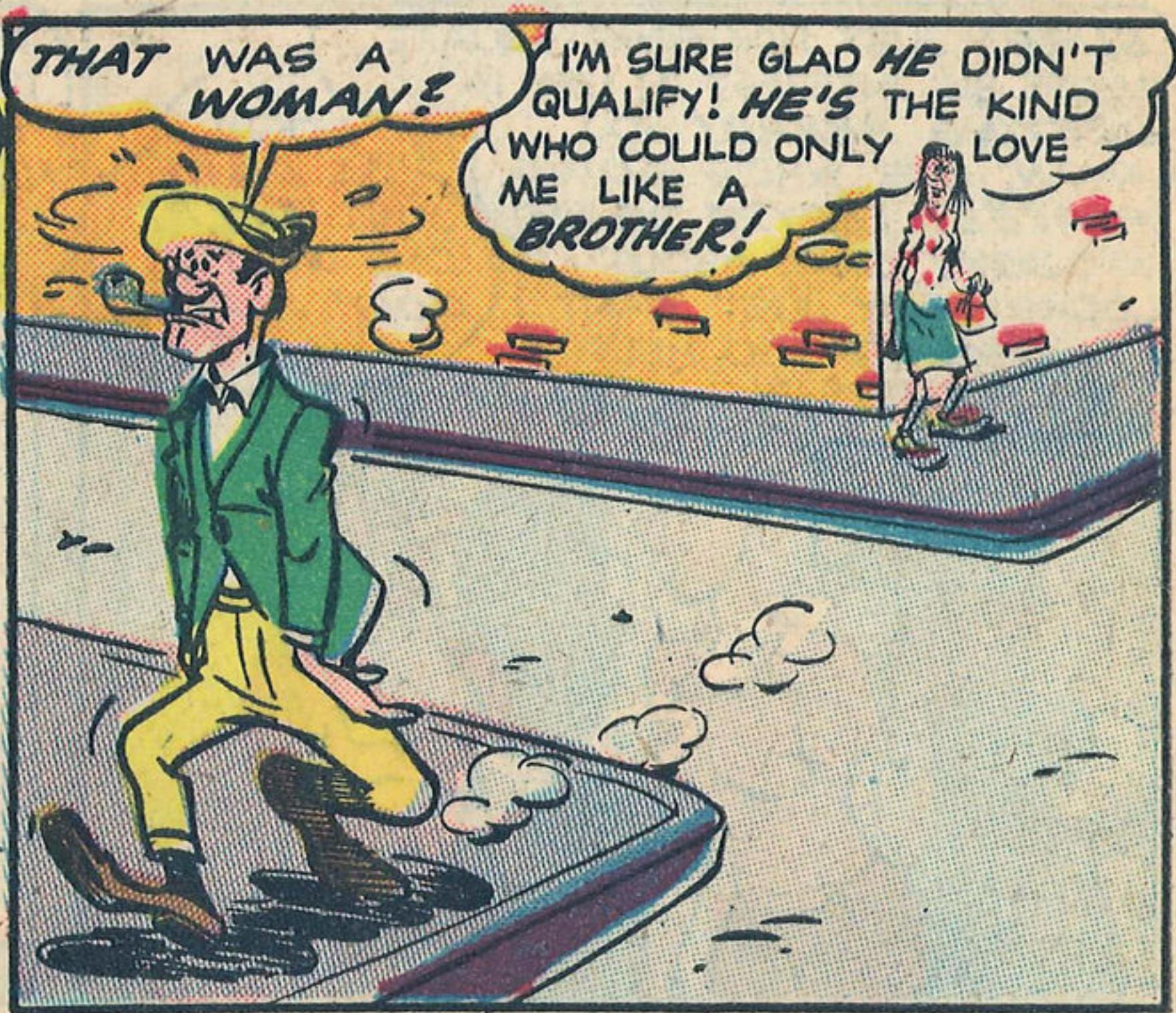
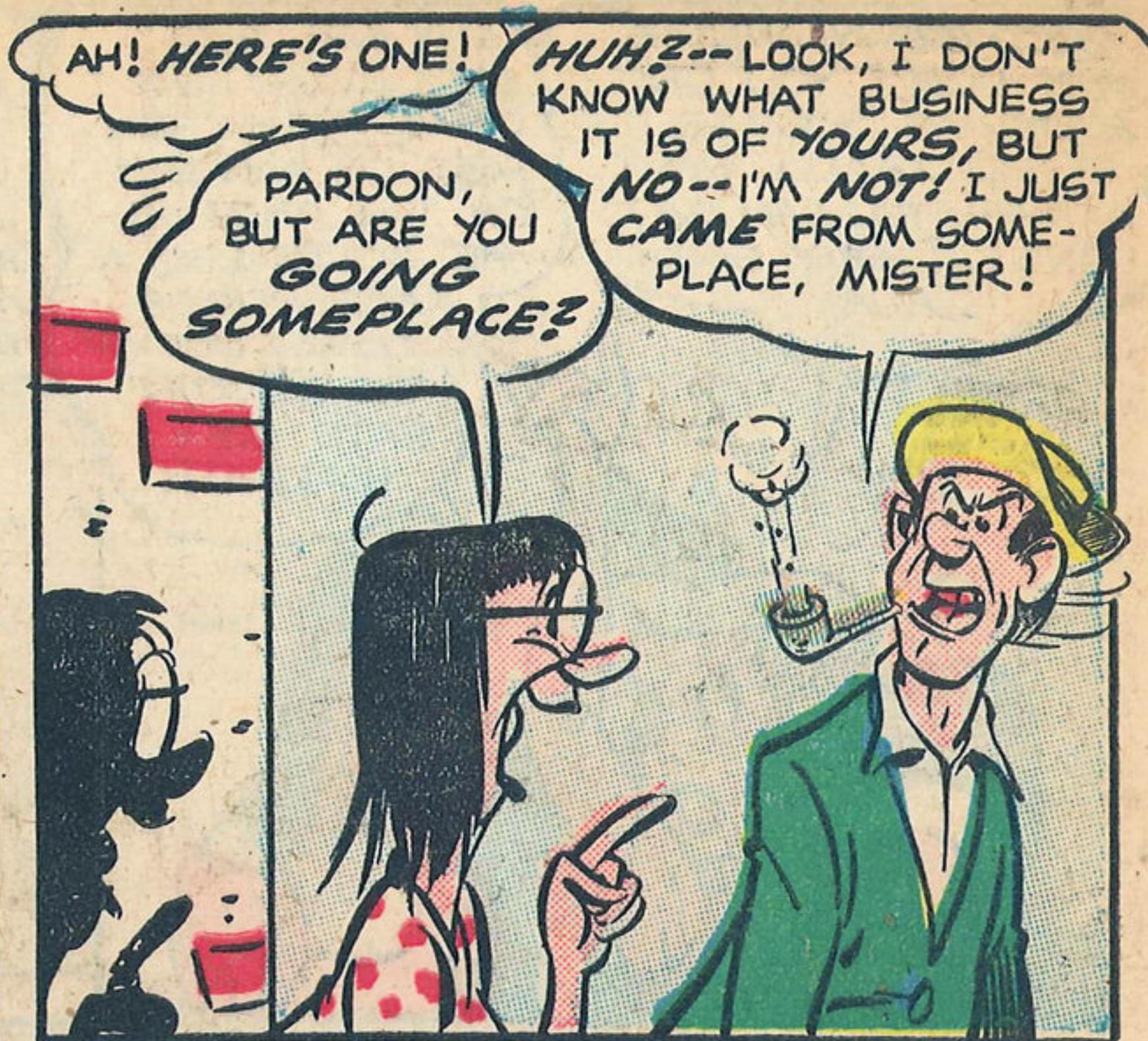
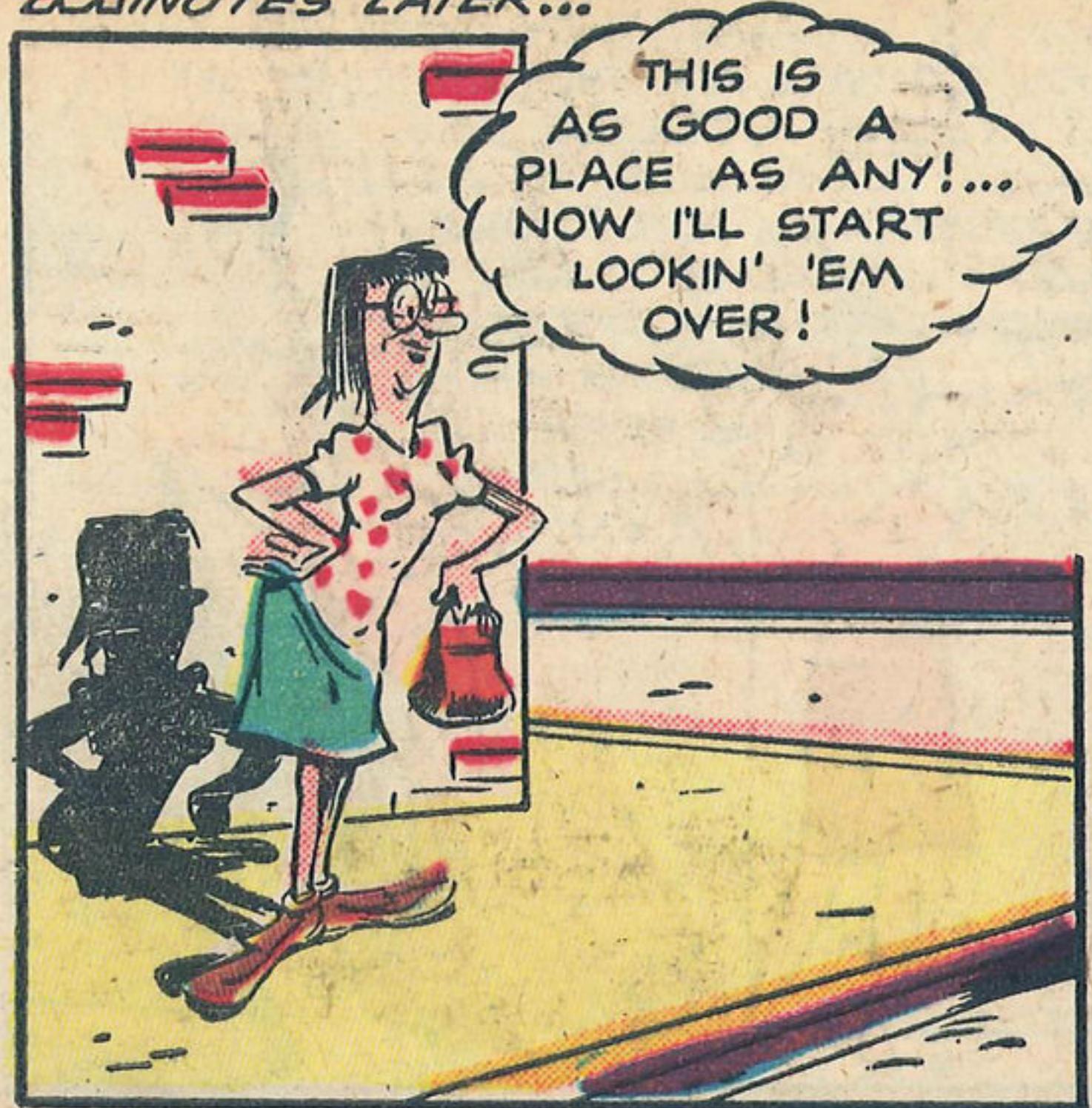


ROBERTA SAID TA PICK SOMEBODY
THAT DOESN'T KNOW ME, SO I GUESS
I'LL JUST FIND A CORNER DOWNTOWN AND
START TO WORK!... OOO! A MAN
I'M GONNA GET!

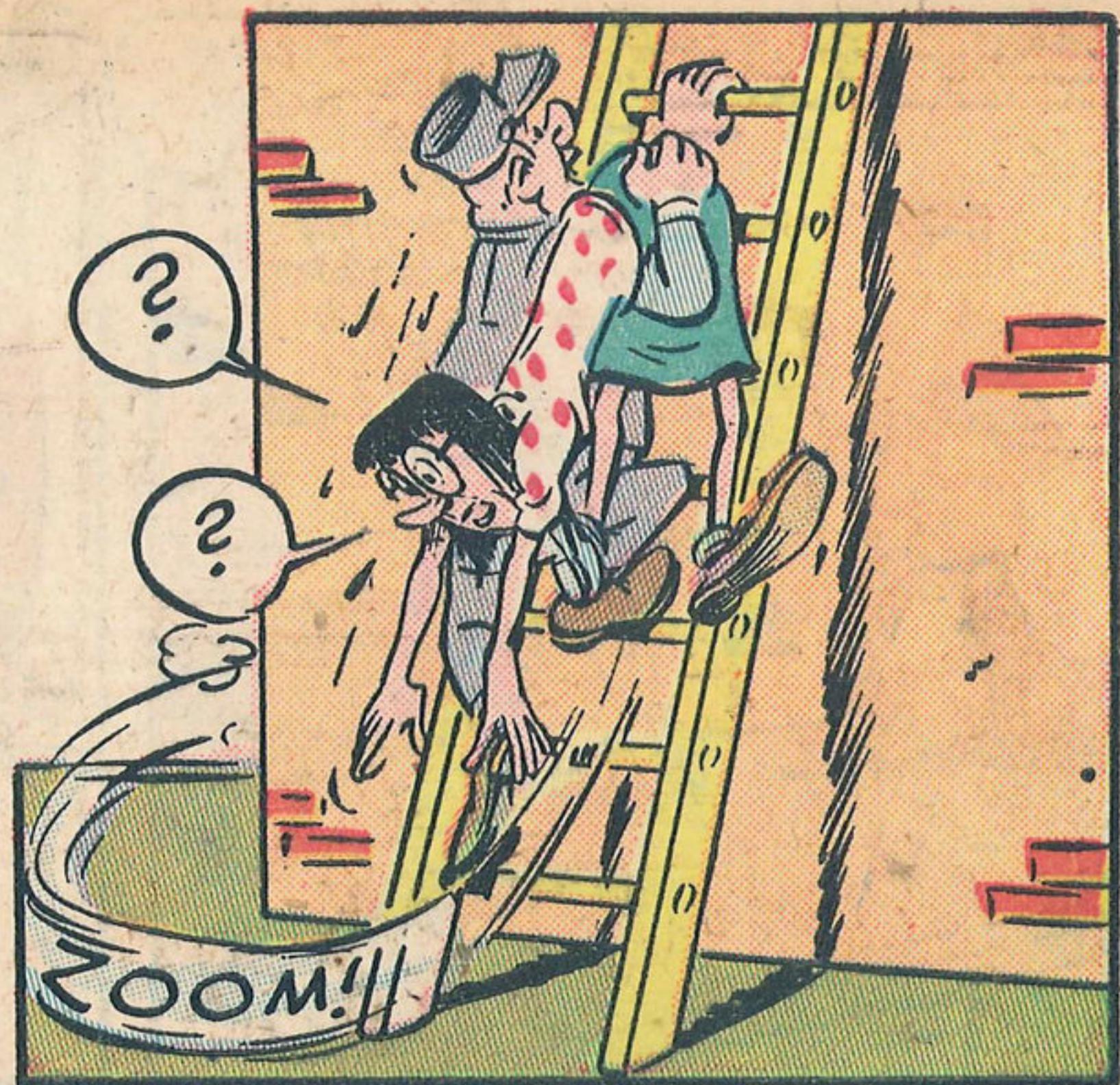
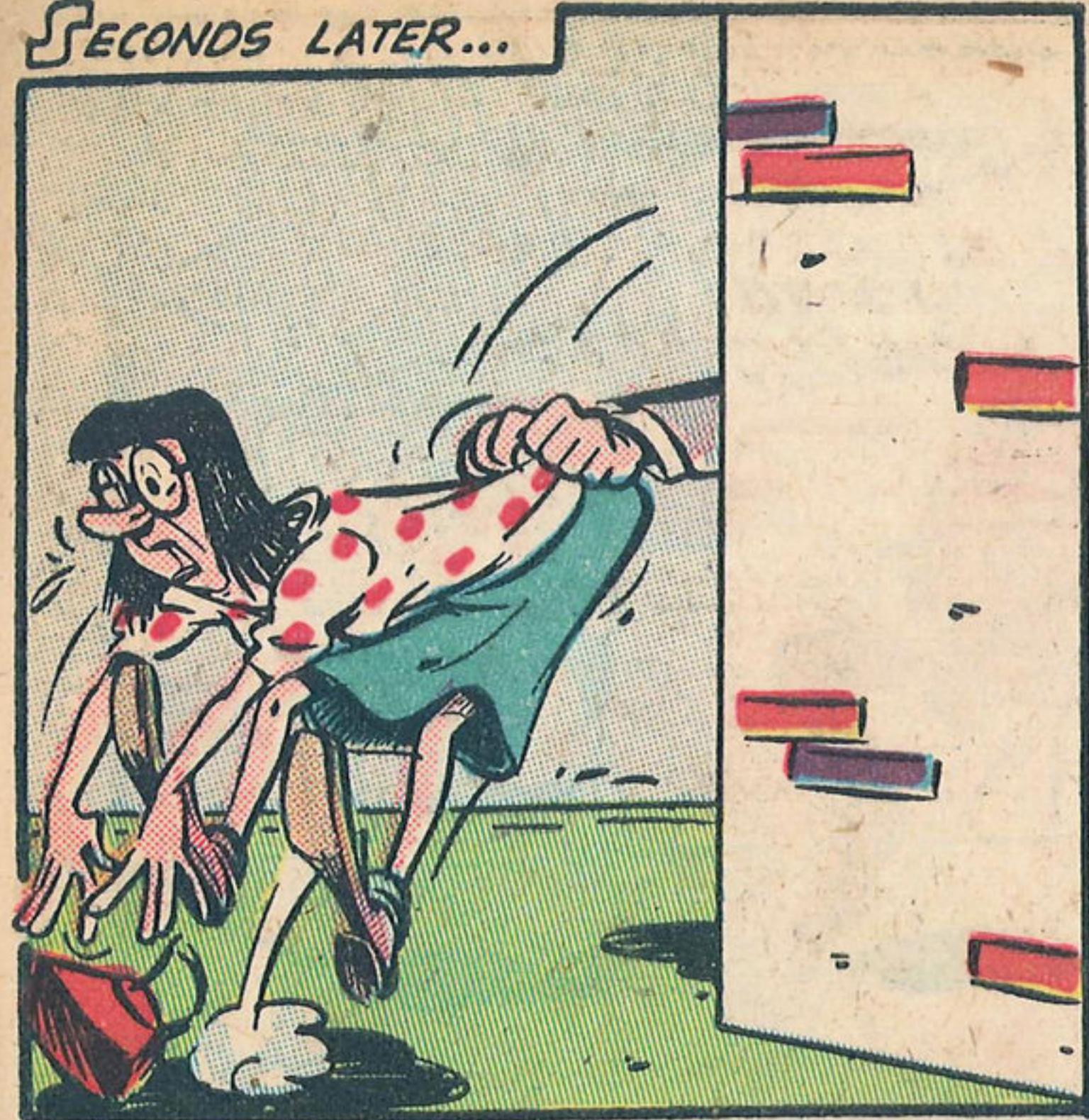
ROWF!



MINUTES LATER...



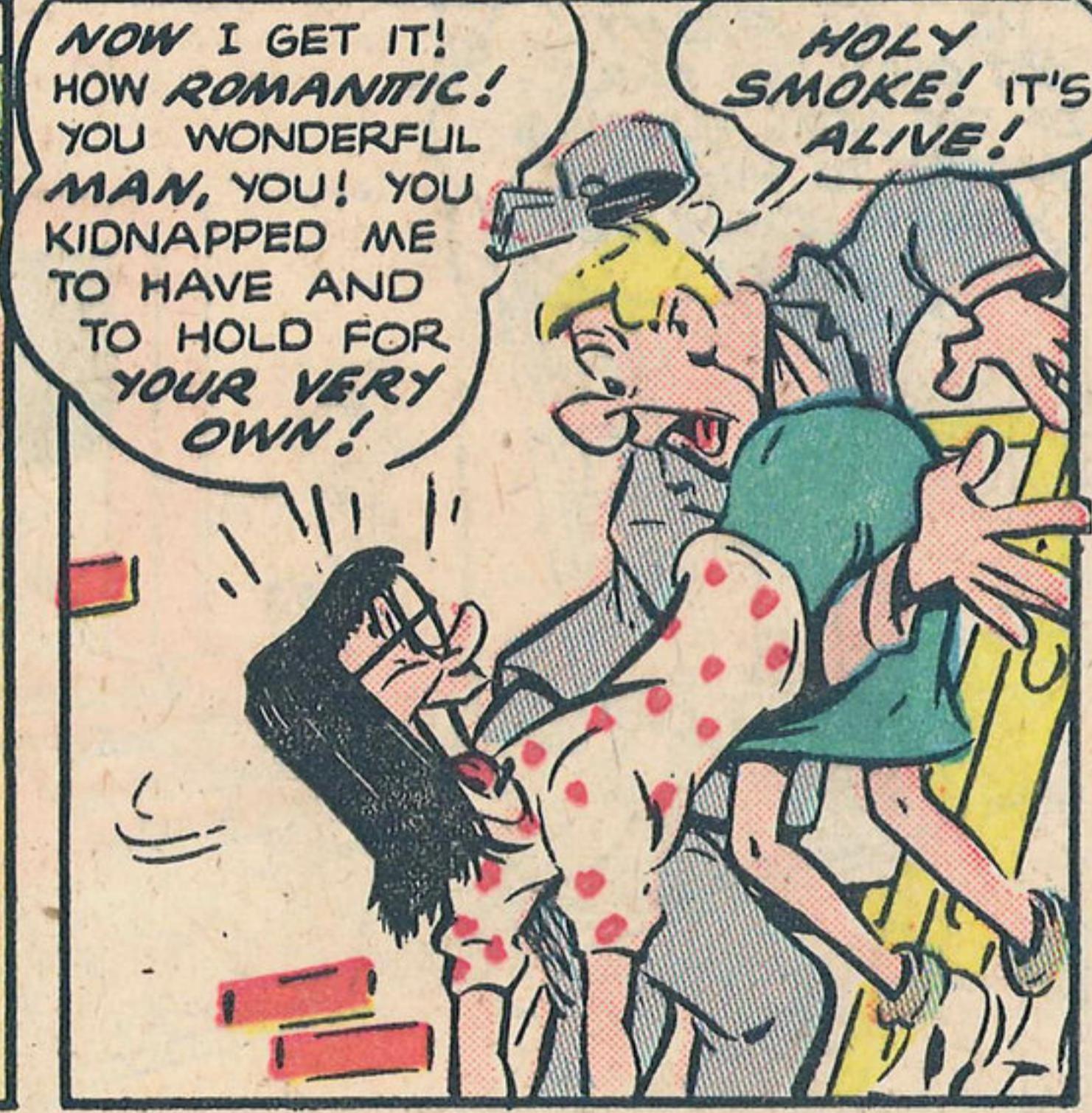
SECONDS LATER...



THE BOSS WAS **RIGHT!** IF THIS HAD HIT ANYONE, IT WOULDA **KILLED** 'EM! BUT DARNED IF I CAN SEE FROM WHERE IT **CAME LOOSE!** ANYWAY I'VE GOTTA FASTEN IT BACK UP HERE!

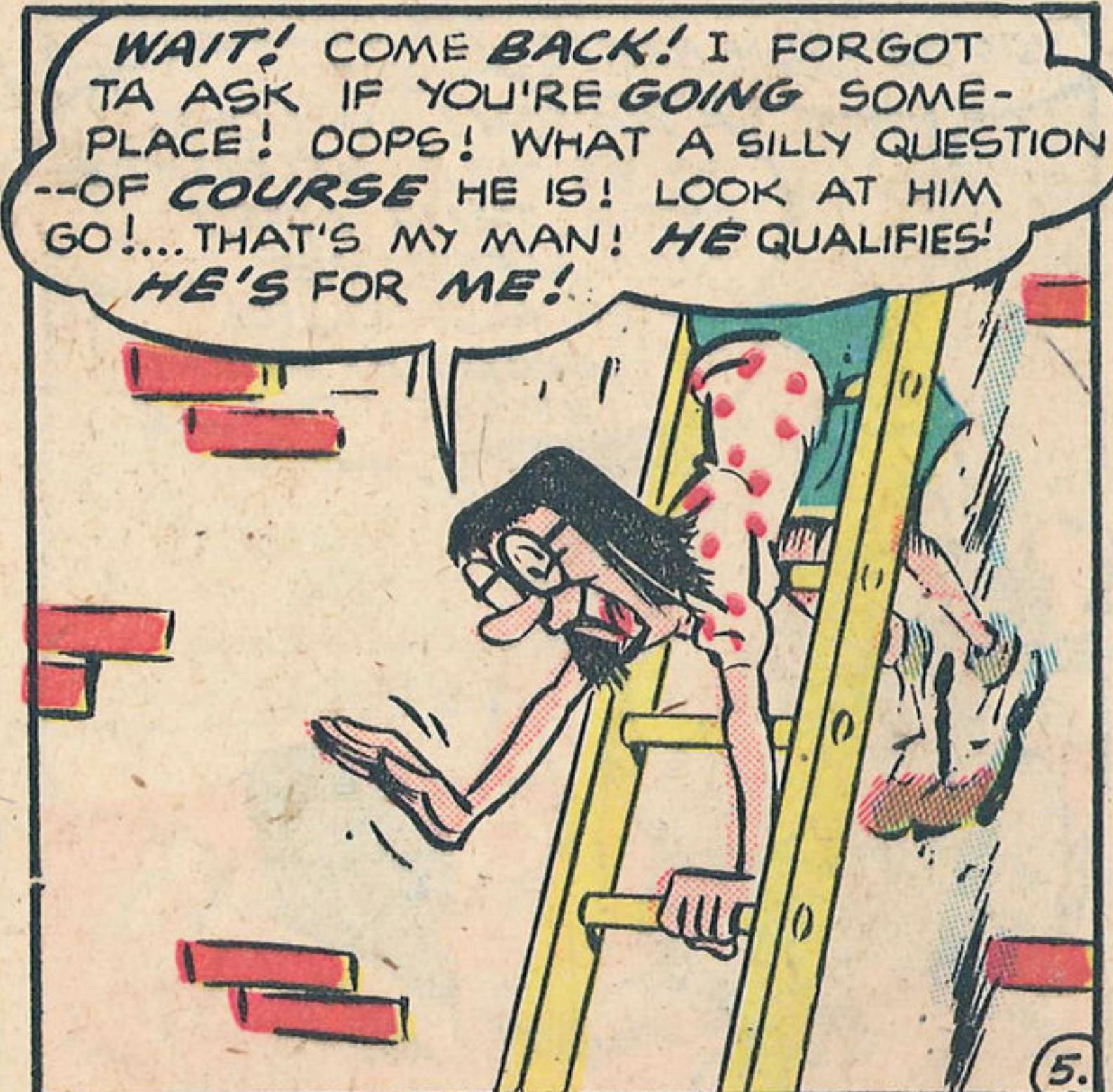
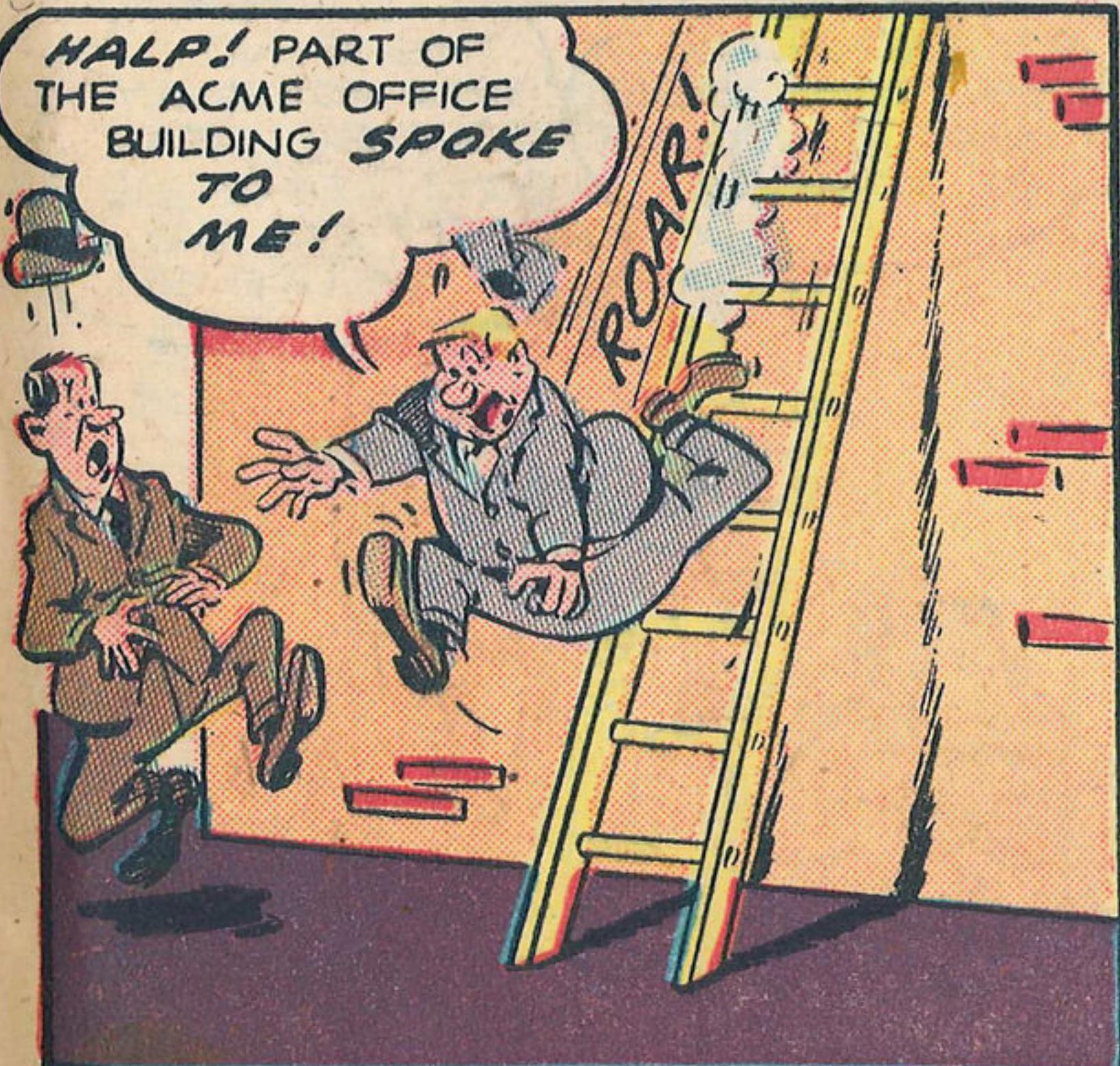
NOW I GET IT! HOW ROMANTIC! YOU WONDERFUL MAN, YOU! YOU KIDNAPPED ME TO HAVE AND TO HOLD FOR YOUR VERY OWN!

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S ALIVE!

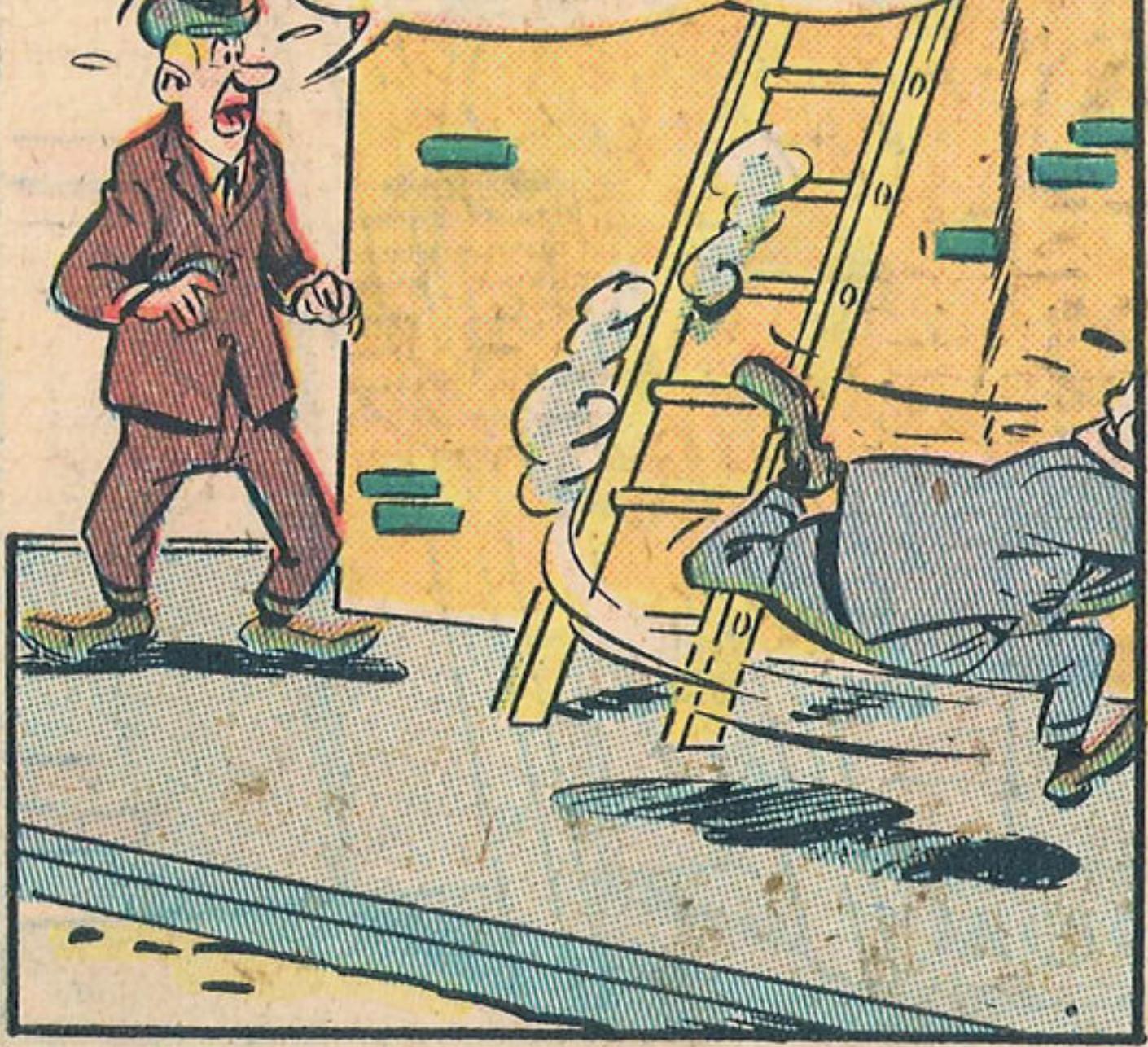


HALP! PART OF THE ACME OFFICE BUILDING SPOKE TO ME!

WAIT! COME BACK! I FORGOT TA ASK IF YOU'RE GOING SOMEPLACE! OOPS! WHAT A SILLY QUESTION --OF COURSE HE IS! LOOK AT HIM GO!...THAT'S MY MAN! HE QUALIFIES! HE'S FOR ME!



PART OF THE ACME BUILDING SPOKE
TO HIM? THAT GUY'S NUTTIER THAN A
SQUIRREL'S BREAKFAST! THEY
OUGHTA LOCK HIM...

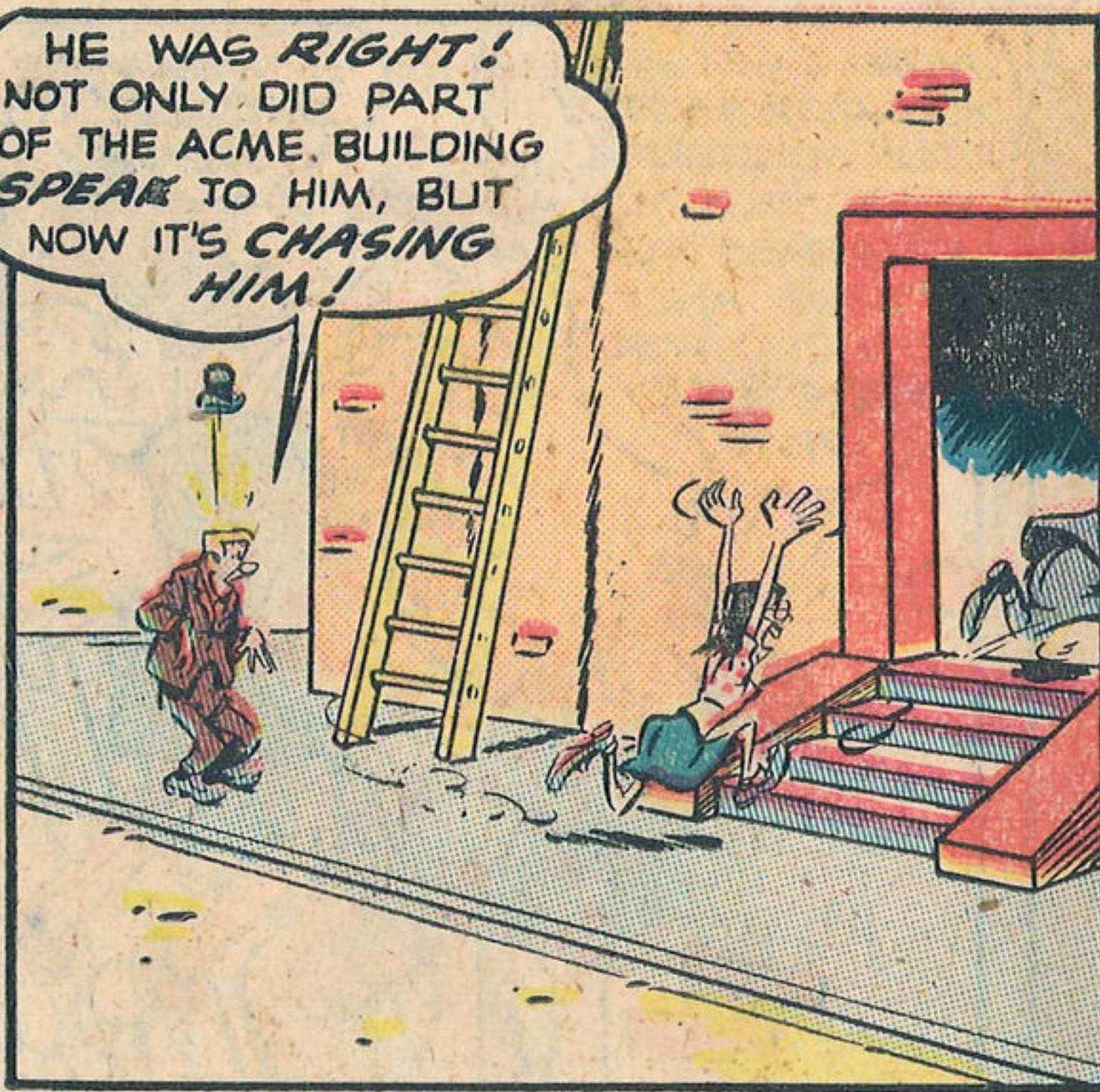


WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
WHICH WAY DID THAT
WONDERFUL MAN GO?

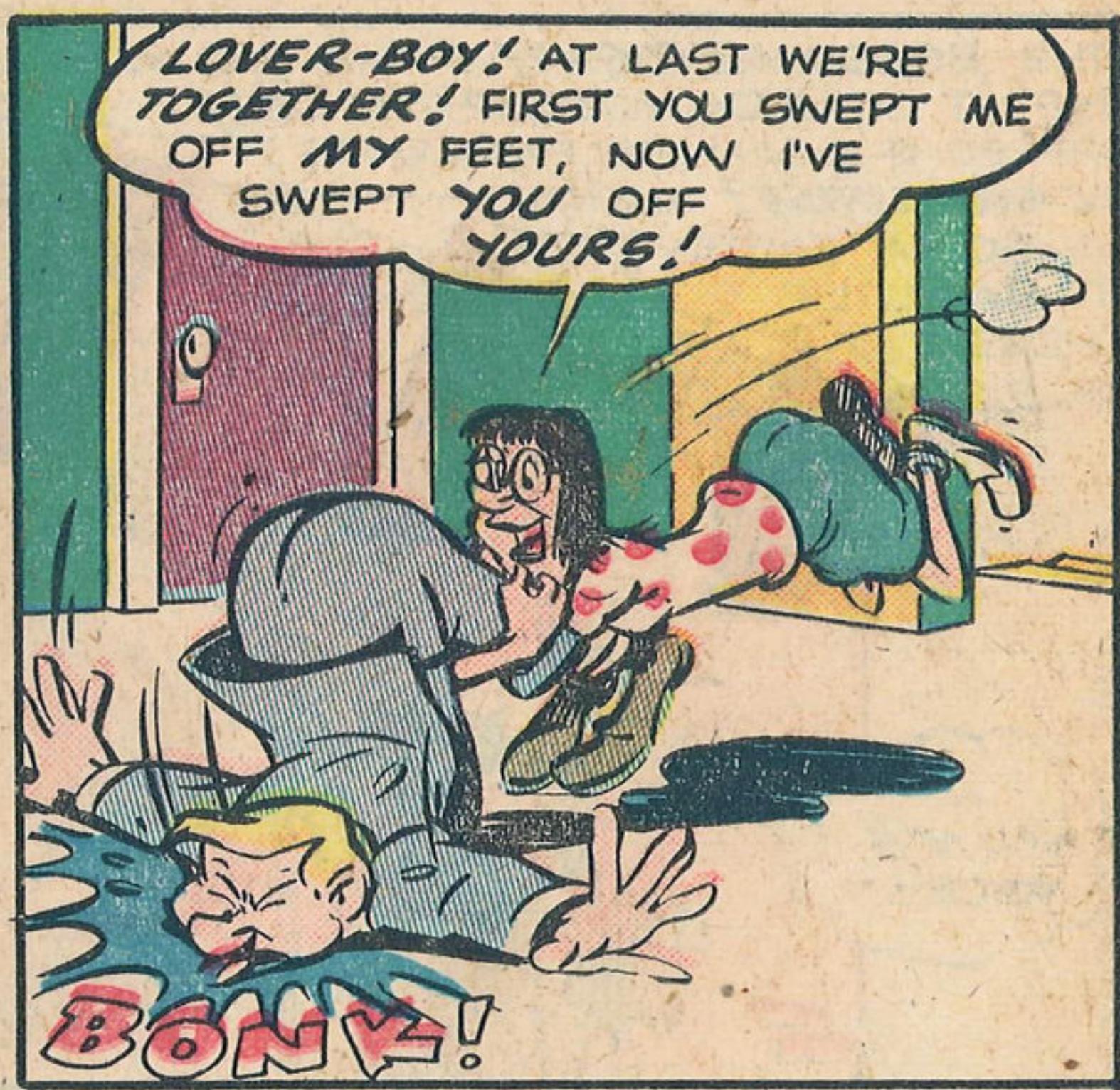
OOO!
THERE
HE
GOES!



HE WAS RIGHT!
NOT ONLY DID PART
OF THE ACME BUILDING
SPEAK TO HIM, BUT
NOW IT'S CHASING
HIM!



LOVER-BOY! AT LAST WE'RE
TOGETHER! FIRST YOU SWEPT ME
OFF MY FEET, NOW I'VE
SWEPT YOU OFF
YOURS!



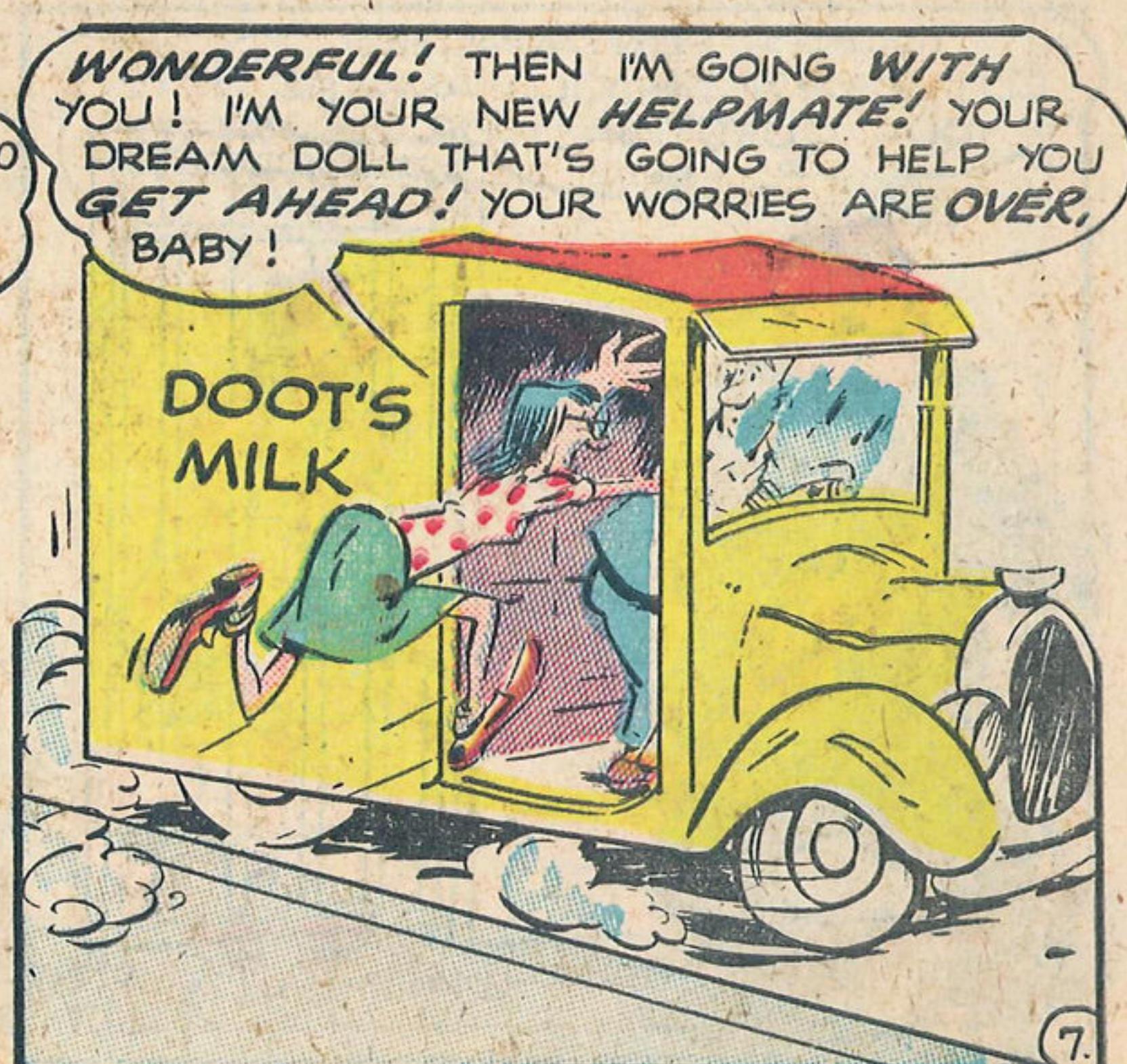
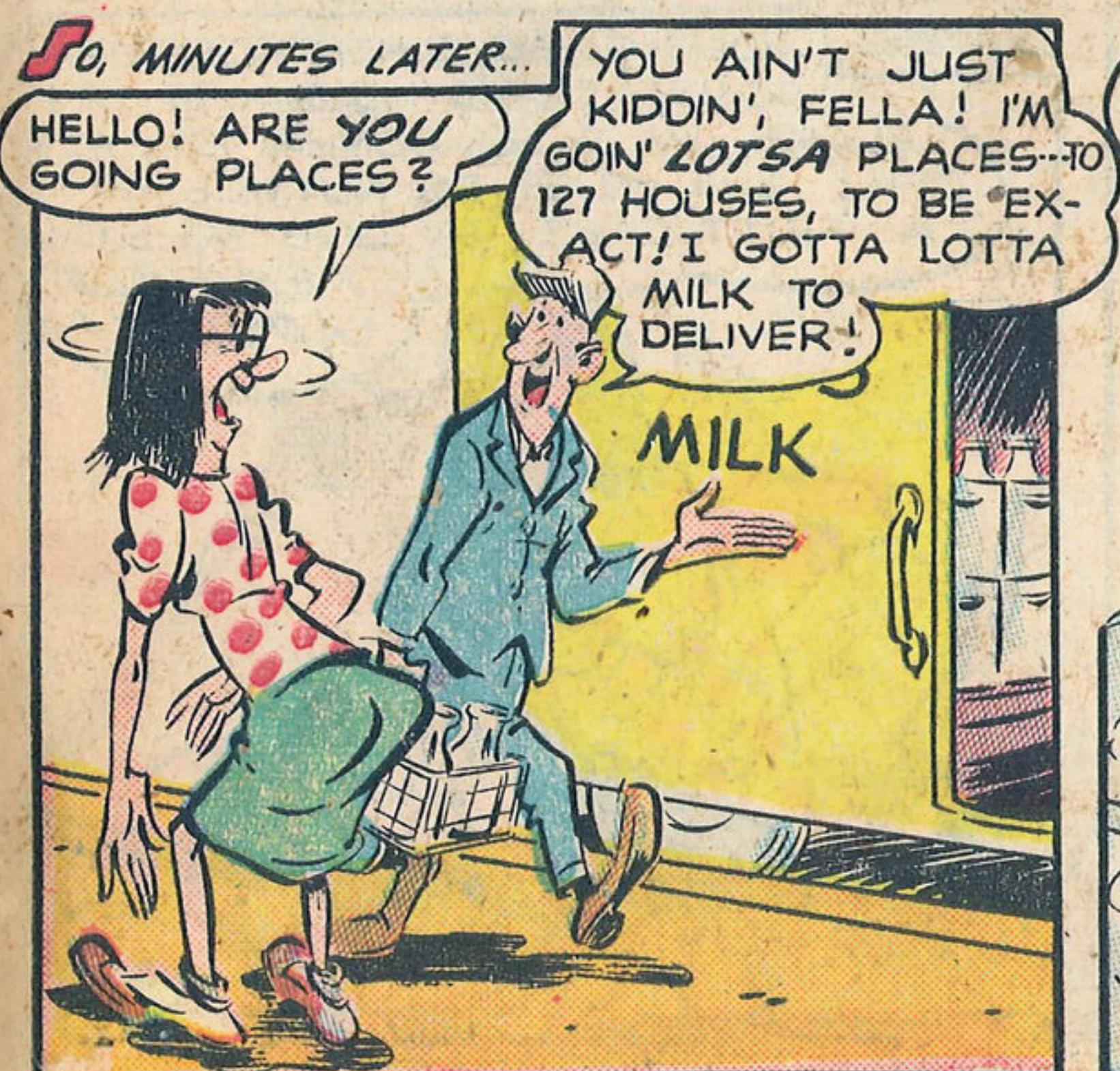
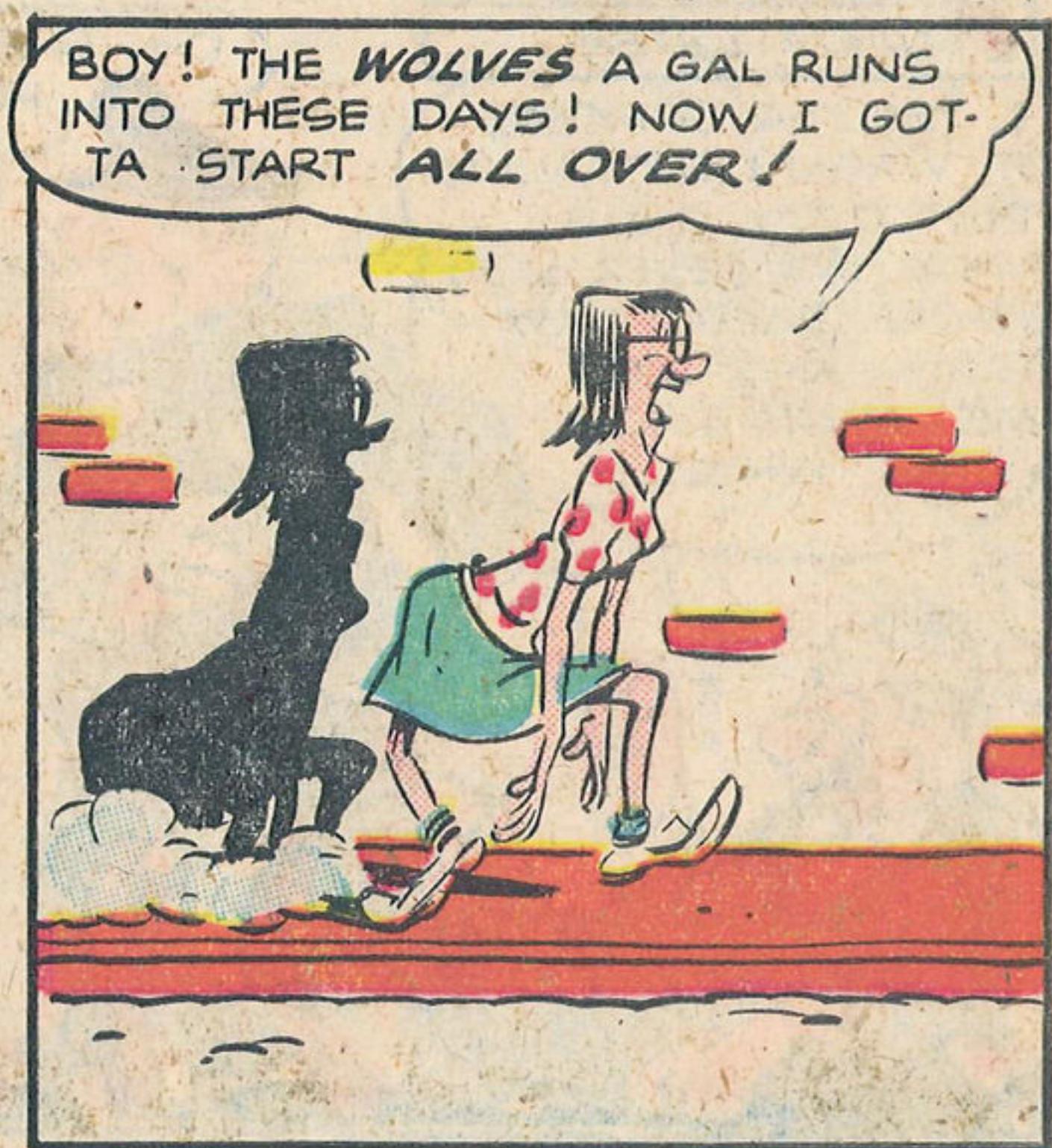
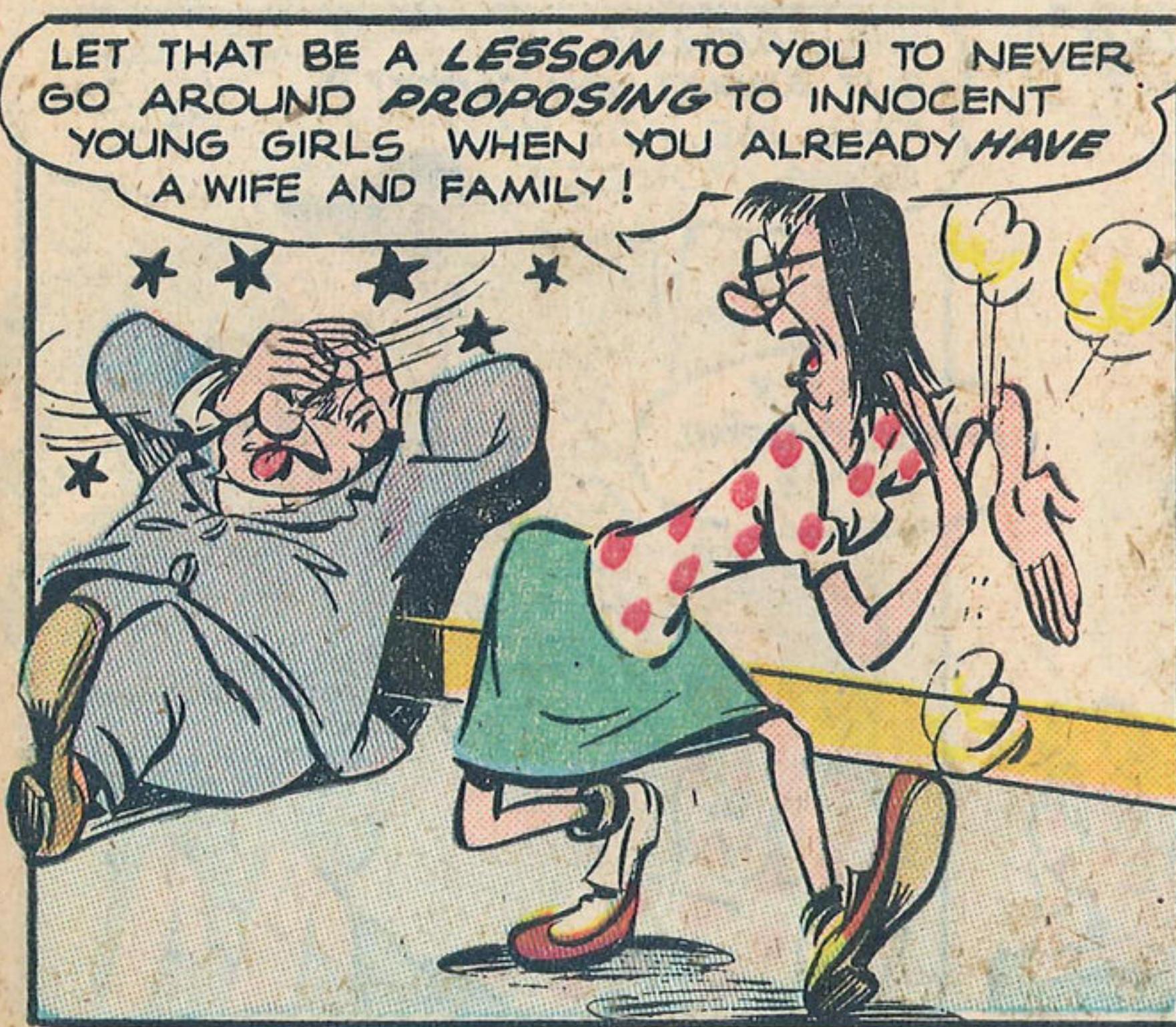
YOU'RE FROM REAL?

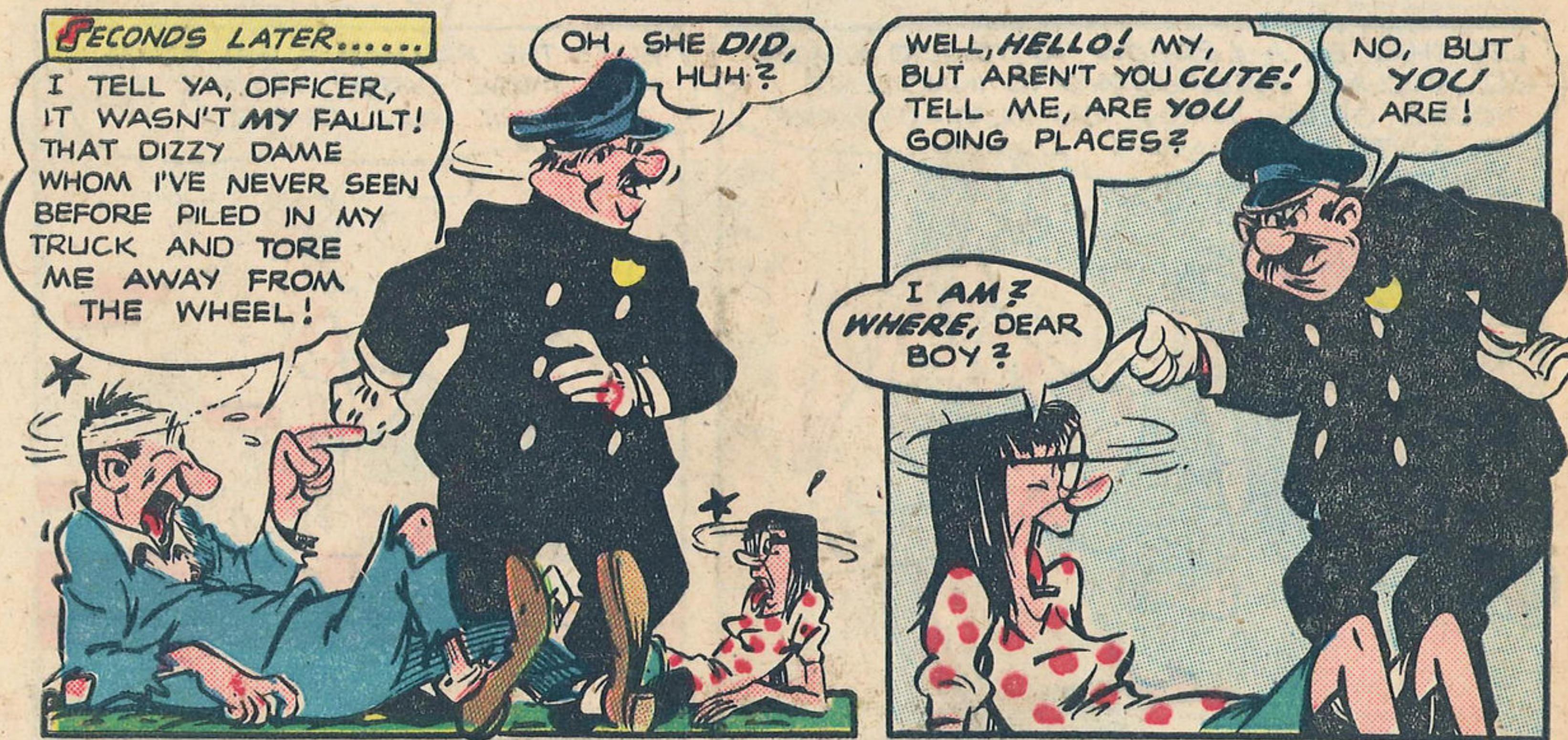
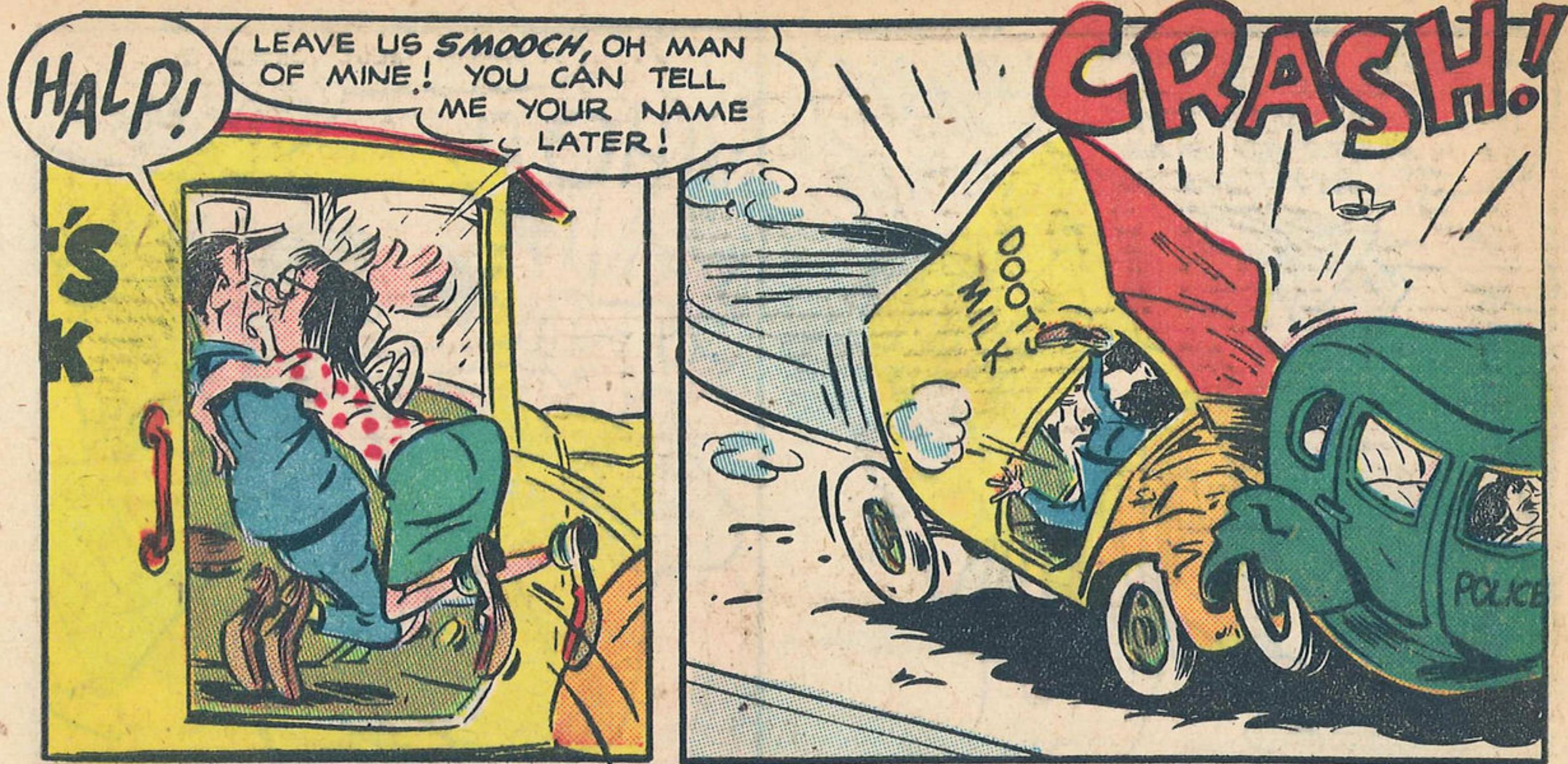
BUT
NATCH! I'M GOING
TO BE YOUR HELPMATE--
YOUR TRUE LOVE!
YOU NEED ME!
AFTER ALL, YOU'RE
TRYING TO GET AHEAD,
AREN'T YOU?

NO! AND IF I
WAS TRYING TO GET
A HEAD, IT WOULDN'T
BE YOURS!

THIS IS NO
TIME FOR SILLY
CHATTER, DEAR
BOY! LEAVE US
ELOPE! I'LL PAY
FOR THE LICENSE!





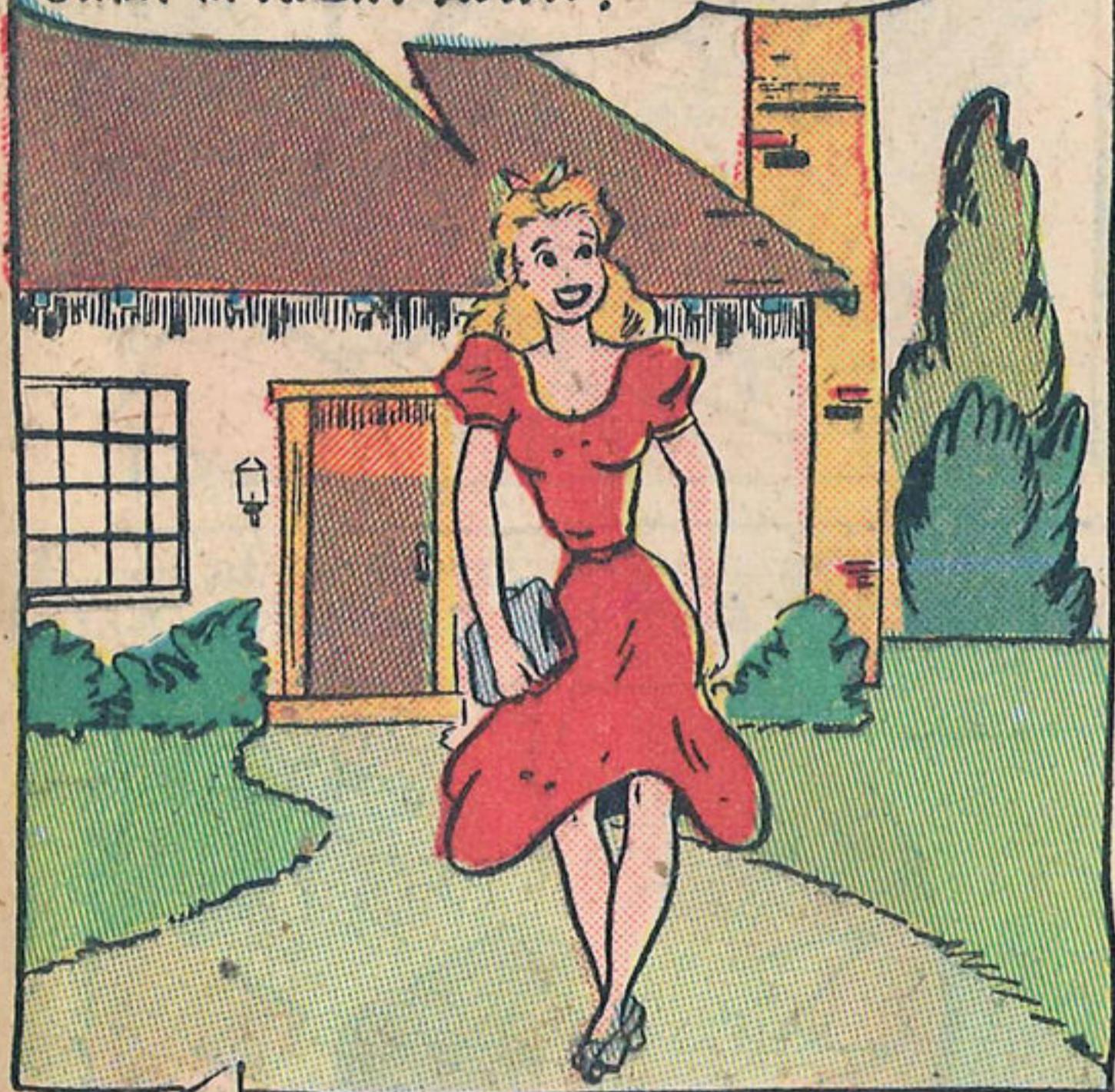


DEE LICIOUS

GOLLY! IT SAYS HERE THAT BICYCLE-RIDING AND HORSEBACK-RIDING ARE THE TWO BEST WAYS TO KEEP YOUR FIGURE YOUNG AND LOVELY!

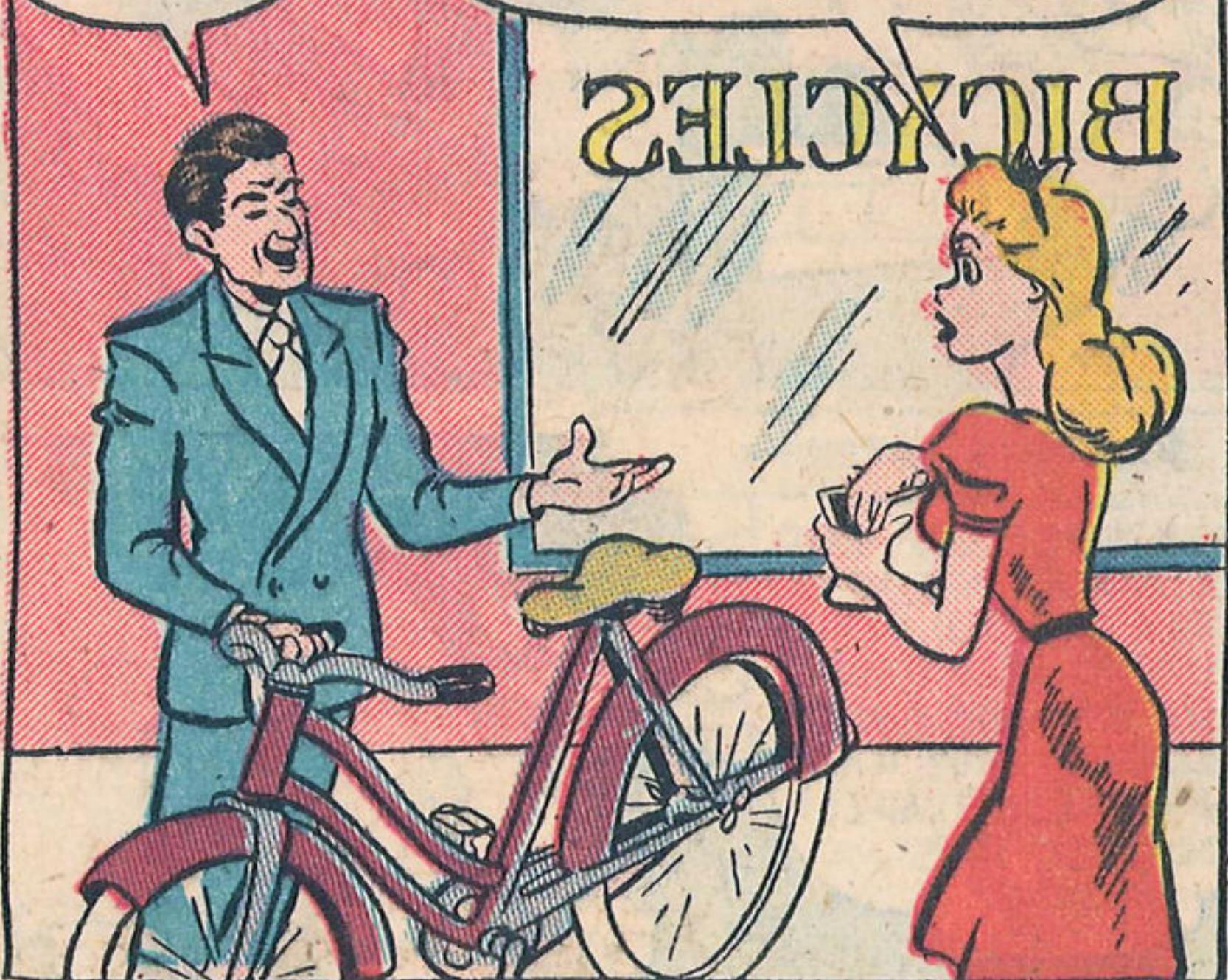


GOSH! I'M GOING TO GET A BIKE AND START IN **RIGHT AWAY!**



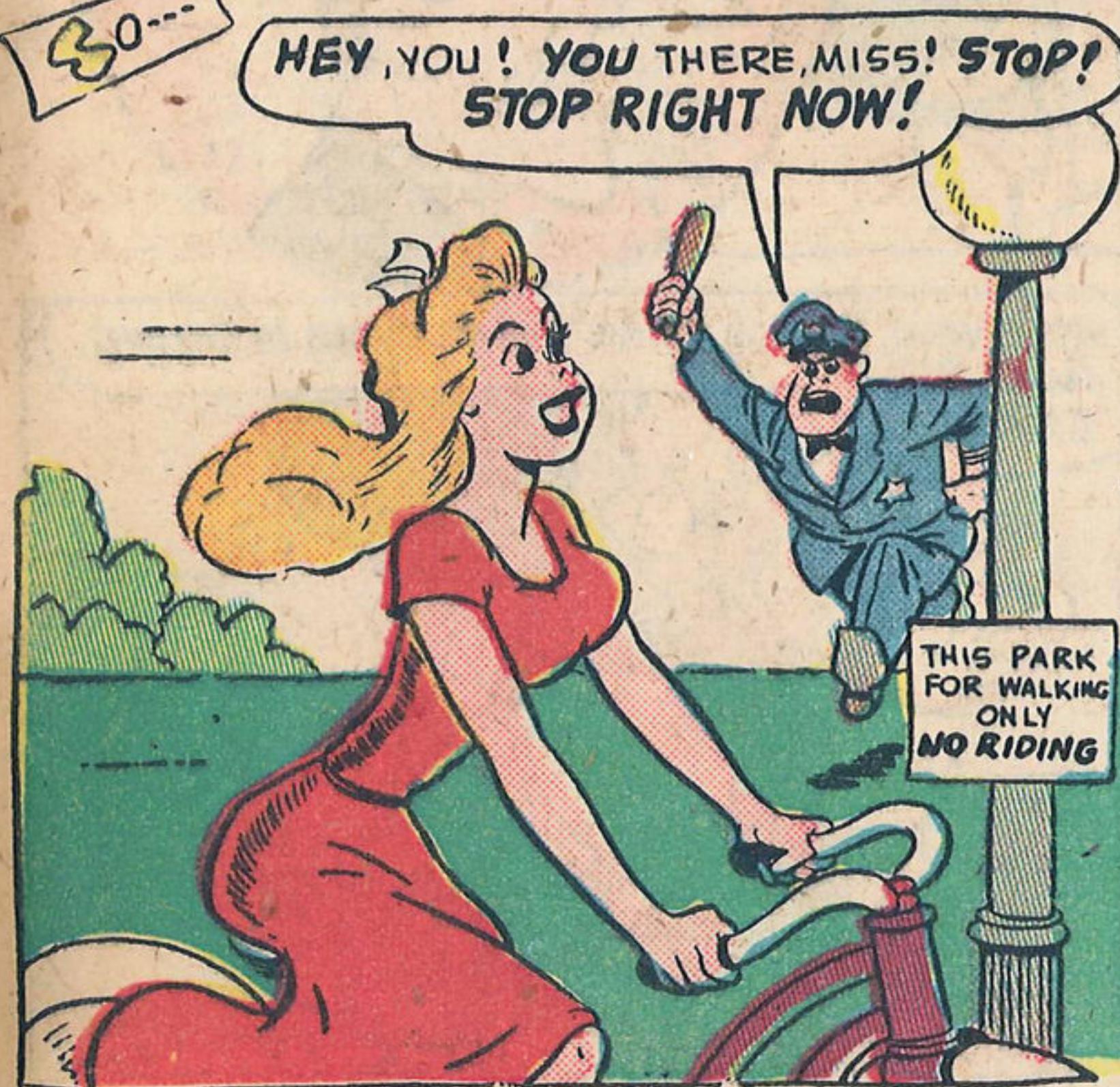
THAT'LL BE 55 DOLLARS, PLEASE!

GEE! 55 BUCKS IS A LOTTA LOOT--BUT IF IT KEEPS MY FIGURE NICE, IT'S **WORTH IT!**



SO--

HEY, YOU! YOU THERE, MISS! **STOP!**
STOP RIGHT NOW!



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF RIDING THAT BICYCLE IN THIS PARK? CAN'T YOU **READ?**? THAT SIGN SAYS **WALKING ONLY!**

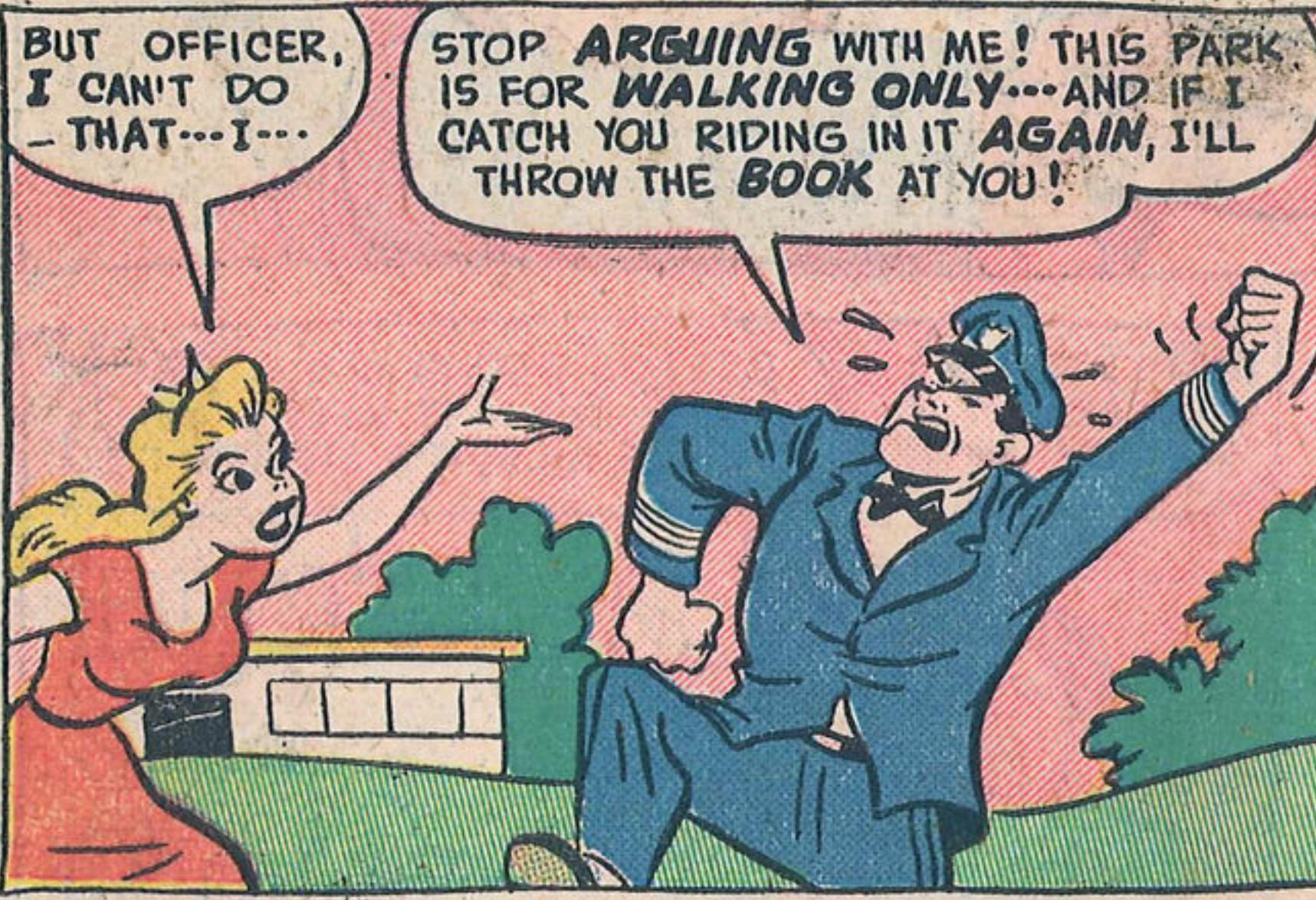
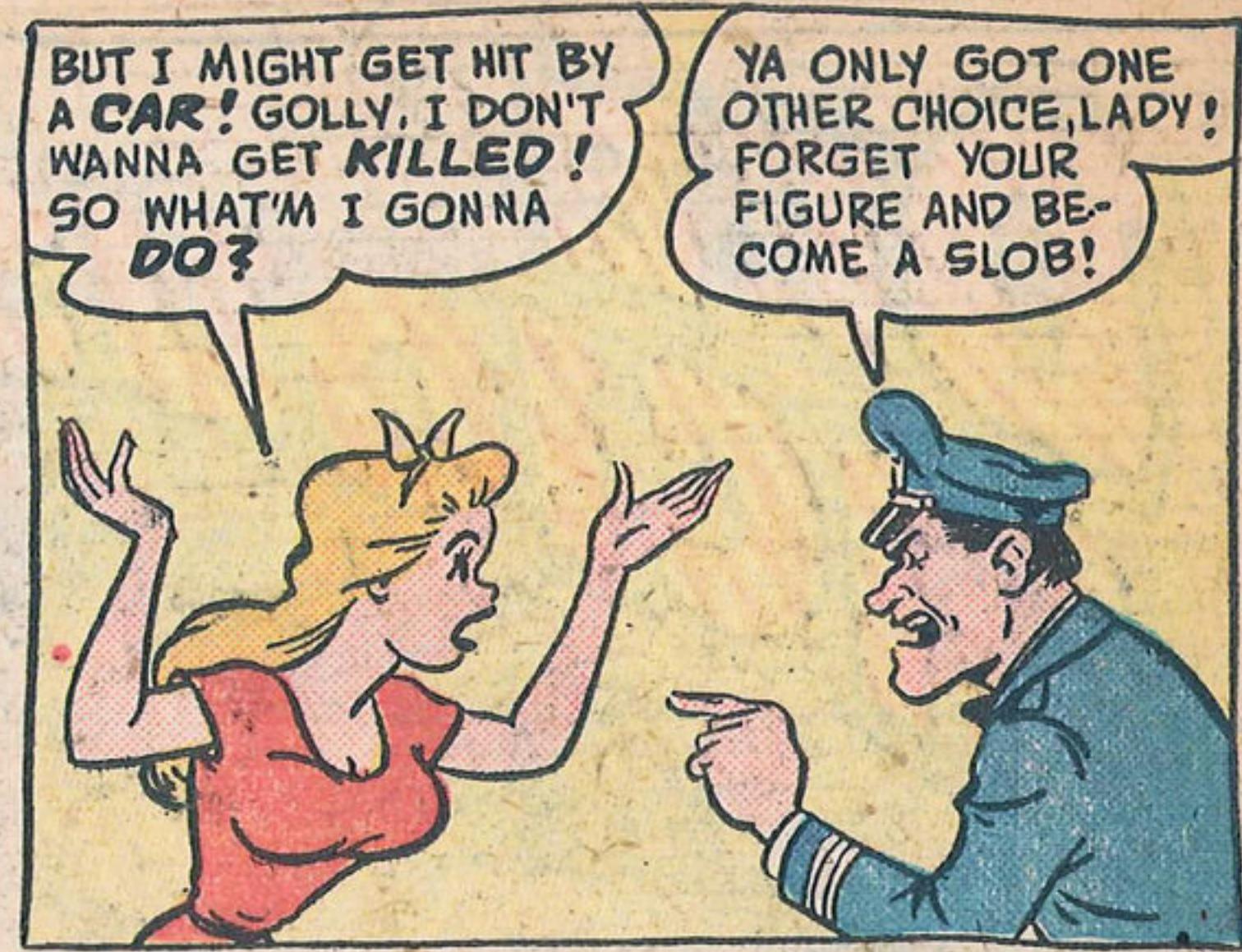


BUT OFFICER, I'M ONLY TRYING
TO KEEP MY FIGURE LOVELY...
AND BICYCLE RIDING IS
THE **BEST THING**
FOR IT!

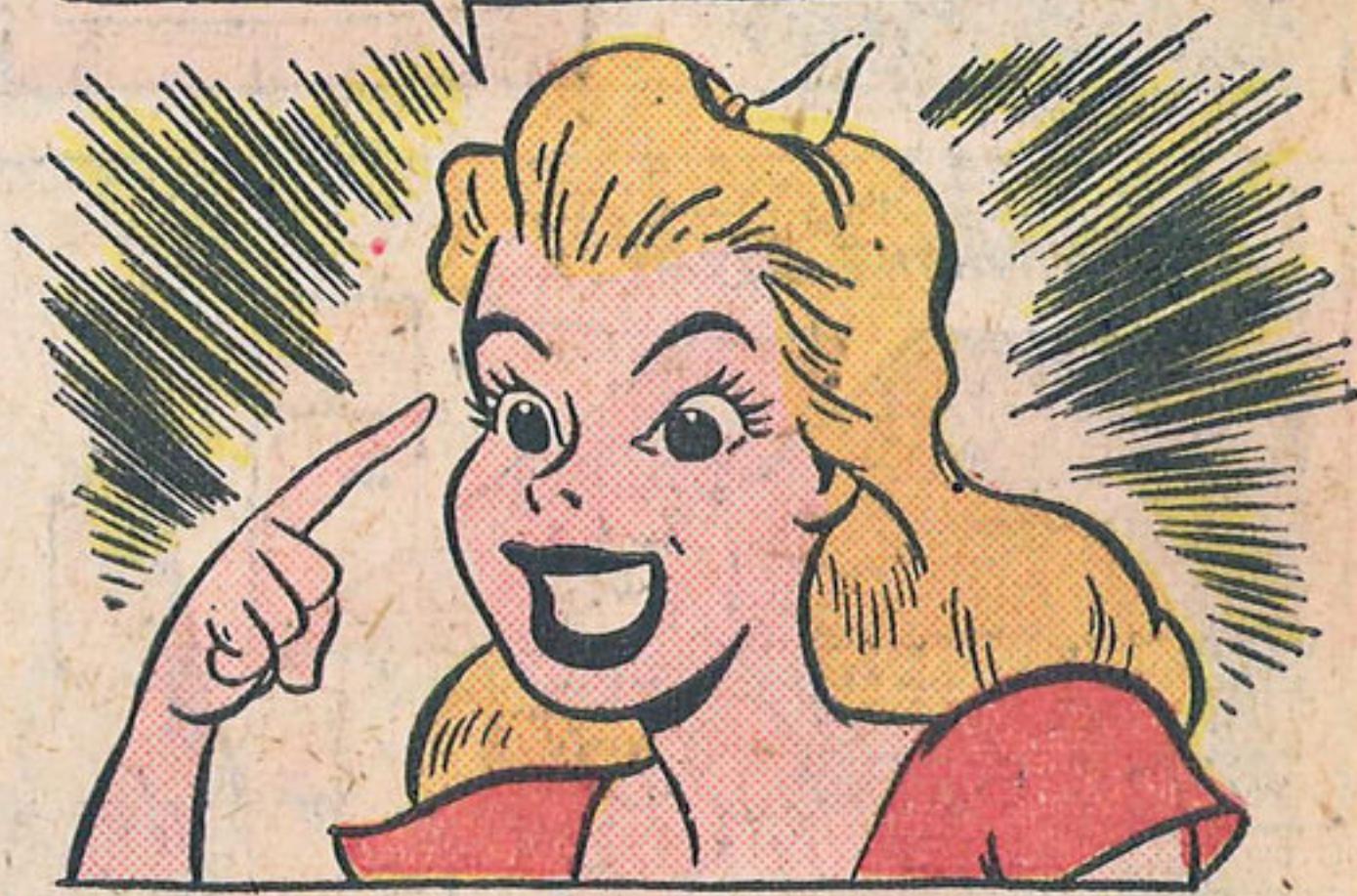
THEN RIDE YOUR
BICYCLE IN THE
STREET!

BUT I MIGHT GET HIT BY
A CAR! GOLLY, I DON'T
WANNA GET KILLED!
SO WHAT'M I GONNA
DO?

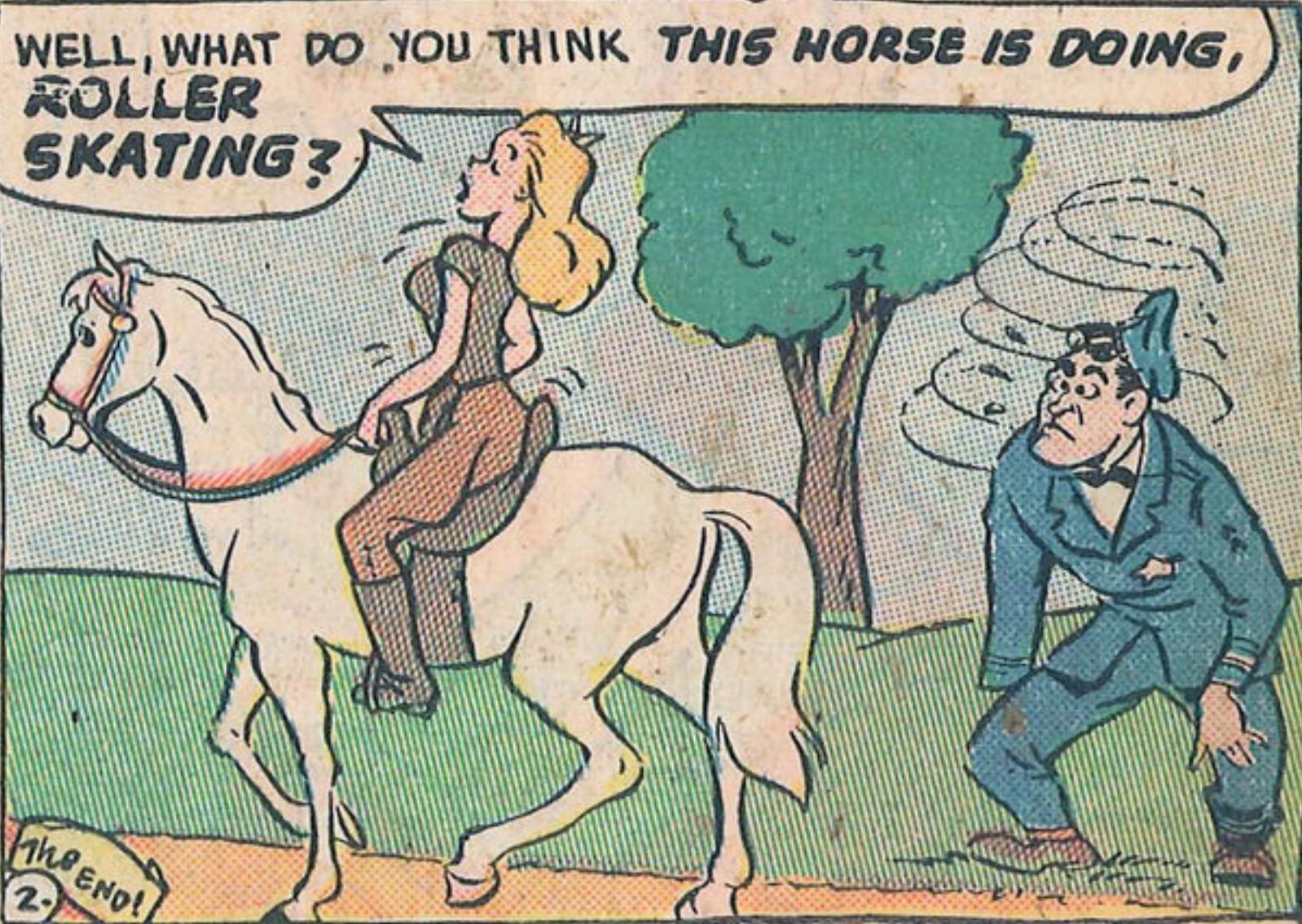
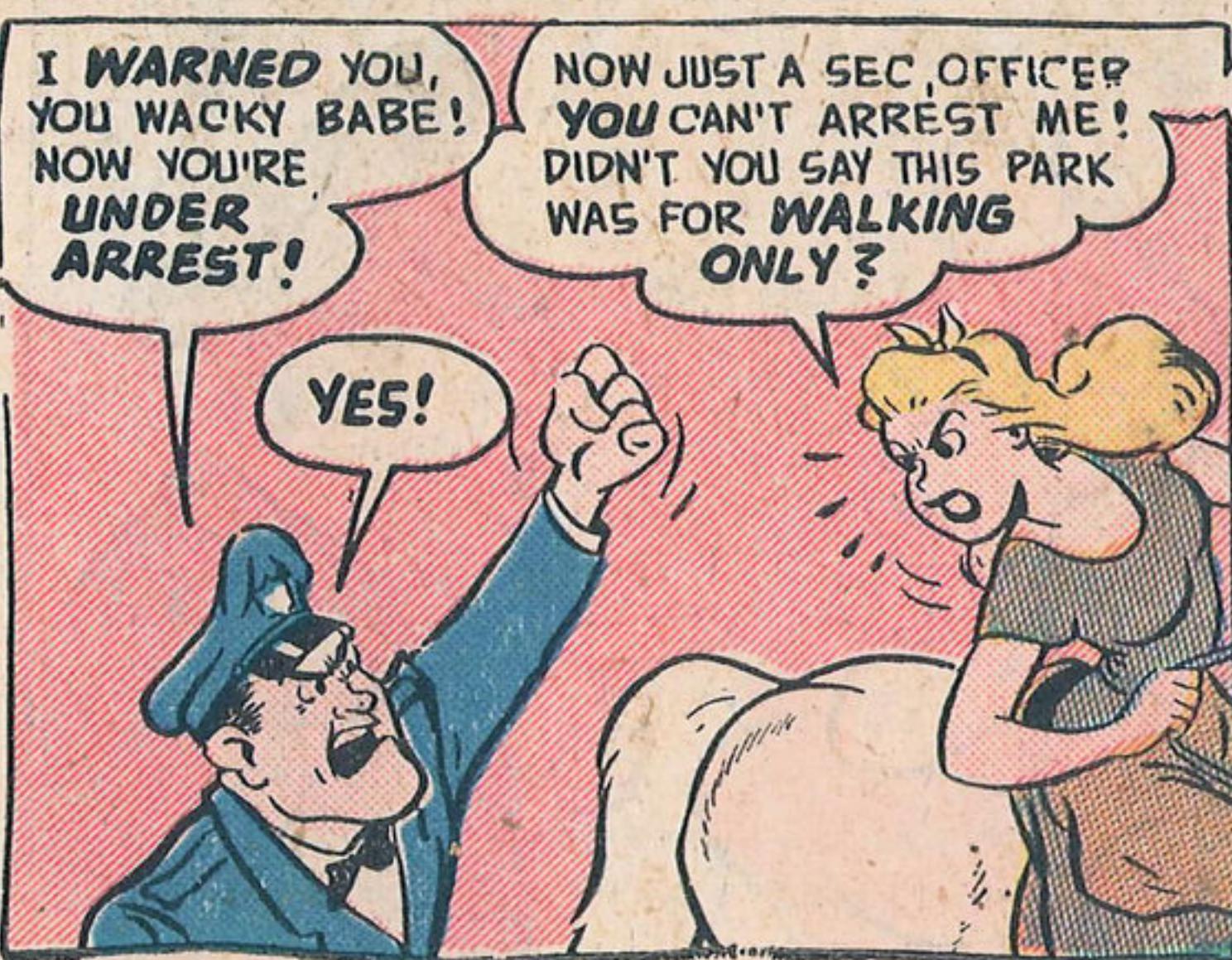
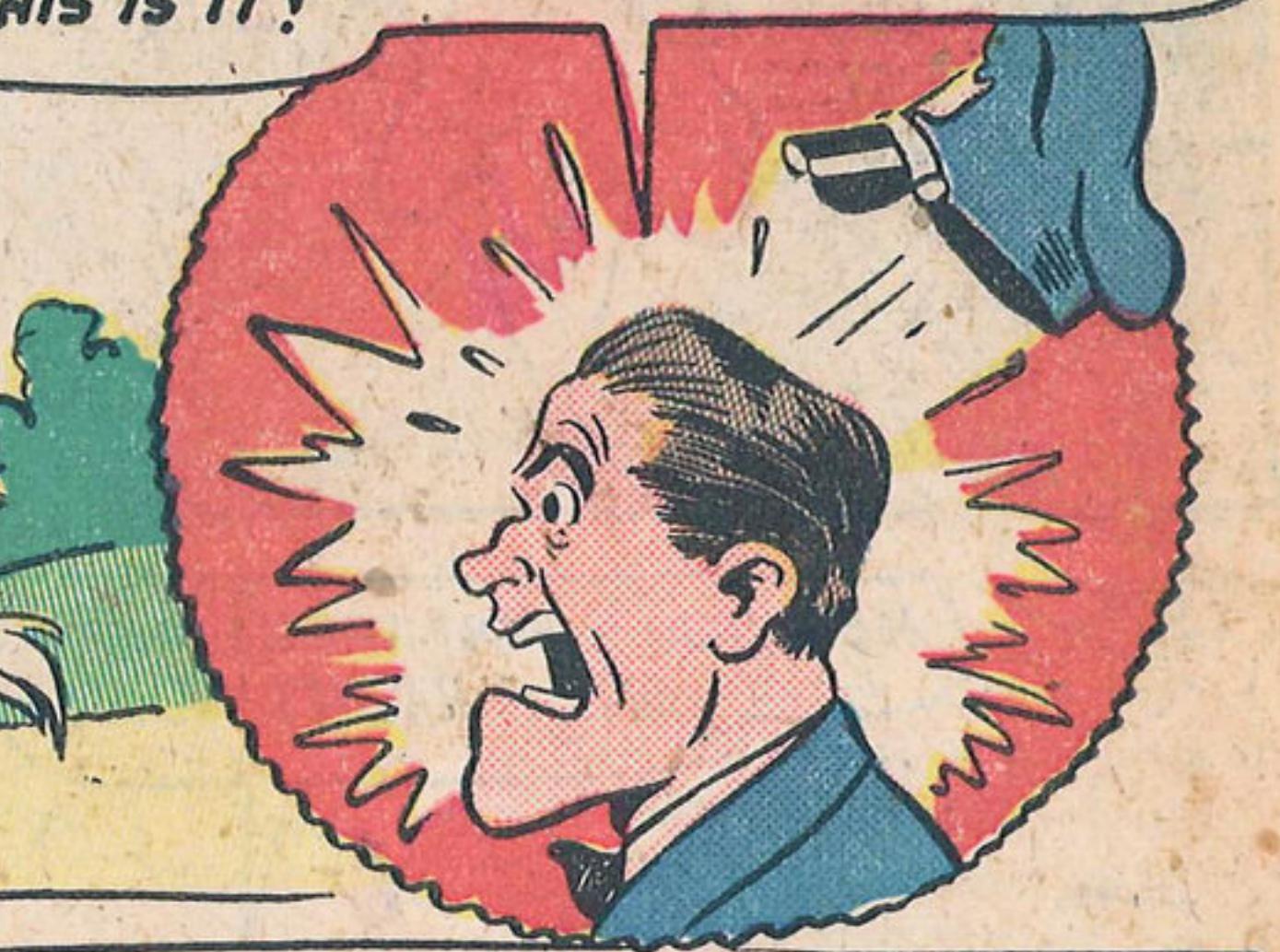
YA ONLY GOT ONE
OTHER CHOICE, LADY!
FORGET YOUR
FIGURE AND BE-
COME A SLOB!



GEE WHIZ, I DON'T WANT TO BECOME A
SLOB, AND I'VE SPENT 55 DOLLARS FOR
A BIKE AND --- WAIT! I KNOW!



WOT TH' ??? IT'S THAT DIZZY DAME AGAIN,
AND THIS TIME SHE'S GOT A HORSE!--OKAY,
THIS IS IT!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS HORSE IS DOING,
ROLLER SKATING?

You Can WIN
This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these
2 ME'S is **YOU**?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

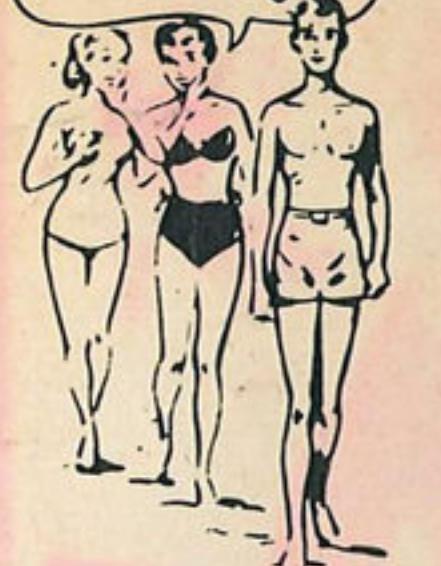
SPINDLE-
ARMED **SISSY** below
WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK
NOW

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN

from Head to Toe
**as YOU
can be
soon!**

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add
6½ inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.

Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says **George F. Jowett** World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

BOTH **FREE** FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

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